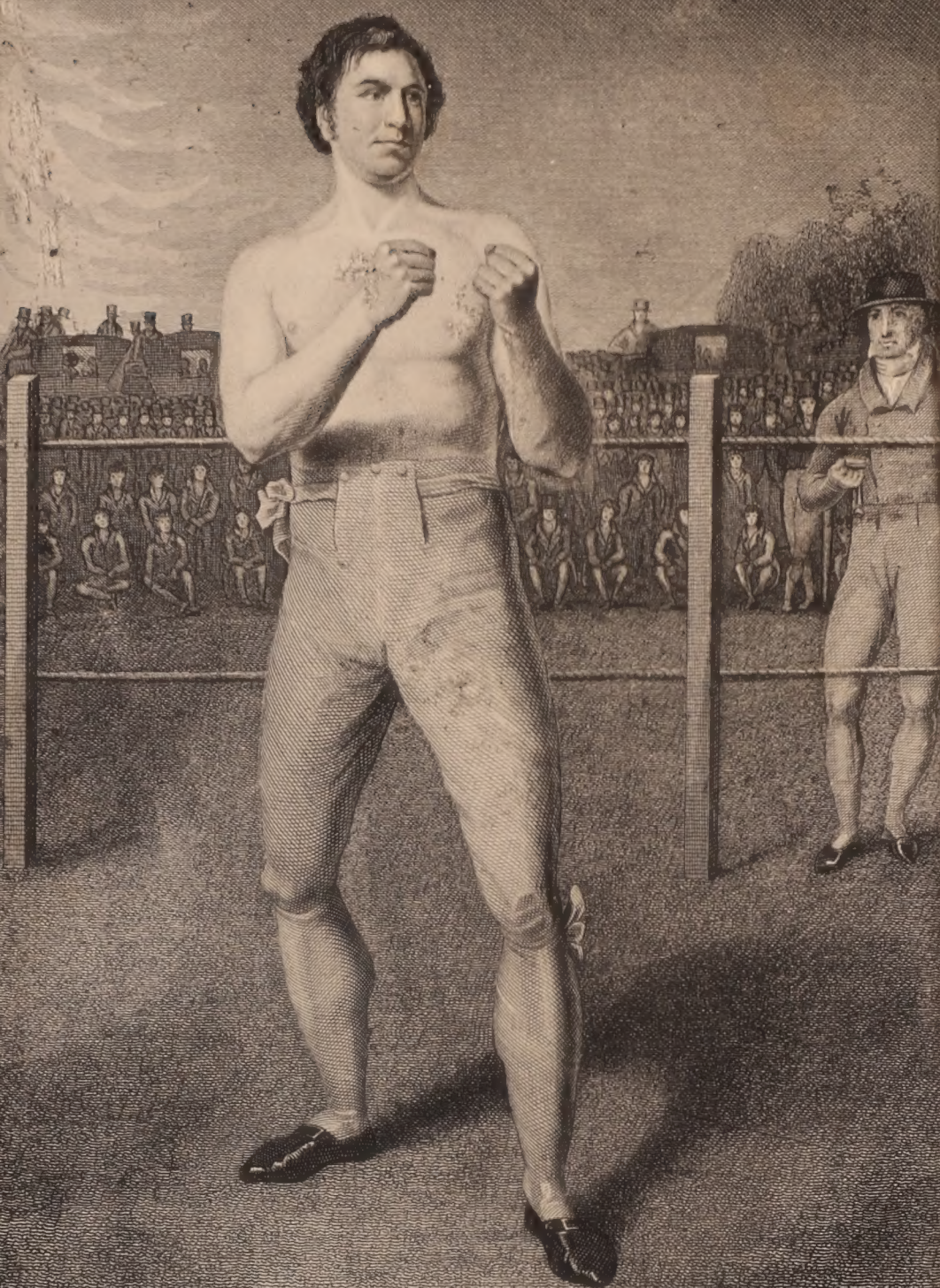


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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS





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WILLIAM FULLER.

From the original Painting in Possession of the Commission. of New York.

NEW SERIES

OF

BOXIANA:

BEING

THE ONLY ORIGINAL AND COMPLETE

LIVES OF THE BOXERS.

DEDICATED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ELDON,

LATE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Θάσσει μὴδὲ τι πω δεῖδισσέο.—HOMER.

Homo sum, humani nil à me alienum puto.—TERENCE.

By PIERCE EGAN.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE VIRTUE, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW;
BATH STREET, BRISTOL; AND ST. VINCENT STREET LIVERPOOL.

1828.

J. E. W. HARRIS

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF ELDON,
LATE

Lord High Chancellor of England

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

A HUMBLE, but I hope not intrusive desire to fulfil the promise made when I had the honour to “show fight” at the LEGAL *scratch* before your Lordship, *over-weighted* in the match, without a *backer*, and destitute of the assistance of a *second*, in a combat truly dangerous—being a complete *novice*, pitted against one of the most accomplished and skilful antagonists* in the arena, nay, positively where the *odds* were THREE to *one* against me, and I was *book-ed* to lose—is the reason, the whole reason, and nothing else but the reason, for

* “HIS HONOUR!” the Vice Chancellor, in July, 1823, then my ‘*learned friend*,’ Mr. SHADWELL.

my dedicating, with the utmost deference and respect, the **NEW SERIES OF BOXIANA** to your Lordship: a Work, I am bold to assert, calculated to infuse a love of **TRUE COURAGE** throughout the nation, to inculcate manliness, generosity, and humanity towards each other in the heat of battle; and, above all, to excite, in the breast of every Englishman, a spirit to teach the world, that “**BRITONS** *never will be slaves!*”

Unlettered, untutored, unaided, and unadorned, I appeared in the Court of Chancery, most respectfully, before your Lordship, to take “*my own part:*”—

“ True hope ne’er tires, but mounts on eagles’ wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings!”

Your Lordship’s well known love of **FAIR PLAY** was nobly developed in acting as *referee* on that occasion; it enabled me throughout the arduous contest to meet my adversary without *shifting*—parry off his scientific attacks with effect—hit him to a *stand-still*—ultimately *floor*

the *Crown* Lawyer, and enjoy the proud triumph of *winning* the GAME.

For such an important victory to myself, I feel highly indebted to your Lordship's great liberality and condescension, bearing in mind that noble lesson taught in early life at all our Universities, from Terence :

“ Homo sum, humani nil à me, alienum puto.”

I have also the pleasure of informing your Lordship, and the inhabitants of England, who have any knowledge of the overwhelming expenses of a *Chancery* suit, (without any *fibbing* on the subject, nay more, it is a bit of good truth,) that my *head* was IN *Chancery* for three days, but I got it OUT again without *tipping* ONE FARTHING !—Certainly, one of the most singular cases that ever occurred in a Court of Equity.

In retiring from that high judicial seat, which your Lordship so eminently filled towards promoting the interests of your Country

for so long a period, I most sincerely wish in your Lordship's retirement you may be enabled to realise the Spanish proverb, and "LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS." For in the memories of all good men, lovers of integrity, impartiality, and admirers of justice, the transcendent abilities of your Lordship can never DIE; and the name of ELDON, by the faithful historian, must be transmitted to posterity, not only as an upright, conscientious judge, but as one of the greatest BRITISH WORTHIES in the Nation.

I remain,

MY LORD,

With the highest respect and consideration,

Your humble Servant,

PIERCE EGAN.

Jan. 1, 1828.



NEW SERIES OF BOXIANA.

THE FANCY IN HIGH REPUTE AT THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV. AND PLACED AS SAFEGUARDS AT WESTMINSTER HALL, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE DEPUTY GREAT CHAMBERLAIN OF ENGLAND. LETTER OF THANKS FROM HIS MAJESTY, FOR THEIR EXERTIONS AND DECOROUS CONDUCT ON THE ABOVE SPLENDID OCCASION. THE CORONATION GOLD MEDAL GIVEN TO THE BOXERS BY LORD GWYDYR. TOM CRIBB'S FAREWELL TO THE P. R., AND RESIGNATION OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP TO HIS ADOPTED SON, TOM SPRING. CRIBB AND THE DWARF, WITH SEVERAL OTHER ANECDOTES, SHEWING THE GOOD QUALITIES OF THE LATE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. THE POOR AUTHOR IN CHANCERY.

SINCE the fight between the late tremendous *Gaslight Man* and *George Cooper*, April 11, 1821, a variety of circumstances have transpired in the P. R., calculated to render the NEW SERIES of BOXIANA highly interesting to the Sporting World.

Imprimis: the poor Author's head IN *Chancery* not the least event in the Work; but the greatest *hit* for himself is, that he got OUT again, without a *scratch*, nay, escaped *punishment* altogether; which "*slice of good luck*," has enabled him, he trusts, once more to take up his *feather*, to interest and amuse his numerous Patrons in all parts of the Kingdom.

THE FANCY AT WESTMINSTER HALL, July 24, 1821.—The united efforts of

CRIBB,	RICHMOND,	TOM OWEN,	CRAWLEY,
SPRING,	BEN. BYRNE,	JOSH. HUDSON,	CURTIS,
BELCHER,	HARMER,	OLIVER,	MEDLEY,
CARTER,	H. LEE,	H. HOLT,	PURCELL,
	SAMPSON, AND BILL EALES,		

under the superintendence of Mr. *Jackson*, assisted by Mr. *Watson*, to render the entrance to the above magnificent place easy of access, and without danger to the numerous visitors, were crowned with complete success. Their courage, upon that occasion, was well applied, towards rendering the most prompt assistance to the timid female; and their civility of conduct, and good nature to all parties, procured these scientific boxers the praises of all the spectators who viewed Westminster Hall. Lord Gwydyr also attended in person, with the most persevering and impartial attention, to give satisfaction to 100,000 persons who passed through the Hall during the week; and, we are happy to say, not a single accident happened, owing to the regulations and plan his Lordship

adopted. The above *milling coves* also received the thanks of the Lord Great Chamberlain, for their good conduct, and anxiety to *serve* the public. It is to be hoped the Boxers will always conduct themselves in the same respectable, praiseworthy manner, proving to the world that they are only *terrific* where they should be—in a 24-foot Prize Ring.

On the day of the CORONATION, the fine, athletic form of Mr. JACKSON, in the splendid dress of a page, appeared to great advantage, during his attendance upon Lord Gwydyr. His Majesty, in passing down the Hall, during the procession to the Abbey, cast a pleasing glance upon the person of Mr. *Jackson*, by way of recognition, which most pleasingly convinced the Commander in Chief of the P. R. that he still lived in the memory of his beloved Sovereign and once great Patron. *Tom Cribb* and *Tom Spring* were also habited as pages, guarding the entrance of Westminster Hall. The manly appearance of the two "*big ones*" attracted the notice of most of the great folks who were present at the above august ceremony.

The following letters of thanks were individually received by those Pugilists who assisted to keep the peace, and protect the persons of the visitors, at the Coronation :—

Whitehall, 21st July, 1821.

My LORD,—I am commanded by His Majesty, to express to your Lordship His Majesty's high approbation of the arrangements made by your Lordship in the department of the Great Chamberlain of England, for the august ceremony of his Majesty's Coronation, and of the correctness and regularity with which they were carried into effect.

To the exemplary manner in which these duties were performed by your Lordship, and by those Officers who acted

under your Lordship's authority, His Majesty is graciously pleased to consider that the order and dignity, which so peculiarly distinguished the ceremony, are in a great degree to be ascribed; and I have to request that your Lordship will communicate to the persons thus referred to, the sense which His Majesty has condescended to express of their services.

I have the honour to be, MY LORD,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,
SIDMOUTH.

*The Lord Gwydyr,
Deputy Great Chamberlain of England,
&c. &c. &c.*

*Great Chamberlain's Office,
July the 24th, 1821.*

SIR,—Having received His Majesty's Commands, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to communicate to you, Sir, His Majesty's gracious approbation of the manner in which you have discharged your duty on the 19th of July,—I know no way so effectual of executing these most gratifying instructions, as by inclosing you a copy of the original document. Permit me at the same time to add, how sensible I am of your attention to the very imperfect directions I was enabled to furnish you with, and that the arrangements, which have been with so much condescension noticed by your King, are in a great degree to be attributed to the loyalty, judgment, and temper, exhibited by you at His Majesty's Coronation.

I remain, Sir,
Your faithful and obedient Servant,
GWYDYR.

*Mr. Egan,
&c. &c.*

Lord GWYDYR, with the utmost liberality and condescension, presented one of the GOLD CORONATION MEDALS, which he had received from the hands of his Majesty King George the Fourth, to the Boxers who gave their assistance at Westminster Hall. His Lordship also provided a most excellent dinner for all the Pugilists, at *Tom Cribb's*, upon the above occasion. After the cloth was removed, and the health

of the King drank with four times four, the Gold Medal was raffled for, by the whole of the Boxers, when TOM BELCHER proved the lucky man; and, to his credit be it spoken, he would sooner part with his life, than part with the Medal. TOM has been offered *lots of blunt* for it; but he asserts it is too great an honour, either to be bought or sold.

TOM CRIBB'S RETIREMENT.

The retirement of TOM CRIBB from the Prize Ring excited considerable interest throughout the circles of the Fancy; indeed, it has always been the case. When a first-rate actor leaves the stage, it is viewed as an histrionic event, and the admirers of the art, in general, endeavour to see the last of a "great creature." As a performer of ability, his *acts* have shewn it, times and oft: his *scenes* have been various, but *tragedy* was considered his *forte*, few men having produced more actual *feeling* than TOM CRIBB. His *entrances* were likewise marked with confidence, and his *exits* crowned with applause. *New pieces* never operated upon his nerves, and he was always found perfect in his *part*. His *readings* were emphatic, his *action* important at all times, and his firm mode of treading the stage, a lesson to all young performers. With all the respect due to Messrs. Kemble, Kean, and the Young Roscius, (Mr. Betty,) they never made so many great *hits* as the hero now retired from an arduous profession has done.

CRIBB'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE AND PRIZE RING.—On Saturday, May 18, 1822, the Champion

of England made his bow to the Amateurs, at the Fives' Court. TOM had to boast of a *Corinthian* attendance, and St. Martin's-street was filled with carriages. The sets-to generally were good. The Champion of England and *Spring* ascended the stage, amidst loud approbation. CRIBB was decorated with the *belt*; in the front of which are a couple of silver fists, and on each side are two large circles of silver plate, with inscriptions engraved on them. The *belt* is about four inches wide, and made of fawn skin. It was an excellent combat; and, although TOM had a touch of the gout, he displayed great activity. But the awful moment had now arrived for poor TOM to say, FAREWELL! He scratched his *nob*—looked about him—his heart full of gratitude—at a loss what to say—and his *chaffer* almost forsook its office. After a struggle to give vent to his feelings, TOM at length ventured to hold forth in the following words:—“Gentlemen, I return you thanks for your kindness this day. (*A short pause, and confused.*) Indeed, gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for all the favours you have conferred on me—I do indeed. (*A long pause, as if TOM could not get out his words.*) Gentlemen, may your purses never fail you.” CRIBB now retired, amid long and loud plaudits, accompanied with—“It will be a long time before we shall look upon your like again in the Prize Ring.”

Spring now mounted the stage, and thus addressed the spectators:—“Gentlemen, I once more present myself to your notice, (*rather agitated;*) but as my old Dad has retired from the stage and the Prize Ring altogether, and as I have stood next to him for

some time past, I mean now to stand in his place, till I am beat out of it!" An amateur and *Spring* went up to *Tom Belcher*, and informed him, that *Spring* was ready to fight *Neat* for £300. "Very well," replied the hero of the Castle; "now I know what you mean; we will *talk* about it. I shall name it to *Neat*."

KINDNESS AND GOOD-FEELING DISPLAYED BY THE LATE CHAMPION.—TOM CRIBB made his bow before the Magistrate, on Wednesday, December 18, 1822, as the friend and protector of the helpless and the stranger, in the person of the little German dwarf, John Hauptman.

This little fellow, John Hauptman, whose extremest altitude is only *forty inches*, obtained a living, during many years, by hiring himself out as an exhibition to itinerant showmen. But his day has gone by—other and more youthful dwarfs have superseded him in the public favour; and poverty was pressing heavily on his little head, when, in the midst of his destitution, accident led him to the hospitable fireside of TOM CRIBB. The gallant Champion listened to his still small tale of woe; cheered his little frame with the comforts of his bar and his larder; and told him, he was welcome to stay at the Union Arms till he could find a better shelter. He has now continued to reside there many months, and nothing can give greater offence to the Champion, than an insult offered to the dwarf.

It seems, however, that a drunken hackney-coach master, named Beckett, during the Champion's ab-

sence from home, on Monday afternoon, not only insulted the little fellow, but encouraged his son, a lad of about ten years old, to beat him; and for this outrage on his *protégé*, the Champion now sought redress.

The towering Hero of the Ring entered the office, leading his tiny friend by the hand; and he and the lad having been placed side by side on a stool before the bench, the Champion stated what he had heard of the transaction, adding, "The poor little fellow has no friend in the world but me, your Worship, and hang it if I would not rather have been beat myself."

"That would not have been so easy a matter, Mr. CRIBB," observed his Worship, and directed the dwarf to be sworn.

The little fellow then gave a very humble and modest account of the affair. He said, in tolerable English, that he was very sorry anybody should be troubled on his account; but Mr. Beckett would not be satisfied unless he would fight with the boy, and, because he would not fight, he urged the boy on, till he knocked him down by a blow on *de mout*, which cut him *vor morsh*, and hurt him a good deal.

The lad merely pulled out his torn shirt-frill in reply, and the father delivered his defence thus:—"It was the brandy and water that did it, your Worship; I'll tell the truth:—it was the brandy and water, sure enough. I have known Mr. CRIBB many years." "And that's the reason you ought not to have taken advantage of my absence, to insult a poor little fellow you knew I cared so much for," observed the kind-hearted Champion, and the hackneyman held his peace.

The Magistrate, after having warmly commended the conduct of both the Champion and dwarf, directed the hackneyman to find bail for the assault. Upon retiring to settle the *row*, the *dragsman* made it "all right" with CRIBB, by making the *dwarf* a present of a sovereign.

THE CHAMPION AND KENDRICK. — The latter sable hero was brought before Mr. Birnie, at Bow-street, on a bench warrant, for an assault on the Champion of England !

The sable hero kicked most confoundedly, at finding himself in the grasp of the law. When told by the Magistrate that he must find good and sufficient bail, he exclaimed—"Bail !—What occasion for any bail ? —*Massa* CRIBB is the most *quarrelsomest* man in all England. He's a fighting man, and I'm a fighting man, and if I gives him a punch on the head and he give me another, what's that to anybody else ? And so what's the use of talking about bail ?"

In reply to this tirade the Champion calmly observed, "If I was not to take such a step as this, now and then, I could not carry on my business, or even live in my own house, for these swaggering black-guards." He then explained to the Magistrate, that the defendant was noisy and riotous in his house, and in consequence he insisted on his leaving ; but, instead of doing so, he was daring enough to seize the Champion by the cravat, and attempt to extinguish his glories by strangulation, at the same time placing his hand under his thigh, apparently with the intention of

throwing him. "But," said the Champion, "that was all my eye, and I bored him down."

Kendrick was now about to retort, but the Magistrate stopped his mouth, by ordering him to find the required bail without more ado; and not being prepared with any, he was put into the turnkey's *boudoir*.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND AND THE KITE.—*CRIBB*, who left London on a shooting excursion, in Nottinghamshire, was so anxious to commence the sport, that he loaded his gun, and amused himself by firing at birds, as he rode upon the stage coach. A kite (not a boy's paper kite) passed over the Champion's *nob*, when he let fly, and brought down this carnivorous bird. *Mr. Young*, the guard of the Leeds Union Coach, alighted and picked it up. It measured three feet from the extremity of one wing to the other. A nobleman, who was inside the coach, has since ordered it to be *stuffed*, in order to decorate Tom's parlour, in Panton-street, Haymarket, as a proof of Tom's being a good *marks-man*.

TOM CRIBB AND THE THREE SNIPS.—Three spruce tailors were charged, at Marlborough-street Police-office, in September, 1826, with creating a disturbance, and assaulting THOMAS CRIBB, the Ex-Champion of England. The defendants went into CRIBB's house, where they partook of some liquor. After a few minutes they commenced a disturbance, and he requested them to be quiet; but they swore at him, and challenged him to fight. One of them, being

pot-valiant, struck him, and the example was followed by the others, who insisted on his having a turn with them. A person said, "No, CRIBB, for God's sake, do not strike the three tailors, who are only the third part of a man !" The astonished tailors, on hearing his name mentioned, took up their clothes, and ran quickly out of the house; but CRIBB, determining to teach them better, pursued, and lodged them in the hands of the watchman. Sir George Farrant: "Did they beat you?" CRIBB, (smiling:) "No, their blows were something like themselves—of little importance." Sir George Farrant: "Did you return the blow?" CRIBB: "No, sir, for I was afraid of hurting them, which I should not like to do." The tailors, in their defence, said, they were sorry for what had occurred, but, at the same time, they were not aware that the person whom they had challenged to fight was the Champion; but, on finding their mistake, they instantly drew in their horns, and left his house. Sir George Farrant: "Aye, you thought you had better try the lightness of your heels, than feel the effects of his blows." CRIBB declined making any charge against them, and they were discharged on paying their fees.

CRIBB AND THE COBBLER.—In the same month, the Ex-Champion again made his bow before the *beak*; but, on this occasion, the Bow-street office was honoured with his portly presence, where he charged a cobbler with causing a disturbance in his house, and with uttering a most disloyal speech against our most gracious King. CRIBB said, that the prisoner was, about two years ago, very annoying, and he ordered him never to enter his house again. A few days ago, he

renewed his visit; and on Wednesday night he was most riotous and abusive. He (CRIBB) did not care much for his abuse; but he could not contain himself, when the cobbler had the impudence to attack his Sovereign, and he seized him under the arms, and dropped him gently in the street. The Magistrate told CRIBB, that he had on this, as on all other occasions, evinced great forbearance, and directed the warrant to stand over; and, if the prisoner annoyed him again, he would be committed to prison.

TOM CRIBB'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PRIZE RING.

Friends to the FANCY, how hard a task is mine,
To take my leave of you, and that in rhyme.
Unused to all the tuneful arts of song,
Unused to lines that chime, ding dong—
I humbly to my Patrons did propose
To bid FAREWELL—in harmless prose;
To thank you for all favours past;
To bow—and thank you for the last.
But 'twould not do; for, in this rhyming age,
When any *Actor* quits the *Stage*,
In *verse*—invariably, my Patrons say,—
The leave is taken, and I now *obey*.

Perhaps some may cry out—"What a start!
"TOM CRIBB to get a speech by heart!
"I won't believe it;—it's all a hum."—
"Tis not, he *chaunts* it, tweedle-dum.
"Nay, 'tis a fact—between us two,
"In jingling verse he bids adieu.
"Tis sure to please—because 'tis *new*."
Yet, when I look around this spot,
It shews the *Old One's* not forgot;
And, though *young sprigs* around me shoot,
Yet they protect the *Parent Root*;

And here to-day have clearly proved
That the OLD TRUNK is yet beloved.
To them, my *thanks* for all they've done,
Serving the cause of war-worn Tom;
But to the Public, my ever generous friend,
My thanks but with my life shall end:
And, tho' my faltering tongue should fail,
Yet may my *wishes* still prevail:
Long may you all be blest with health,
And, next to that, CONTENT and WEALTH!
Long may you live, and long behold
Old England's glory,* when "poor Tom's a cold."
But halt.—Holloa! what have we here?
Pooh! it can't be; what, Tom—a tear!
Snivelling won't do;—but I have done:
'Tis time, I see, that I was gone;
I, that in my day fear'd no man,
Now dwindled to a mere old woman.†

[*Pausing—Affected.*]

Here, you all see, I've lost the road,
Cut clean adrift, or quite *abroad*!
But, if to Pantom-street you'll come,
Why *there* you'll find me quite "AT HOME;"
My house is open, come and see
How you like *our company*.
There you may have whate'er you will,
All from a bottle to a gill.
Then come, my friends, whene'er you can,
You'll always find that I'm your man;
As ready to *oblige* as ever,
Tho' perhaps too *fat* to be call'd *clever*.

My *yarn's spun out*; and I've nought to tell,
But, with a grateful heart, to say—FAREWELL!

A. R. H.

* Milling.

† The Author here suggests, that, with *propriety*,
Tom might *scratch his nob*—just for variety;
If't should be thought to be a good *spec*,
Let it be done—'twill *heighten* the effect.

WILLIAM FULLER:

“THE JACKSON” of *America*.



It is true, that FULLER has not been distinguished for his numerous battles in the London Prize Ring; but, nevertheless, by his knowledge of the *science*, good courage, and gentlemanly demeanour, he was viewed as one of its greatest supporters. BILL was invited to America by several of the leading characters connected with the Government in that quarter of the globe, and who also promised him the highest patronage, whenever he exhibited amongst them. FULLER likewise stood well in the opinion of the English amateurs; and he took out with him letters of introduction from several persons of distinction in this country.

The arrival of the above hero of the P. R., so justly admired in England, France, and America, for his civility, politeness, and attention to all ranks of society in teaching the Art of Self-defence,—was thus announced in the American Newspapers. The *quotations* will speak for themselves; at the same time prevent the imputation of any undue preference on our part towards an Old Friend; and likewise keep our character from being impeached on the score of partiality.

CHARLESTON THEATRE.

The Public is respectfully informed that

MR. FULLER,

The celebrated PUGILIST, is engaged, and will appear

This Evening, December 15, 1824,

When will be performed, for the 16th time in Charleston, the Extravaganza Burletta of Fun, Frolic, Fashion, and Flash, in three Acts, of

TOM AND JERRY,
OR, LIFE IN LONDON :

When an entire new Scene will be introduced, of

JACKSON'S ROOMS,

In which Mr. FULLER and *Corinthian Tom* will exhibit the ART of SELF-DEFENCE.

To conclude with a Grand Display of

FIRE WORKS.

Previous to which will be acted the Comedy of

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The new Comedy of "MARRIED AND SINGLE" is in rehearsal, and will soon be produced.

Doors opened at half-past Five, and the Curtain to rise at half-past Six. Price of Admission—Boxes, Lower, Third Tier, and Pit, 1 Dollar. Second Tier of Boxes, 50 Cents. Gallery, 25 Cents. Box Office at Miller's Printing Office, where the Proprietors' Tickets may be obtained.

Tom and Jerry proved not only a mine of wealth to our hero, but to all the managers of the play houses. He exhibited the Art of Self-defence at all the principal theatres in America, and was well rewarded by a high salary.

For the Compiler.

In a late number of "The New York Albion," the Editor notices the arrival of Mr. Fuller amongst us, in a brief but very complimentary paragraph. He says, "Mr. Fuller, the Pugilist, intends to open a school for giving instructions in the noble Art of Self-defence, in Richmond, where his prospects are very flattering: indeed, his correct and gentlemanly deportment seems to secure him a good reception every where." The Art of Self-defence, taught scientifically, has been hitherto little known; and will not, for some time, be appreciated agreeably to its merits, by our citizens, from erroneous ideas of its utility, and a mistaken opinion of the *method* used for acquiring a knowledge of the *science*. A few observations on the latter objections may be necessary; but it would be useless even to offer a hint on the advantages resulting from a competent knowledge of the only way in which we can repel the unexpected and probably unprovoked attack. The celebrity of Mr. Fuller as a Pugilist is as firmly established, as his gentlemanly deportment and agreeable manners are generally acknowledged. The plan he adopts to inculcate the first principles of the science proves not only an agreeable amusement, but a healthful and invigorating exercise. Perhaps a rigid moralist may censure the science; but, unless the doctrine of non-resistance becomes more prevalent, or Mr. Owen's "circumstantial" plan be universally adopted, it becomes an imperious duty on every gentleman, to improve the capacity which nature has given him to support his dignity, repel insult, resist attack, and defend his rights from aggression.—The writer entertained strong prejudices against Pugilism, and believed, like many others, it had a tendency not only to foment quarrels, but to create a turbulent disposition. Since visiting Mr. F.'s school, and witnessing the good humour and urbanity of the pupils, and the polite attention of their teacher, he cheerfully recants his former opinions; and feels no hesitation in saying that the science, if encouraged, will have a strong tendency to eradicate a disgusting system of fighting, unfortunately very prevalent in this State.—By the regulations which Mr. F. has adopted, the room is open to every gentleman introduced by any of the subscribers. His engagement in Richmond will shortly terminate. Should any of your readers wish to draw conclusions from ocular demonstration, they can readily obtain admittance, and it is believed they will agree in opinion with

A VISITOR.

December 12, 1825.

MR. FULLER.—The general impression that Pugilists are rude and troublesome characters, is happily contradicted by the very gentlemanly deportment of Mr. Fuller. Since his residence in Charleston, his conduct has entitled him to attention, and the respectability of his pupils should remove all prejudices against his art. Viewing Pugilism as useless in the way of defence among gentlemen, the best medical authorities recommend it as an excellent exercise for the preservation of health. The enervating influence of our climate is a fact which should induce the youth of our country to adopt every athletic habit, that they may be ready to encounter fatigue and deprivation when necessary: and we think we may say, without giving offence to our young countrymen, that many expensive and pernicious habits might be substituted with advantage by the exercises of a Sparring Room.

Of Prize Fighting, as it exists in England, we say nothing; but if there be an objection against it, it surely is not too much to assert, that the sturdy courage of the English is in some measure fostered by the frequent exhibitions of invincible valour displayed in the Ring. The future historian who shall describe the battle of Waterloo, in detailing its tremendous incidents, and developing its consequences to the universe, will not forget the prowess of Shaw, who, like Cocles, has immortalised himself, and added to his country's honours. We hope that the young gentlemen of this city will avail themselves of the present opportunity to acquire a knowledge of Pugilism, and afford that encouragement to Mr. Fuller, which his conduct, since he has been among us, so much deserves.—*The Charleston Mercury, Feb. 1, 1825.*

MR. FULLER, THE PUGILIST. — We have much pleasure in stating, for the information of his numerous friends in this part of the United States, that we occasionally hear from Mr. Fuller, through the medium of the Charleston papers. His success in that city during the winter has been very considerable, and we are glad to find that the citizens there view his vocation in the proper light; the end and design of which being—not to introduce Prize Fighting—but to instruct gentlemen in a useful, manly, and athletic exercise, at once conducive to health, and furnishing the means of self-defence and prompt chastisement to the assaults of the ruffian.—*The Albion, March 12, 1825.*

MR. FULLER.—Among the late migrations from the South,

is that of our friend Mr. Fuller, of pugilistic celebrity, who has been "doing the trick" during the winter, at Richmond, much to his own benefit, and satisfaction to his pupils—and where he has, as he always does, amply sustained his character as a gentleman and a man of talent. We regret to find that he is much out of health, and will sail for England in the packet on Monday, which will, of course, prevent him from making his usual summer excursion to Canada, a circumstance he much regrets. Mr. Fuller will, however, positively return to this country in the autumn, and in the mean time he has our best wishes.—*The Albion*, April 29, 1826.

After an absence of several years, FULLER returned to England, in June, 1826. He was gladly welcomed by his *Old Pals* in the FANCY; and we soon find him acting as *Referee* on the fight between *Reuben Marten* and *January*; and also in the battle between *Bishop Sharpe* and *Alex. Reed*.

The fighting pedigree of FULLER is good, both by his father's and mother's side, and lots of "game ones" belonged to the family, who were extremely expert with the use of their *hands*. Several of our hero's relations were also first-rate WRESTLERS. *Stephen Fuller*, who came to London, was well known to the late *Joe Ward*, who backed him against two of the best men in Essex. *Stephen* threw them both, with the utmost ease. An uncle of FULLER'S was one of the seconds at the fight between *Tom Auger* and the celebrated *Slack*, at New Buckingham, in the county of Norfolk. His uncle had also defeated some of the best men in the same county. FULLER'S father, who is now in his 84th year, (1827) comparatively without the infirmities of age, (a proof of the good stock from which he originated) was the intimate companion of *Slack*, and was present at the fight between him

and the *Frenchman* at Harliston, and the whole of *Slack's* battles in Norfolk.

FULLER had numerous *skirmishes* while at school, and, by his repeated conquests over all his school-fellows, he was admitted to be the "*cock of the walk!*" At the age of thirteen, he fought with a young man on Thurston Common; but, unfortunately for his opponent, in closing, his leg was broken, and he was sent to Norwich Hospital, FULLER escaping without *punishment*.

When only fifteen years of age, BILL made his first appearance in London. The busy metropolis afforded our hero numerous adventures in the *milling* way; and, in a variety of street rows, he proved eminently successful.

In a skittle-ground in Northumberland Street, Brick Lane, Whitechapel, our hero met with a very troublesome customer of the name of *Sharpe*, and well known as a good boxer. One *Coulthurst*, a friend of FULLER's, was struck by *Sharpe*, owing to some dispute about a trifling bet: FULLER immediately *showed* fight for *Coulthurst*, when a regular set-to commenced in the street. During the fight, which only lasted four rounds, a large bow window was broken, and FULLER cut one of his hands severely, with the glass; but nevertheless he "served out" Mr. *Sharpe* so hard and fast, that his friends said he was drunk, and should not fight any more at that time, but they would make a match for another day. FULLER was not very *well breeched*, and all the *blunt* he could muster was £2. A match was accordingly made, and the battle was decided the following Sunday

morning, in Stepney Fields. FULLER, upon this occasion, was seconded by *Coulthurst*; and *Sharpe* by *Kiddy Harris*. It was a severe battle for forty minutes; when *Sharpe* was so much *punished*, that he gave in. The word "*enough*" was also extremely pleasant to the *listener* of FULLER, who was likewise "cut up;" in consequence of *Sharpe* frequently falling upon him, and who was a heavy man. FULLER was only nineteen years of age. The superior *science* of our hero gave him the victory. *Sharpe* was considered a good man, and who had also won several battles in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel.

A Sparring School was established at this period in Northumberland Street, at the head of which was *Kiddy Harris*. Some good *setters-to* also attended the school, and FULLER seldom missed a night without putting on the gloves with the master, and also the best of his pupils. FULLER, anxious to improve himself in the art of Self-defence, received several lessons from *Ben Burns* and *Bill Richmond*.

Previous to FULLER's first fight with *Jay*, he set-to with *Shaw*, the Life-guardsmen, at the Bedford Rooms, Covent Garden, after the single-stick match between *Edner* and *Chapman*, for £40 a-side. A number of heavy *swells* were present, amongst whom were the *Marquis of Huntley*, *Sir Henry Smith*, *Captain Barclay*, &c. It was positively a fight between *Shaw* and FULLER; and the company were so pleased with the exertions of FULLER, that they rewarded him with a handsome subscription. *Captain Barclay* afterwards took a turn with *Shaw*; and the latter was considered to have the best of it.

On FULLER's return on horseback from Sunbury Common, after witnessing *Rayner's* first match to run ten miles within the hour, in company with Mr. *Hodgkinson* and Mr. *Empson*, the night was so extremely dark, that, the better to find their way along the road, they kept close to a stage-coach with lighted lamps; but some of the passengers, by way of a *lark*, always pushed a stick into their faces, as they approached the stage; all remonstrances were in vain, and the offence was repeated with roars of laughter. The stage-coach, at length, stopped at the turnpike gate at Hammersmith, when FULLER demanded to know the reason of the insults they had received; this inquiry only produced abuse; when FULLER, without hesitation, struck one of the *squad* with his stick. The whole of them immediately jumped from behind the coach, and *showed* fight. FULLER dismounted, and placed his *prad* under the care of Mr. *Empson*. THREE to ONE was the *striking* feature of this row; but the superior science of FULLER enabled him to dispose of *two* of the *larkers*, who *bolted* like lightning; but the *third* proved rather *troublesome*, and fought for a quarter of an hour before he acknowledged he was *satisfied*. In this scuffle, FULLER lost his *topper*, and was compelled to ride to London without it. BILL did not come off "scot free" in the above turn-up—he was bruised severely, and also received a tremendous *facers*, before he was in readiness to defend himself from the rude attacks of the above fellows, who turned out to be, on inquiry, *helpers* in the King's stables at Windsor.

On the evening previous to FULLER's going into

training to fight *Jay* for the first time, in passing through Long Acre, he observed a fellow, in the most unprovoked manner, push a female off the pavement into the kennel : the girl complained of the treatment she had received ; but the ruffian, instead of apologising for his conduct, only added insult to injury, by low, blackguard abuse. FULLER interfered, and told the *chap*, it was unmanly to treat a female as he had done : the ruffian, who was a *Big One*, replied, in the most insolent style, “ *that he might go to hell, and take the b—— w—— with him :*” at the same time endeavouring to shove FULLER into the road. This was too much for BILL, who instantly let fly at the fellow’s nob, and *floored* him in a twinkling. The second round was rather long, and some heavy blows passed between them ; and the ruffian proved a difficult customer to be *stalled off*. FULLER at length made himself up to do mischief ; and as his blackguard opponent was rushing in, BILL met him with a right-handed flush hit upon his canister, that he went down as if he had been shot ! the ruffian’s head coming in contact with the curb-stone : he was picked up quite insensible, and FULLER was afraid he was dead. Several persons who witnessed the transaction assisted FULLER in conveying his adversary to a public house in James-street, where, after washing his face, and giving the *chap* some brandy, he began to revive, and expressed his sorrow for what had happened, and also declared himself to have been the aggressor. FULLER felt rather alarmed for his own safety, as the by-standers began to talk of sending for an officer. The only injury BILL sustained was a *cut* in one of

his hands against the ruffian's teeth. FULLER went into *training* the next day at Uxbridge. At that period, BILL weighed eleven stone seven pounds; and was in height five feet ten inches and a half.

On FULLER's return to London, after his fight with *Molineaux*, he called at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, to give *Tom Belcher* a turn. In the coffee-room he met with a man who had been previously *chaffing* to the company that he could *lick* all the fighting men of the day. On his being informed that FULLER was a pugilist, he challenged BILL to have a *set-to* with the gloves for a belly-full. FULLER, at the request of his friends, consented to give the fellow a small "taste of his quality." The *gloves* were immediately produced; a room cleared out up-stairs; and FULLER and his bouncing opponent were in attitudes before you could say "*Jack Robinson!*" In less than five minutes the *chaff-cutter* was smothered in *claret*—*punished* in every direction—acknowledged his error, and offered to beg pardon, and drop the subject. The *cove* in question turned out to be a hay salesman, who was upon "such *prime terms* with himself," in consequence of having beaten a *Johnny Raw* off hand, a short time previous to the above set-to. *Ben Medley*, and several others of the Fancy were present, who expressed themselves quite delighted with the *finishing* tactics displayed by FULLER.

Since his fight with *Molineaux*, our hero has not entered the P. R., and we believe it is his intention never to fight another prize battle; but FULLER has many times been obliged to *mill* in his own defence since the above period, and also to protect several of

his friends from insult. To use his own words, which he has often expressed upon the subject to the writer of this article—"I consider," said BILL, "the great use of the science of Self-defence is, that it gives the individual a power to defend himself against the rude attacks of the ruffian, and also enables him to chastise the insolent."

FULLER again left England for America, perfectly reinstated in his health, on the 1st of October, 1826, in the *Brighton*, under the command of Capt. Seabor. During his stay in London, he kept the best company, and was highly patronized by swells of the first water. Since his arrival in America, the following paragraphs have appeared in the newspapers:

"SELF-DEFENCE.—WM. FULLER begs leave to inform his friends, and the gentlemen in general of New York, that he has just returned from England, and proposes remaining a short time in the City; and has engaged the large room at the SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets, for the purpose of giving Lessons in the above-named manly Science, whereby gentlemen, after a few lessons, are enabled to chastise those who may offer violence, and protect themselves against the attack of the ruffian.

W. F. proposes to commence his lessons on Wednesday, the 22d instant. Terms to be known on application as above."

"SELF-DEFENCE.—From one of our advertisements it will be seen, that Mr. Fuller has returned from England, and proposes to give another course of instruction in the Pugilistic Art. Although we are the sworn foe to the system of prize fighting, (as it exists in England,) yet we may safely recommend to the youths of New York the acquirement of a science, by which their persons may be protected from assaults, and their limbs braced and invigorated by manly exercise. Mr. Fuller is a modest, quiet, and very respectable man. Both in this country and in England his careful demeanor has procured for him the respect of the public."—*New York Enquirer*, Nov. 22, 1826.

TOM HICKMAN.

E'en as a blazing meteor on high,
Or trackless comet sparkling in the sky,
Beyond the reach of learned sages' laws,
To tell their orbits, or explain their cause—
Bright as their glory, and as sudden, too,
Tremendous HICKMAN starts to public view.
With iron frame, and arms of wond'rous length,
His wiry sinews boast a giant's strength.
Like the great war-horse, 'mid the canuons' rattle,
He laughs to scorn the terrors of the battle—
Triumphs o'er science, courage, skill, and game!
And vet'rans tremble at the Gas Man's name.
Certain of vict'ry, smiling at defeat,
Fearless of leary SPRING, or *slaught'ring* NEAT,
While hardy Britons love the milling bout,
The fame at least of "GAS shall ne'er go out!"

H. P.

THE character and *determined* points possessed by this once great pugilistic hero have been so fully detailed in page 287, and also the articles of agreement between HICKMAN and *Oliver*, in page 576, in the third volume of this work, that we shall commence without further preface to recount his battles:—

On Tuesday, June 12, 1821, at an early hour, the road was covered with vehicles of every description, and the numerous barouches and four were filled with *swells* of the first quality, to witness the GAS again exhibit his extraordinary pugilistic powers. The *todd-*

lers were scanty indeed. But, in addition to the *great folks* on the road anxious to participate in the sports of the Prize-Ring, the *Hero* of the Castle took the shine out of all of them, with his *stage* load of SOVEREIGNS, who had *condescended* to ride *outside* upon this occasion; and on Belcher passing the President of the Daffies, he sung out—‘Blow my Dickey, there never was such times as these, Jemmy; here, only look, I have also got SIX SOVEREIGNS *inside*, with their *Crowns*.’ “That’s not a bad *hit*,” replied Major Longbow, who was in company with the President, “Tom’s a *wonderful* man. I bet a hundred, *once*! ’Pon my soul, it’s no lie.” The Greyhound, at Croydon, was the rallying point for the SWELLS, and *Riddlesdown* was passed, and left to the Waggoners, in consequence of the Ould One’s *larder* being empty, and the accommodations rather *queer* at the last mill. The FANCY stand it once like *winking*; but, say they, “it is a good *flat* that is never *down*; and we must not be had a *second* time.” This ought to be taken as a friendly *hint* by all the *Bonifaces*; so as not to have the *huff* upon future occasions; and also to avoid too strong a *figure* when the bill is produced. The fight was a good *turn* for this road; the lively groups all in rapid motion; the *blunt* dropped like waste paper, and no questions asked, made all parties pleasant and happy. The delicate *fair-ones* were seen *peeping* from behind their window-curtains; the tradesmen leaving their counters to have a “*york*” at their doors; the country girls grinning; the joskins staring; the *ould* folks hobbling out astonished; the *propriety* people stealing a *look*, with all their notions of respec-

tability and decorum. Indeed, it might be asked, how could they help it? Who does not love to see a "bit of life," if they can't enjoy it. A *peep* costs nothing. The fun met with on the road going to a *mill* is a *prime* treat, and more *good* CHARACTERS are to be witnessed than at a masquerade. View the *swell* handle his ribands, and push his *tits* along with as much style and ease as he would *trifle* with a lady's necklace—the "bit of blood," from his fleetness, thinking it no sin to hurl the dirt up in people's eyes—the *drags*, full of merry coves—the puffers and blowers—the dennets—the tandems—the out-riggers—the wooden coachmen, complete *dummies* as to getting out of the way—the Corinthian Fours—the Bermondsey tumblers—the high and low life—the genteel, middling, respectable, and *tidy* sort of chaps—all eager in one pursuit—with Bill Giles's pretty little *toy*, giving the "*go-by*," in rare style, and the whole of which *set-out*, it is said, *DI*, the *table-lifter*, could remove from the ground, with the utmost ease,*—forming altogether such a *rich* scene, the "Blue Devils" are left behind, and laughter is the order of the day. Such is the portrait of going to a *mill*, till the *Fancy* get on the ground. It was 2 to 1 all round the ring, before the combatants made their appearance; and, at one o'clock, almost at the same time, *Oliver* and *HICKMAN* threw their hats into the ropes. *Oliver* was attended by *Harmer* and *Josh Hudson*, as his seconds; and the Gas-light Man was waited upon

* The pony-chaise, harness, seats, &c. did not exceed 112 lbs. in weight.

by *Spring and Shelton*. This trio sported *white top-pers*; and the colours, yellow for *Oliver*, and blue for the *Gas*, were tied to the stakes. On *Oliver* entering the ring, he went up to the *Gas-light-Man*, smiling, shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, which was returned, in the most friendly and pleasant manner, by *HICKMAN*. On tossing up for the side, to avoid the rays of the sun, *HICKMAN* said, "It was a woman, and I told you I should win it." The latter appeared in striped silk stockings; and, on stripping, patted himself with confidence, as much as to infer, "Behold my good condition." Some little difficulty occurred in procuring Umpires.

First round.—Considerable caution was observed on both sides; both of them dodged each other a little while, made offers to hit, and got away. The *Gas* endeavoured to plant a blow, but it fell short, from the retreating system adopted by *Oliver*. The *Gas* again endeavoured to make a hit, which alighted on *Oliver's* right arm; the latter, by way of derision, patted it, and laughed. *Oliver* was now at the ropes, and some exchanges took place; but in a close, *Oliver* broke away, and a small pause ensued. *Hickman* at length went to work, and his execution was so tremendous in a close, that the face of *Oliver* was changed to a state of stupor, and both went down. *Oliver* was picked up instantly, but he was quite abroad—he looked wildly, his left ear bleeding; and the cry was, "It's all up—he cannot come again;" and, indeed, it was the general opinion, that *Oliver* would not be able again to appear at the scratch. But the *Gas* did not come off without a sharp taste of the powers of the old one.

Second.—*Oliver* was very bad; in fact, he was *unnerved*. His heart was as good as ever; but his energy was reduced: he however got away from a hit. The *Gas* now put in so tremendous a facer that it was heard all over the ring, and *Oliver* was bleeding at the mouth. In closing, *Oliver* tried to fib his opponent, but it was useless; and the *Gas* held him as tight as if he had been in a vice, till they both went down.

Oliver was so punished and exhausted, that several persons cried out, "It is of no use, take him away."

Third.—The scene was so changed, that 20 guineas to 2 were laid upon Hickman. The latter smiled with confidence on witnessing the execution he had done; but the *game* displayed by Oliver was above all praise, and he appeared, after being hallooed at by his seconds, about a *shade* better, and he fought a severe round. The Gas received a terrible body hit, and some other severe exchanges took place. The *cunning* of Gas was here witnessed in an extraordinary degree, and with his left hand open, which appeared in the first instance as if his fingers went into the mouth of Oliver, he put the head of Oliver aside, and with a dreadful hit, which he made on the back part of Oliver's *nob*, sent the latter down on his face. A lump as big as a roll immediately rose upon it. The Gas in this round was very much distressed; his mouth was also open; and it seemed to be the opinion of several of the amateurs, that he was not in such high condition as when he fought Cooper, or he must have finished the battle. The Gas stood *still* and looked at his opponent; but Oliver could not take any advantage of it.

Fourth.—The Gas endeavoured to plant his desperate right-handed blow upon Oliver's face; but he missed it, and fell down; and Oliver, in trying to make a hit in return, fell over Hickman. The Gas laughed and winked to his second. It was, perhaps, a most fortunate circumstance that Hickman missed this hit, as it might have proved Oliver's *quietus*.

Fifth.—The left eye of the Gas was rather touched; but his confidence astonished the ring. Indeed it was a fine *study* for an artist: it was also a complete *picture* for an actor: and we were glad to witness some first-rate performers viewing it with admiration and attention. The *confident* look of Hickman energetically developed his *mind*;—or, in other words, it was a "mind's eye touch" forcibly depicting, "the victory is mine!" Oliver broke away, and he also jobbed the Gas-light man's *nob*; but as to any thing like hitting, it was out of him: and Hickman not only bored in upon Oliver, but punished him till he went down quite stupid. Hickman for any odds.

Sixth.—Oliver came up to the scratch very heavy, but he smiled, and got away from the *finishing* hit of his opponent; and, rather singular to observe, in closing, Oliver, by a sort of slewing throw, sent the Gas off his legs, and he was almost

out of the ring. The applause given to Oliver was like a roar of artillery. The Gas got up with the utmost *sang froid*.

Seventh.—Oliver put in a facer, but it made no impression; and the Gas with his left hand again felt for his distance, in this nouvelle and extraordinary way, against Oliver's nob, and the blows he planted in Oliver's face were terrific. By comparison, the strength and confidence of Hickman was like that of a giant over a boy.

Eighth.—Oliver came up almost *dozing*, and began to fight as if from instinct; he knew not what he was about. Hickman now made his left and right hand tell upon Oliver's head, when the latter went down like a log of wood. It was £100 to a farthing. "Take him away, he has not a shadow of chance." Indeed, it was truly piteous to see the courage displayed by this brave fellow, but yet of no avail.

Ninth and last.—Oliver, game to the end, appeared at the scratch, and put up his arms to fight; when the pepper administered by the Gas was so hot, that Oliver went down in a state of stupor. The Gas-light man said to his second, "I have done it, he will not come again." Oliver was picked up and placed on his second's knee; but he fell off on the ground, and when *time* was called, he could not move. Hickman immediately jumped up, and said, "I can lick another Oliver now;" but he immediately went up and shook Oliver by the hand. The latter remained in a state of stupor; but from medical assistance being immediately at hand, he was bled, and conveyed to the nearest house, yet Oliver did not come to himself exactly for upwards of two hours. It was over in $12\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

REMARKS.—In less than *three quarters* of an hour, thus had HICKMAN conquered, in succession, *Crawley*, *Cooper* (twice), and *Oliver*. In quickness, he came the nearest to the late *Jem Belcher*; but the Gas could not fight so well with both his hands. Perhaps it might be more correct to compare him with the late *Game Chicken*; yet the latter was a shy and more careful fighter than HICKMAN. It is, however,

but common justice to say of the GAS, that his confidence was *out-and-out*, and he went up to the head of his opponent, to commence the fight with as much certainty of success in his own mind as NELSON entered Aboukir-Bay. He thought himself *invulnerable* before; but this last conquest increased it so much, that he immediately offered, as a challenge to all England, once within four or six months, to fight any man, and give a stone. It is useless to talk against *stale men*; *Oliver* fought like a hero, and it was chaffed, "that a man must be made on purpose to beat the GAS." The latter was so little hurt that he walked about the ring, and also played two or three games at billiards at Croydon, on his way to London. Forty-five pounds were collected for the brave but unfortunate *Oliver*. The backer of the GAS was so much pleased with his conduct, that he ordered the *President of the Daffies*, who held the stakes of £200, to give HICKMAN the whole of them.

Oliver, on his return to London the same evening, after he had recovered a little from the effects of this battle, called in at the Greyhound, at Croydon, when the *Gas-light-Man*, in a manly, generous manner, presented him with a couple of guineas. The backer of HICKMAN also gave *Oliver* five guineas; and several other gentlemen who were present, were not unmindful of the courage he had displayed.

The decisive conquests of HICKMAN had placed him so very high in the estimation of the *Fancy*, and he was also upon such *excellent terms* with himself, that he entertained an opinion he could conquer any pugilist on the list. In conversation on the subject,

he often exulted that he was certain he could *lick Cribb*; and also frequently wished, "that *Jem Belcher* was alive, that he might have had an opportunity of showing the Sporting World with what ease he would have conquered that truly renowned boxer." HICKMAN asserted, he did not value size or strength; and the *bigger* his opponents were, the better he *liked* them. In consequence of this sort of *boasting* at various times, and also upon the completion of the stakes between *Randall* and *Martin*, in August, 1821, at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane, a trifling bet was offered, that no person present would make a match between HICKMAN and *Neat*. A gentleman immediately stepped forward and said, *Neat* should fight HICKMAN either for £100 or £200 a-side; and he would instantly put down the money. This circumstance operated as a *stopper*; and the match went *off*. In another instance, the backers of the Bristol hero sported £100 at Tattersall's, on Thursday, September 13, 1821, to put down to make a match; but the friends of *Gas* would not *cover*. It is certainly no match as to size; the friends of *Neat* observed, "but then *Neat* has no right to be *chuffed* about it, as his *blunt* for £200 is ready at a moment's notice."

The match at length was knocked up in a hurry over a glass of wine; a deposit immediately put down; and the following articles of agreement entered into:—

" Castle-Tavern, October 13, 1821.

" Thomas Belcher, on the part of W. Neat; and an amateur, on the part of Hickman, made a deposit of 25 gs. a-side, to make it 100 gs. a-side, on Monday, the 29th inst. over a sporting dinner at the above tavern. The money is placed in

the hands of the President of the Daffy-club. To be a fair stand-up fight. Half-minute time. The match to take place on the 11th of December, half-way between Bristol and London. An umpire to be chosen on each side; and a referee upon the ground. The battle-money to be 200 guineas a-side, and to be made good, a fortnight before fighting, at Belcher's."

Immediately on the above articles being signed, 5 to 4 was betted on HICKMAN. *Neat*, it was said, would be nearly two stone heavier than the *Gas-light-Man*. It will be recollected that both *Neat* and HICKMAN defeated *Oliver*; but with this vast difference, *Neat* won it after a long fight of one hour and thirty-one minutes; and, during the battle, it was once so much in favour of *Oliver*, that £100 to £3 was offered, and no *takers*; while, on the contrary, the GAS defeated *Oliver* in twelve minutes, without giving the latter boxer a shadow of *chance*. *Neat* had appeared only once in the prize-ring; he was a great favourite at Bristol, and one of the finest made men in the kingdom. He was also improved as to pugilistic science.

ROYAL TENNIS-COURT.—The name of the GAS, on Thursday, December 5, 1821, proved equally as attractive to the *Fancy* as the curiosity to witness a sight of *Neat* did a few days previous; and the result was, a prime benefit at the above place. The major part of the sets-to, as the Jews have it, were all "*chise*," and the GAS was loudly called for; when the Master of the Ceremonies, with a grin on his mug, said, "It shall be put on immediately." HICKMAN, laughing, ascended the steps with great celerity, made his bow, and put on the gloves, but he did not take off his flannel jacket. *Shelton* followed close

at his heels, when the combat commenced. The spirits and activity displayed by the GAS claimed universal attention: he was as lively as an eel: skipped about with all the agility of a dancing master; and his decided mode of dealing with his opponent was so conspicuous, that it seemed to say to the amateurs, "look at me; you see I am as confident as if it was over." The hitting was not desperate on either side, except in one instance, when the GAS let fly as if he had forgotten himself. HICKMAN appeared to hit more effectively than any boxer on the list: on his legs he was equally good; and although he was considered to *chaff* a little about his extraordinary qualities, yet his heart was never doubted being in the right place. Both *Shelton* and HICKMAN were loudly applauded. The GAS, previously to his quitting the stage, said, "He returned his sincere thanks to the amateurs for the honour they had done him by their numerous attendance on that day."

GREAT FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BETWEEN NEAT, OF BRISTOL, AND THE GAS-LIGHT MAN, ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1821, ON HUNGERFORD-DOWNS, 67 MILES FROM LONDON, FOR 200 GUINEAS A-SIDE.

Movements of the Fancy on the Occasion—starting off for the Mill—Picture of the Road—Variety of incidents—the Amateurs (on the sly) offering up their Orisons—lively Moments of the milling Tribe and Daffy Club at Newbury—and Description of the Ring.

So much interest did this battle for the CHAMPION-

SHIP excite in the Sporting World, that several persons who could spare the time, and "take it easy," left the metropolis in the course of the preceding Saturday. On the Sunday, lots of one-horse chaises, filled with *comfortable* Coves, who could put their hands in their pockets, please themselves, and had got "Ball" in the stable, were seen passing through Brentford, Hounslow, and Colnbrooke, stopping now and then to give a turn, and take a *slug* or two, with some old sinner. Maidenhead, the extent of the first day's journey, was at length reached before the *darky* was completed, and, as the saying is, "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good:" the *bonifaces*, in the true sense of the word, "napt a good bit of blunt," from the liberality of the *Fancy*, in their orders for something "good for the tooth." The cloth had scarcely been removed at one of the small inns, when a true *Briton*, in order to get the best of the *ennui* which generally hangs about a country town, "tipped his company the double," giving the office to his pal (a regular good ould trump, and well known on the Pavé, near the Obelisk, in George's Fields, for putting down the *dust* at all times to servè a friend) to take a stroll through the "*back slums*," and to see what *game* was on foot at Maidenhead; but accidentally mistook their road and dropt into a Church before they could well retreat: and although it was far from their intention "to scoff," yet, contrary to their expectations, they remained "to pray," and made good use of this favourable opportunity, as well as diversity of scene, to brush off a few of their sins, till they were caught *napping* by their pals. Others

of the amateurs, who were alike *at fault* how to beguile an hour or two, were in like manner entrapped into a Meeting-house, and *twigged*, with as demure looks as any of the strait-haired fraternity, "doing good by stealth," till it was time to *peel* and tumble into their *dabs*. Monday morning, as soon as daylight peeped, the bustle increased on the road; but nothing particular occurred, except the *staring* of the good people of Reading at the *Fancy* as they passed through that place. At the entrance of the town of Newbury a strong muster of the *Yokels* stationed themselves throughout the whole of the day, grinning at the Amateurs as they arrived. Indeed, the road, on Monday, and all night, up to Tuesday morning, twelve o'clock, from the Metropolis, was thronged with vehicles of every description, to reach the destined spot. The roads leading from Oxford, Gloucester, &c. and likewise from Bristol, were in the same state, with Amateurs, anxious to reach the *rallying-point*, Newbury. All the inns were filled, and the beds were engaged some days previous; and it was a prime benefit to the above town.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, HICKMAN, with his backer and *Spring*, in a barouche and four, with *Shelton* outside, togged like a first-rate swell, drove rapidly through the town, the *Gas-light Man* laughing and bowing on being recognised and cheered by the populace, till they alighted at the Castle, Speen-Hill. Here he was visited by numerous *Swells*, to all of whom he declared his confidence of success, and that victory would crown his efforts in a short time. After the bustle of the day was over, the *President*

of the *Daffy-Club* took the chair, at the 'Three Tuns, in the Market-place, Newbury; which, as soon as the office had been given, became the HEAD QUARTERS; thither the Swells and the Sporting men mustered round the above *spirited* character, who was also the holder of the stakes. It was a complete betting-stand; and numerous wagers were made on the ensuing mill. In consequence of the Newmarket people, with Mr. Gulley and Mr. Bland at their head, taking *Neat*, the odds fell on the *GAS*: a few persons, who were *funking* a little, got off some of their money, but the principal part of the Amateurs stood firm, and many of them laid it on *thicker*, although Mr. Gulley, in the most candid manner, declared his opinion, "that if a fine young, strong, fourteen stone man could not defeat a twelve stone boxer, then there was no calculating on prize milling."—Tuesday morning, long before the *darkey* had brushed away, presented a *nouvelle* scene to the *Johnny Raws*, by the numerous arrivals of the Amateurs from London, who had been on the road all night, with their *peepers* half open, and their *tits* almost at a stand-still! About ten o'clock, Newbury presented an interesting appearance. The inhabitants were all out of their doors; the windows of the houses crowded with females, anxiously waiting to witness the departure of the *Fancy* to the mill. Indeed, it was a lively picture to see, in rapid motion, barouches and four, curricles, post-chaises, gigs, carts, stage-coaches, waggons, myriads of *Yokels* on horseback, Chaw-bacons scampering along the road, Corinthians and Bang-up lads showing their gallantry to the lovely fair ones,

as they passed along, which were returned by nods and smiles, indicating that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

The fun and gig was kept up by all the lads till Hungerford Downs, the long-wished-for spot, appeared in sight. It was a delightfully fine morning, the sun adding splendour to the scene, giving the whole a most picturesque appearance. The prospect was quite attractive. A charming country on both sides of the road; the town of Hungerford at a distance, with the spire of the church; the ring on the Downs, surrounded with waggons and coaches, marquees, &c. rising proudly like an amphitheatre, formed so pleasing a feature, as to render description no easy task. The spot was selected for this combat, under the judicious management of Mr. JACKSON, and the ring was so well arranged, that 25,000 persons, who were present, had all an excellent sight of the battle! Not the slightest accident occurred, and the whole was conducted with the greatest decorum. It was curious to witness the anxiety displayed by the above great assemblage of persons, waiting, with the utmost patience, without the slightest murmur, for two hours; the ring having been formed so early as eleven o'clock. Indeed, it was nothing else but a *swell fight*, and it required to be *well breeched* to be at it.

At a few minutes after one, *Neat*, arm-in-arm with his backer and *Belcher*, appeared in the outer space, and threw up his hat; but the sun being in his eyes, it did not reach its intended destination, when *Belcher* picked it up, and threw it into the ring; and, shortly afterwards, the *Gas*, in a white *topper*, supported by his

backer and *Shelton*, repeated the token of defiance, and entered the ring sucking an orange. He immediately shook hands with *Neat*, saying, "How are you?" Mr. JACKSON was the referee; and *Belcher* and *Harmer* were the seconds for *Neat*; and *Spring* and *Shelton* for the GAS. The odds had completely changed on the preceding evening; and, on the ground, *Neat* was backed 5 to 4, besides numerous even bets, and being taken for choice. Upwards of £150,000, it is calculated, has transferred *clies* on this event. The GAS weighed twelve stone, and *Neat* nearly fourteen. The colours, deep blue for GAS, and the *yellow-man* for *Neat*, were tied to the stakes.

First round.—Both of the combatants appeared in the highest state of condition; in fact, the backers of *Neat* and *Gas* asserted that they were equal to all intents and purposes for *millng*. The frame of *Neat* was a fine study and a high treat to the lovers of Anatomy; and the comparison between the pugilists reminded the *old Fancier* of the picture respecting *Perrins* and *Johnson* in combat, although not quite a parallel case. The *Gas*, on placing himself in attitude, surveyed his opponent from head to foot, and *Neat* was equally on the alert. *Hickman* kept *dodging* about, in order to get an opening to plant a determined hit; but *Neat* was too *leery* to be had upon this suit, and whenever the *Gas* moved, he likewise altered his position. On *Neat's* preparing to give a blow, the *Gas*, smiling, drew himself back; but immediately afterwards, as if resolutely making up his mind to do some mischief, he went right bang in, and with his right hand put in a *nobber*, *Neat* retreating. *Hickman* planted a second blow on his shoulder; he also put in a third hit upon *Neat's* left eye; and, elated with his success, he was on the rush to place a fourth blow, when *Neat* not only stopped him with a tremendous hit on his throat, but made the *Gas* stagger a little. *Hickman*, however, undismayed, attacked *Neat* with great activity, and the result was, the Bristol hero went down (more from a slip than the severity of the blow) between the legs of *Hickman*—the *Cockneys* shouting for joy, and the re-

gular *Fanciers* declaring "it was all right, and that *Gas* would win it easy." 7 to 4 on *Gas*.

Second.—Hickman came laughing to the scratch, full of confidence; but on his endeavouring to plant his tremendous right-handed hit on the throat of his antagonist, the length of Neat prevented it, and the blow alighted on his shoulder; the *Gas* again endeavoured to make it, when the Bristol hero gave Hickman so hard a blow on his *box of ivories*, that he *chattered* without talking, and went back from his position as if he could not keep it; he also was compelled to make a pause, before he again commenced the attack. The *Gas* got away, smiling, from a left-handed hit; when he rushed in with uncommon severity, and, after an exchange of blows, they both went down, but Neat undermost. Another loud shout for Hickman; the odds rising on him, and "he will win it to a certainty," was the cry. While sitting on the knee of his second, the *Gas winked* to his friends, as much as to give the office, "it was all right."

Third.—If the backers of the *Gas* could not see the *improvement* of the Bristol hero, Hickman was satisfied that he had a dangerous customer before him, and found that the length of arm possessed by his opponent rendered it highly necessary for him to act with great caution; he, therefore, on coming to the scratch, made a pause, and did not appear as heretofore, eager to go to work. Neat was all caution and steadiness, and determined to wait for his opponent; the *Gas*, in consequence, was compelled to make play, and he planted a sharp hit on Neat's head, and, laughing, nodded at him. Encouraged by this success, he was about furiously to repeat the dose, when Neat caught him with his left hand on his nob, which sent the *Gas* down on his knee; but his courage was so high and good, that he jumped up and renewed the fight like a game-cock, till he was hit down by another tremendous blow. The *Bristolians* now took a turn with their *chaffers*, and the shouting was loud in the extreme. The partisans of the *Gas-light-Man* were rather on the *fret*, and several of them had got the *uneasiness*.

Fourth.—It was now discovered by the *Knowing Ones*, that they had not consulted *Cocker* upon the subject; it was also evident to them (but rather too late to turn it to their advantage) that Neat was as quick as his opponent—a better in-fighter—with a tolerable knowledge of the science, and not such a *roarer* as he had been said to be. The severe *nobbers*

the *Gas* had received in the preceding round, had *Chanceried* his upper works a little; and, on his appearing at the scratch, he again made a pause. He saw the length of his opponent was dangerous to attack; and he also saw that if he did not commence fighting, Neat was not to be *gammoned* off his guard for a month. Hickman went in resolutely to smash his opponent, but he was met right in the middle of his head with one of the most tremendous right-handed blows ever witnessed, and he went down like a shot.—The *Bristolians* now applauded to the echo; and the London “good judges,” as they had previously thought themselves, were on the funk. “How do you like it?” said one of the *swells*, who was pretty *deep* in it, to another. “Why,” replied he, “that blow has cost me, I am afraid, fifty sovereigns.”

Fifth.—Gas came up an altered man; indeed, a bullock must seriously have felt such a blow; he stood still for an instant, but his high courage would not let him flinch; he defied danger, although it stared him in the face; and, regardless of the consequences, he commenced fighting, and made some exchanges, till he went down from a terrible hit in the mouth.—(*The Bristol boys hoarse with shouting; and the faces of the backers of Gas undergoing all manner of sensations and colours like a rainbow.*) “That’s the way,” said Tom Belcher, “It’s all your own. You’ll win it, my boy: only a little one now and then, for the Castle.”

Sixth.—The mouth of the Gas was full of blood, and he appeared almost choking with it—when time was called. He was getting weak; but he, nevertheless, rushed in, and bored Neat to the ropes; when the spectators were satisfied, by the superiority displayed by the latter, that he was the best fighter. Neat punished Gas in all directions, and finished the round by *grassing* him with a belly puncher that would have floored an ox. This hit was quite enough to have *finished the pluck* of two good men. The *long faces* from London were now so numerous, that 100 artists could not have taken their likenesses; and the *Bristolian kids* were roaring with delight, and *chaffing* one to another, “Did’nt I tell thee what he could do. The *Gas* is sure to go out now!” “Not this time,” replied a few *out-and-out* kids from the Long Town, who endeavoured to *bash* it out in favour of Hickman, while any thing like a *chance* remained.

Seventh.—Spring and Shelton were very attentive to their man, and led him up to the scratch at the sound of time. The

Gas was sadly distressed, and compelled to pause before he went to work ; but Neat waited for him. The *Gas* was about to make play, when Belcher said to Neat, " Be ready, my boy, he's coming." The Bristol hero sent the *Gas* staggering from him by a *nobber*, but Neat would not follow him. On the *G*'s attempting to make a hit, Neat again put in a tremendous blow on his mouth that *uncorked* the *claret* in profusion. The *Gas* recovered himself, to the astonishment of all present, went to work, and, after some desperate exchanges, sent Neat down. This change produced a ray of hope on the part of his backers, and " Bravo, *Gas*, you are a game fellow indeed." The anxiety of Tom Belcher to be near his man, occasioned Shelton to remark to Mr. Jackson, that if Tom did not keep away from Neat, according to his order, he should likewise keep close to the *Gas*. " Tom," said Shelton, " you had better come and fight for Neat."

Eighth.—The *Gas*, laughing, commenced the attack, but received such a giant-like blow on his right eye, that he was instantly convulsed ; and such were the terrific effects of this hit, that Hickman, after standing motionless for about three seconds, appeared to jump off the ground, his arms hanging by his sides, when he went down like a log on his back, and the shock was so great his frame sustained, that his hands flew up over his head ; he was totally insensible ; so much so, that Shelton and Spring could scarcely get him off the ground. The whole ring seemed panic-struck. Spring vociferating almost with the voice of a Stentor to awake him from his stupor, with the repeated calls of "*Gas! Gas! Gas!*" The head of Hickman had dropped upon his shoulder. The spectators left their places and ran towards the ropes, thinking it was all over ; indeed, the anxiety displayed, and this little confusion which occurred in whipping out the ring, had such an effect, that several persons observed, a minute had passed away. On time being called, the *Gas* opened one eye wildly, for he had now only one left, the other being swelled up as big as an egg, and bleeding copiously.

Ninth.—The battle was now decidedly Neat's own ; and every eye was on the stretch, in expectation of the Bristol hero *going in* to administer the *COUP DE GRACE*, in order to put an end to the battle. All the experienced boxers of the London ring would have taken the advantage of this circumstance, and not have given the chance away ; but Neat, in the most manly manner, waited for Hickman at the scratch till the *Gas*

felt himself enabled to renew *milling*. On recovering himself, his courage out-heroded Herod. He shook himself, as it were, to remove the effects of the overpowering stupor under which he laboured: and every person seemed electrified with his manner. He commenced the attack with much activity; and, after an exchange of blows, strange to say, he sent Neat down. (Loud shouts of applause; and the whole ring expressing their admiration at the almost invincible bottom Hickman possessed.)

Tenth.—The *Gas* came to the scratch staggering, his knees almost bending underneath his weight. He, however, showed the most determined inclination to fight, and contended like a hero, till he was hit down.

Eleventh.—The state of the *Gas* was truly pitiable, and, on setting-to, he scarcely seemed to know where he was; and made a short pause before he attempted to put in a hit. Neat's left hand again was planted on his *nob*, which sent the *Gas* staggering from him, the *claret* also following in profusion. Neat endeavoured to repeat the dose, but he missed his opponent; it might be considered fortunate that this blow did not reach its place of destination: as, in all probability, it would have proved the *quietus* to Hickman. The latter, after some exchanges had passed between them, was again hit down.—4 to 1.

Twelfth.—It was quite clear that the *Gas* was not yet extinguished; and this round was a complete *milling* one. The *Gas* followed his adversary, exchanging hit for hit; but it was STRIKINGLY evident, however desperate the intention of Hickman might be, his blows were not effective; while, on the contrary, the hits of Neat were terrific, and reduced the strength of his opponent at every move. Still, the confidence of the *Gas* was not to be shaken, and he returned to the charge, till Neat went down. (Tremendous applause.) "What an astonishing game fellow."

Thirteenth.—The *Gas* had scarcely attempted to make a hit, when the left hand of Neat floored him like a shot. The shouting from the Lansdown heroes, and the St. James's Church-yard kids, operated on the *listeners* of the backers of Hickman like a roar of artillery, reminding them of their folly, in not paying attention to weight and strength.—10 to 1—but all shy, and scarcely a taker.

Fourteenth.—It was now a *horse* to a *hen*, although Hick-

man seemed determined to contend the fight while he could move a hand. He was distressed beyond imagination, and his seconds were compelled to lead him to the scratch; the blood dropping from his eye in torrents, and his other *peeper*, starting, as it were, from the socket, staring wildly to obtain a sight of his opponent. On putting himself in attitude, he was quite upon a *see-saw*, and to all appearance, it only wanted a touch of the finger to send him down—"Give him *a little one* for me," said Shelton.—"I will," replied Hickman; "but where is he?" Some exchanges took place, till both went down.—Any odds.

Fifteenth.—The *intention* of Hickman was still for fighting; or, to speak more accurately on the subject, it should be called *INSTINCT*; for, as to recollection, it seemed quite out of the question. This round was short; and, after a blow or two, the *Gas* was again terrifically hit down. Loud cries of "Take the brave fellow away—he has no chance—it is cruel to let him remain." As Hickman lay on the ground, he appeared convulsed.

Sixteenth.—Shelton and Spring, when time was called, brought the *Gas* to the scratch. He stared wildly for a second, when he endeavoured to fight, but he was quite feeble and on the totter. His fine action was gone, and he now only stood up as an object for his adversary to hit at. "Take him away," from all parts of the ring, in which Mr. Gully loudly joined.

Seventeenth.—The *game* of the *Gas* was so *out-and-out* good, that it should seem he would sooner prefer *DEATH* than declare himself *DEFEATED*; something after the manner of a great warrior, exclaiming,

"Perish the thought! Ne'er be it said—

"That fate itself could awe the soul of HICKMAN."

The *Gas* again tottled to the scratch, but it was only to receive additional and unnecessary *punishment*. He was *floored, sans ceremonie*. "Take him away," was again the cry; but he would not quit the field. "He cannot come again—it is impossible," were the general expressions of the spectators.

Eighteenth, and last.—On the *Gas* appearing at the mark, instead of putting up his arms to fight, he endeavoured to button the flap of his drawers, in a confused state; but Neat scorned to take advantage of his defenceless, pitiable situation, and, with the utmost coolness, waited for him to commence the

round. The *Gas*, as his last effort, endeavoured to show fight, but was hit down, which put an end to the battle, by his proving insensible to the call of TIME. The above contest occupied twenty-three and a half minutes. Neat jumped up as a token of victory, amidst the proud and loud shouts which pronounced him the conqueror. He immediately went and shook the hand of his brave but fallen opponent, before he left the ring. A medical man bled Hickman on the spot, without delay, and every humane attention was paid to him by his backer and his seconds. He remained for a short time in the ring, in a complete state of stupor, and was carried to a carriage on the shoulders of several men, and conveyed, with the utmost expedition, to the Castle Inn, Speen-hill, near Newbury, and immediately put to bed.

REMARKS.—To sum up the behaviour of the fallen hero in the fight, it is only common justice to speak of the *Gas*, that he *cut up*, without disparagement, *gamer* than any man ever before witnessed. His greatest enemy must join in this remark; indeed, if his countenance bespoke any thing like an index of his mind, the courage of HICKMAN was so great, that he appeared to feel ashamed, and to quarrel with his NATURE for deserting him. The immortal Nelson did not possess higher notions of true courage; nor did the determined Paul Jones ever act with more resolution to conquer or die than did HICKMAN. It is true, that heroic boxer was *floored*; but it is equally true the *Gas* was not *extinct*! “Give him,” said an old sporting man, “but a *chance* of any thing near his weight, and the odds will be in his favour, and he will again burst forth with redoubled splendour.” It cannot be denied that HICKMAN made himself numerous enemies by his *chaffing*; and, out of the FANCY, he was also viewed as a great talker, assert-

ing more than he could perform: but, in his battle with *Neat*, he has decidedly proved himself no *boaster*; and, in the eyes of the sporting world, although suffering in defeat, he raised his character much higher than ever it stood before, as a pugilist. His fault was, he thought himself like Achilles, INVULNERABLE: he likewise entertained an opinion that he could beat the best of the boxers on the list; and he laughed at the idea of weight, length, and strength being opposed to him. If any apology can be offered for HICKMAN, it is, that he did not stand alone in this view of his capabilities; and he was flattered, by the majority of the *Fancy*, to the very echo, who backed him, on the match being made, nearly two to one. There is a great similarity between HICKMAN and the late lion-hearted *Hooper*; high patronage, without discretion, ruined the former; and however boxers may possess good *nobs* for *milling*, it is too commonly seen they do not wear heads to bear sudden *elevation*. As a friendly hint towards all pugilists, we trust the above lesson will prove useful to them, and if they will but endeavour to prevent "putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," all will go right. The *fists* of pugilists are only to be exercised in the Prize-Ring; and the *tongues* of boxers were never intended to excite *terror* in the unoffending visiter. We again repeat, (putting *chaffing* out of sight,) that HICKMAN had no right to be "down upon himself," as his DEFEAT reflected no *disgrace* upon him as a boxer. It was one of the most manly fights ever witnessed. No closing; no pulling and hauling each other at the ropes—but

*mill*ing from the beginning to the end. No pugilist whatever strained every point further to win a battle than the Gas did; and, although thousands of pounds have been lost upon him, his backers have no right to complain. The courage he displayed is beyond description; but it may serve in future to teach the FANCY the great danger in backing a *chicken* against a *cock*. The behaviour of *Neat* was the admiration of all present: it was unassuming and manly in the extreme. In a word, he is a good fighter, and is capable of entering the ring with any boxer on the list. He retired from the ring without any *marks*; but nevertheless, he received many heavy blows. It must be admitted, that the Gas was over-weighted; and the great length of his opponent's arms rendered all his attempts at hitting abortive; but it would not have been easy to find a man of his weight who could beat him. Bristol, in the person of *Neat*, still retains the Championship; but the latter hero bears his blushing honours with becoming modesty; and publicly asserted, at the Castle-Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday after the fight, that he took no merit to himself in having defeated HICKMAN. "The *Gas-light-Man*," said *Neat*, "was overweighted; but I think he can beat all the twelve-stone men on the list, and he is one of the *gamest* men in the kingdom; and although I have been a great deal *chaffed* about as a *nobody*, I will fight any man in London to-morrow morning for £100 a-side of my own money: there is none of them can *lick* me in twenty minutes."

Return of the Amateurs to Town—Sensation of the Fancy, both at Bristol & London, upon the Subject—

Neat at the Tennis-court—Generosity of GAS-LIGHT-MAN'S Backer—Liberality of Neat to his brave fallen Opponent—Reception at the Daffy-Club, and general Movements of the Milling Corps.

“Cleaning out” was the order of the day, and the cockneys returned to town with “pockets to let;” but yet no *grumbling*; nay, the contrary position is the fact; all the amateurs uniting that HICKMAN was entitled to praise, doing all that he could to win. The news arrived in London by pigeon, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon; but Mr. Milton, who is distinguished for the possession of fleet horses, arrived with the intelligence, at Hyde-park-corner, so early as a quarter after five o'clock. It is impossible to describe the anxiety of the great crowds of persons which surrounded all the sporting houses in the Metropolis, to learn the event. In Bristol, it was equally the same, and the editor of the *Gazette* of that place, thus describes it:—“Such was the intense feeling excited in this city, that the streets were crowded, as if an election contest was at its height, all inquiring the result, which was known here about seven o'clock.” The following sentences were exhibited by a boy, on a board, in the road:—

“Bristol illuminated,

“London in darkness,

“The *Gas* extinguished by a ‘*Neat* hand.’”

The Bristol hero arrived at *Belcher's*, the Castle-tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday evening, and made his bow to the Daffy-club. He was received with loud cheers, and the president gave the office for extra

goes of daffy upon this *milling* occasion; when health and success were drank to *Neat*. To obtain a seat was impossible. In order to give a turn to *Kendrick*, the *black*, *Neat* showed himself at the Tennis-court, on Thursday, December 14, and, on his mounting the stage, he was received with loud marks of approbation. The GAS-LIGHT-MAN, it appears, was very much hurt in his mind, on his recollection returning to him; but having received the consolation from his backer, that he had done every thing a brave man could do to win; and also being presented with a £50 note, as a reward for his courage; he became rather more reconciled to his reverse of fortune. *Neat* and the GAS-LIGHT-MAN met together at *Mr. Jackson's* rooms, on Friday, December 15, when they shook hands like true Britons, without any animosity whatever. *Neat* generously presented HICKMAN with five pounds. The latter afterwards acknowledged, that *Neat* was too long for him, and that, in endeavouring to make his hits tell, he almost over-reached himself, and was nearly falling on his face. HICKMAN also compared the severe hit he received on his right eye, to a large stone thrown at his head, which stunned him. *Neat* was afraid to make use of his right hand *often*, in consequence of having broken his thumb about ten weeks before, and which was very painful, and deficient in strength to him, during the battle.

ON THE RECENT DEFEAT OF HICKMAN.

The *flaming* accounts of the GAS are gone by,
As smoke when it's borne by the breeze to the sky,
The *retorts* of brave *Neat*, have *blown-up* his fame,
And clouded the lustre that beam'd from his name.

His *pipes* may be sound, and his courage still *burn*,
But *Neat* to his progress has given the *turn*,
The *Fancy* may long be *illumed* by his art,
And the *coal* that is sported due ardour impart;
Yet never again can his *light* be complete,
But sullied and shrunk by the *feelers** of *Neat*.

H. R.

In March, 1822, HICKMAN, in company with *Cy. Davis*, set out on a sparring expedition to Bristol, where he was most flatteringly received. The Bristol paper observes—"On Thursday morning, the sport at Tailors' Hall was particularly good. In the evening, upwards of 400 persons met at the Assembly-room, to witness the set-to between HICKMAN and the *Champion*, which enabled the amateurs to form a pretty correct notion of the manner in which the great battle was lost and won. The style of *Neat* exhibits the perfection of this noble science—it is the cautious, the skilful, the sublime. That of the Gas is the shifting, the showy, and the flowery style of boxing. The audience were highly gratified, and the sums received at the doors probably exceeded £120."

Another journal, in the same city, also remarks, that—"The puissant *Neat* and lion-hearted HICKMAN, attended by that able tactician, *Cy. Davis*, with *Santy Parsons*, and others of minor note, have, within these few days, been *showing off* in this city in good style. The benefits have been well attended, principally by *Corinthians*, for the *tip* was too high for other than

* Instruments used in gas works.

well-blunted coves. The sums received at the doors are said to exceed £120. This is really good interest for their *notes of hand*.

FIVES COURT.—HICKMAN had a good benefit on Wednesday, May 8, 1822, at this place; and, altogether, the amusement was excellent. The principal attraction of the day was the set-to between the GAS and *Neat*, and the former was determined to have “the best of it,” and he, most certainly, had “the best of it;” it is, however, equally true, that *Neat* has no *taste* for *sparring*, and he is not seen to advantage with the *gloves* on. The GAS was still a terrific opponent, and it was evident “the fight” had not been taken out of him. “Let those pugilists who meddle with him,” said an experienced amateur, “any thing near his weight, beware of the consequences; as he comes up to the *scratch*, with all the determined resolution of a *Suwarrow*, to obtain conquest, united with the courage of a *Howe*, to prove victorious:” or, perhaps, it might be more apposite in the words of the out-and-out *Richard*, to depict the feelings of the GAS:—

That dangers retreat, when boldly they are confronted!

But what sporting man connected with the ring, on viewing the GAS and *Neat* opposed to each other, could, in point of calculation, assert it was anything like a *match* between them; and *Neat*, with the most honourable and manly feeling on the subject, never did *exult* in the slightest degree, nor is it too much to say, that he never will *exult* upon the conquest he

obtained over as brave a man as ever stripped to fight a prize battle. The *backers* of HICKMAN, and GAS himself, in studying of propriety, and calculating upon chances, ought to act, upon all occasions, when engaged in the art of war, upon the admirable advice of the poet:—

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none !

HICKMAN returned thanks in the following spontaneous, pithy, and elegant manner:—"Gentlemen, I return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me this day." Several noblemen were present, and the company, in general, were of the first respectability.

It is true that HICKMAN did not appear comfortable in his mind after his defeat by *Neat*; and when irritated by liquor, he generally boasted that he was able to conquer the Bristol hero. But, as time gets the better of most things, HICKMAN became rather more reconciled to his fate; and asserted, in the presence of numerous amateurs, at the Castle Tavern, when *Josh. Hudson* challenged him for £100 a-side, that he had given up prize-fighting altogether. In consequence of this declaration, he commenced publican at the Adam and Eve, in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, which house he purchased of *Shelton*. During the short time he was in business, he appeared civil and obliging to his customers; and a great alteration for the better, it was thought, had taken place in his behaviour; but, before any just decision could be pronounced on his

merits as the landlord of a sporting house, the sudden and awful termination of his career banished every other consideration from the minds of the amateurs :—

*O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of MAN'S sad history ! To-DAY most happy,
And ere TO-MORROW'S sun has set, most *object* !*

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

HICKMAN, accompanied by his friend, left his house early on Tuesday morning, the 10th of December, to witness the fight between *Hudson* and *Shelton*, at Arpenden Common, near St. Alban's. He was in excellent health and spirits during the battle, walking about the ground with a whip in his hand, in conversation with Mr. *Rowe*. At the conclusion of the battle he returned to St. Alban's, where he made but a short stay, and then proceeded on his journey to London.

On returning home in the evening, HICKMAN drove, and endeavoured to pass a road-waggon on the *near* side of the road, instead of the *off* side. Whether from unskilful driving, the darkness of the night, or some other cause, in clearing the wheels of the waggon, the chaise was overturned ; and, dreadful to relate, both were precipitated under the wheels, which went over their heads ; HICKMAN was killed instantaneously, his brains were scattered about the road, and his head nearly crushed to atoms. Mr. *Rowe* seemed to have some animation, but was soon dead. *Randall* had parted with them at South Mimms shortly before, and he stated that they were sober.

It was in the hollow, half a mile north of the Green Man, Finchley-common, where HICKMAN and Mr. Rowe were killed.

It appears that the last place where the two unfortunate men, HICKMAN and Rowe, drank, was at the Swan, between Whetstone turnpike and the Swan-with-two-Necks, and within half a mile of the spot where the catastrophe happened. HICKMAN observed upon the darkness of the night, and spoke of the fog coming on, when he got into the chaise. His friend anticipated some danger, and refused to accompany him in the gig, unless he drove. HICKMAN positively refused, and, unfortunately for Mr. Rowe, the latter occupied the place of HICKMAN's friend. The horse escaped unhurt, and the chaise was perfect, (which belonged to Mr. Boyce, livery-stable-keeper, Leather-lane, Holborn,) and in it the sufferers were conveyed more than a quarter of a mile, to the Swan-with-two-Necks. The above shocking accident had such an effect on the nerves of the landlord, that he was also a *corpse* in less than a week afterwards.

Mr. Rowe left a most amiable wife and three small children to lament his loss.

Immediately after the fight was over between Hudson and Shelton, HICKMAN said to the writer of this article, that, on his own account, he was sorry Hudson had lost the battle, it being the intention of the friends of Josh. in the event of his having proved the conqueror, to have backed him against HICKMAN for £100 a-side; and he laughingly observed, "*Blow my Dickey*, if I shouldn't like it so vastly!" It is rather a curious coincidence, that, on the above day twelve-

months, a report reached London that HICKMAN was dead, in consequence of the severe blows he received in his battle with *Neat*. It, perhaps, may also be necessary to state, that HICKMAN had been thrown out several times from single-horse chaises, in consequence of his daring and hazardous driving. On being picked up, a few months since, nearly killed, he then, poor fellow ! bitterly exclaimed against the use of such vehicles, and, in the heat of his passion, wished that if he ever rode in one again he might have his brains knocked out. His wish, too lamentably for his unhappy wife and two small children, has been verified.

THE INQUEST.

Wednesday evening, December 11, 1822, an inquest was held, at the sign of the Swan-with-two-Necks, Finchley-common, before T. Stirling, Esq. Coroner, on the bodies of THOMAS HICKMAN, and Mr. THOMAS ROWE, silversmith, of Aldersgate-street, St. Luke's, who came by their deaths under the following dreadful circumstances :—

The accident excited the greatest interest in the *Sporting World*; and although the Inquest was held at an earlier period than was expected, the Jury-room was crowded to excess to hear the evidence.

The jury being empannelled and sworn, the first duty requested of them was to view the bodies of the deceased persons, who lay in an adjacent spot to the house in which the Inquest was held. On their arrival, a most horrid spectacle presented itself to their view; the *Gas-light-Man* lay on his back, and had it

not been known that it was to that individual the accident had happened, it would have been impossible, from the mutilated state of the head, to have recognized him. His head was literally crushed to atoms, and one of his eyes protruded and had a terrific appearance.

Mr. *Rowe* was also dreadfully crushed about the head, but in no respect was the shock equal to that which the former received.

On returning to the Jury-room, the following witnesses were called in.

Chancy Barber, of Finchley, bricklayer, saith, that, before eleven o'clock last night he was in bed at home, when the alarm came for a light; it was then starlight. I got up, and went along the road to where the deceased persons were: they were put into their own chaise-cart, and were both dead; they were brought to this house. A medical gentleman, assistant to Mr. *Hammond*, was to the door nearly as soon as the bodies arrived, and examined them. They exhibited no symptoms of life after I saw them. There was a waggon standing by the chaise, and a cart behind the waggon, when I got up. I examined the spot where the accident took place, this morning. The wheels of the chaise had been on the foot-path; the chaise had nearly gone the whole width on the foot-path where it was overturned. The waggon was going towards town; the chaise was going the same way; the chaise was on the near side; the waggon was nearest to the near side of the road; the track of the waggon appeared to have proceeded in a direct line, and there was no room for a chaise to have passed on

the near side, without going on the foot-path; there was more than plenty of room for one or two carriages to have passed on the off side without injury. I think the waggoner could not be in any manner to blame, as he appeared to me to have been unconscious of the chaise being there.

James Ball, of Whetstone, servant to Mr. Sutton, said, I was coming towards Whetstone, and met the waggon and chaise. I saw the wheel of the chaise on the foot-path, immediately before it overturned towards the waggon. I saw the men fall out; I think the waggon-wheel did not go over them, but that the drag-cart did; the drag-cart was loaded. HICKMAN was run over by the wheel of the drag-cart; Rowe's head was struck against the cart-wheel. The waggoner was not to blame; he was driving in a regular and steady manner. Verdict—Accidental death.

THE FUNERAL.

Between the hours of eleven and twelve, on Thursday, December 19, 1822, a vast concourse of people assembled in Aldersgate-street and Jewin-street, to witness the funeral of HICKMAN. At twelve o'clock the funeral procession commenced from the Adam and Eve, in Jewin-street, the house of HICKMAN; previous to which, the interior exhibited a most melancholy scene. The pall was supported by *Josh. Hudson* and *Shelton*; *Tom Belcher* and *Harmer*; and *Randall* and *Turner*. The father of the *Gas*, his brother, and some other relatives, were the principal mourners. The procession

was filled up by Mr. Warlters, (livery-stable-keeper, an intimate friend of the deceased, and under whose direction the funeral was regulated); *Tom Owen, Scroggins, Parish, Oliver, Jem Bunn, Purcell, Powell* (of the Fives' Court), *Bill Davies, Baxter, and Pierce Egan*. On the coffin, the plate stated HICKMAN to be in his twenty-seventh year. He was buried in the church-yard in Little Britain. The Clergyman, at the conclusion of the funeral-service, informed the congregation that, on the following Sunday afternoon, it was his intention to preach a sermon on the unfortunate deaths of two persons belonging to that parish, (alluding to Messrs. ROWE and HICKMAN). The church-yard was filled with spectators. The grave of HICKMAN was eighteen feet deep.

On the ground we observed *Bitton, Bill Eales, Jack Carter, George Head, &c.* who were not in time to join in the procession. The crowd in the streets was immense; and many amateurs of the highest respectability were among the spectators, paying their last tribute to the remains of this extraordinary man in the Pugilistic World. The windows also of the houses were crowded with females, so great an interest did the funeral of the *Gas-light-Man* excite in the minds even of strangers, and persons unconnected with the *Fancy*. Upon the whole, it could not have been conducted in a more respectable manner. The beadle of the parish attended, and the assistance of several Police-officers was necessary to protect the mourners from the great pressure of the crowd.

Owing to some mistake as to the time (two o'clock being originally appointed), several of the Pugilists,

whose intentions were to have joined the procession, arrived too late. The prize-ring expressed its high respect to one of its bravest members: and as Randall said over his grave, "it would be a long time before we should see his fellow!" The whole of the boxers (the mourners), on taking leave of the widow, promised her their support at her house, and that they would also exert themselves to procure a good benefit for herself and two fatherless children. The feelings of Mrs. HICKMAN, during the above melancholy event, are better felt than described.

The *Champion of England* was prevented from attending as one of the pall-bearers, in consequence of a restive horse, on the preceding evening, near Stockwell, having thrown him off and fallen upon him. *Cribb* was taken up for dead; and he did not come to his senses for half an hour afterwards. On medical advice being sent for, he was bled, and conveyed home to his house. The *Champion* was soon pronounced to be out of danger, but he was seriously bruised about his shoulders and thighs.

Mr. *Rowe*, the unfortunate companion of HICKMAN, was interred in the same burying-ground on the preceding Sunday morning.

FUNERAL SERMON.

The church, in Little Britain, on Sunday afternoon, December 22, was completely filled long before the clergyman ascended his pulpit, so much interest did the above sermon excite throughout the Fancy.—It is not

our intention to follow the reverend gentlemen through a very elaborate discourse respecting the *future state* of the *Gas-light-Man* and Mr. Rowe; of whom he professed to know nothing about their characters or way of life, except from report: but, according to the Scriptures, the reverend divine thought proper to consign them to a *warm birth*. He also deprecated prize-fighting as unchristian-like and unmanly: and, likewise, read a very awful lesson to the *Fancy* in general; and the dreadful punishments that awaited them, if they did not take warning from the shocking deaths of Messrs. HICKMAN and ROWE, and refrain from their evil ways. "The above unfortunate men had not time for repentance; but were killed like a moth,—trod upon like a grasshopper,—or run over like a dog." The reverend gentleman's text was taken from the 6th chapter of Proverbs, and 15th verse. "Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly; suddenly shall he be broken, without remedy." We certainly augured nothing like so *harsh* a conclusion, on witnessing the novelty exhibited by the above reverend person on the previous Thursday, who ascended the desk in the church to read the funeral service over the bodies, with the *emblem* round his neck—*i. e.* a *Belcher* handkerchief—a designation of the *Fancy*!

The following poetic effusion is copied from the "Weekly Dispatch," on the death of HICKMAN.

Assist, my muse, harmonious numbers bring—

Assist, while I, in mournful sadness, sing

POOR HICKMAN!

Ye that love the boxers' pow'rs,

The boast of ancient times, the pride of ours;

Ye that have seen and known this sparkling gem
 That deck'd the pugilistic crown—ye fellow-men,
 Of ev'ry kindred, nation, all deplore—
 Join in one chorus all,—“ Poor HICKMAN is no more !”
 Ah, wretched man ! who thy profession hate,
 Must not e'en lament thy hapless fate?—
 I mourn'd by these, how much thou'rt mourn'd by those
 Who see the good from pugilism flows ;
 Who see in that proud Honour's firmest friend,
 Before whose shrine the wisest well may bend ;
 Who love the art, and those the art profess,
 And thee the master of the art confess ;
 Ah ! much do these thy wretched fate deplore,
 Each mourner cries,—“ Poor HICKMAN is no more.”
 Let *priests illiberal* their hearers tell,
 Thou'rt damn'd to all eternity in hell !
 They may and do say this, but where's the man
 God's mercy and man's frailty can scan,—
 Who, but these *self-wise Pharisees* will say
 What God shall order at his judgement-day?—
 It cannot be;—but I shall say no more,
 In death, I hope, thy suff'rings all are o'er ;
 Instead of laurels, gain'd with pain and strife,
 I hope thou'rt wearing now—a crown of life ;
 That God will blot thy sins, whate'er they be,
 Through Christ, who died for all, and, therefore, died for—thee !
 No more my tongue its wretched tale can tell,
 Then, kindred spirit, fare thee—fare thee well !

Mortlake, Jan. 1, 1823.

H. P.

The following placard soon appeared, to announce
 a benefit for the Widow of HICKMAN.

To the Sporting World.

REMEMBRANCE

OF

A BRAVE MAN:

AND

CONSIDERATION

FOR

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

*Under the Patronage of the P. C. and Superintendence
of Mr. JACKSON,*

A BENEFIT

FOR THE

Widow & Two Infant Children

OF THE LATE

T. HICKMAN,

Denominated in the Sporting Circles the

Gas-Light-Man,

WILL TAKE PLACE

AT THE FIVES' COURT,

St. Martin's Street, Leicester-square,

ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY the 5th, 1823,

*At which every Exertion will be made by all the First-Rate Pugilists to
produce a Grand Display of*

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

The Setts-to between Messrs.

Cribb
Spring
Belcher
Harmer
Carter
Oliver

B. Burns
Randall
Turner
Martin
Cy. Davis
Richmond

Eales
Shelton
J. Hudson
Tom Owen
Holt
Scroggins

Curtis
A. Belasco
P. Halton
Purcell
Brown
Lenney, &c.

In consequence of the melancholy and afflicting accident which befel the late T. HICKMAN, instantly depriving his Wife and Two Children of his support, he having scarcely commenced Licensed Victualler, (not more than six weeks,) but with an excellent prospect of improving his circumstances in life, the above appeal is made to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Amateurs composing the Sporting World, in order to assist his Widow towards providing for her fatherless offspring. The well-known liberality of the Sporting World, so highly distinguished upon all occasions, to give a *turn* to the Unfortunate, renders any further comment upon the aforesaid melancholy circumstance totally unnecessary to excite their interest and attention.

TICKETS, 3s. each, to be had of Mr. JACKSON, at his Rooms, 13, Old Bond-street; of PIERCE EGAN, Sporting Bookseller, 71, Chancery-lane; CRIBB, Union Arms, Panton-street, Haymarket; BELCHER, Castle Tavern, Holborn; RANDALL, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane; HARMER, Plough, Smithfield; CY. DAVIS, Cat-Tap, Newgate-market; HOLT, Golden Cross, Cross-lane, Long-Acre; EALES, Prince of Mecklenburg Arms, James-street, Oxford-street; B. BURNS, Rising Sun, Windmill-street, Haymarket; and of the WIDOW (Mrs. HICKMAN), Adam and Eve, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street.

MRS. HICKMAN's BENEFIT.

The *rush* at Fives' Court, from the anxiety of the amateurs to shew their sympathy for the Widow and Children of the *Gas-light-Man*, was equal to any any thing ever before experienced: on the door being opened, the money-taker was almost carried away from his post by the pressure of the crowd, so anxious were the amateurs to gain admission. The attraction was great, independent of the cause; and, on the

whole, it was one of the best displays of the science ever witnessed at the Fives' Court. Mr. *Jackson* superintended the *pairing* of the men, and the result was as it should be, *talent* opposed to *talent*. *Oliver* and *Acton* first made their bows to the spectators, *Aby. Belasco* and *Gyblets*, *Gypsey Cooper* and *Peter Warren*, *Curtis* and *Harris*, *Ward* and *Holt*, *Harmer* and *Shelton*, *Josh. Hudson* and *Richmond*, *Carter* and *Sampson*, *Spring* and *Eales*, *Belcher* and *Neat*, and *Randall* and *Scroggins*, exerted themselves to amuse and interest the audience, and their efforts were crowned with the most loud and lively plaudits. The set-to between *Spring* and *Eales* was much admired, from the superior skill displayed on both sides; and *Belcher*, in his combat with *Neat*, received a severe hit on the nose, which produced the *claret*, when *Tom*, with the utmost good humour observed, "that *friendly touch* prevented the expense of *cupping*, as it was absolutely necessary he should be *bled*, and operated only as a *bulk* to the doctor."

Hall and *Wynes*, to give a *colour* to the thing, both *showed*, decorated with the honourable marks of war; and let those "jest at scars, who never felt a wound!" The "white-headed boy," with a *black* and *blue* countenance, also put in an appearance, by way of being recognized at a future time by the amateurs. On *Holt's* informing the spectators that the above candidate for distinguished honours in the prize-ring had received nothing else but a severe *milling*,—the *hint* was taken without more delay, and a *shower of pewter* tended to relieve the wants of the "white nobb'd one."

Thanks were returned by *Pierce Egan*, who ascended



THOMAS BELCHER.

the stage, and trusted that, under the present circumstances, no apology was necessary in presenting himself to their notice. He appeared on the behalf of the Widow and her two fatherless children. Mrs. HICKMAN had expressed a wish to him, but he was afraid he should not be able to convey to them the grateful manner she felt their kindness and liberal support. He was happy to see such an overflowing Court; but he was not surprised at it from the well-known generosity of the Sporting World, who are ever ready to relieve the unfortunate. It, however, served to show the estimation with which the remembrance of true courage was held by the supporters of boxing. True courage not only produced humanity, but promoted generosity; and it was from such principles that Old England had become the pride and envy of the world. The Widow could not find words strong enough to return the Amateurs thanks as she wished; but their liberality and kindness towards her, in every respect, would never be forgotten during the remainder of her life.

Such an excellent day's sport had not been witnessed for a long time at the Fives' Court. Great praise is due to all the boxers on the above occasion, who not only exerted themselves to render the *sets-to* interesting and satisfactory to the spectators, but, also, were extremely assiduous in disposing of tickets among their private connexions, to render the receipts of the day highly productive to the Widow and her two children. Such conduct in the support of humanity displayed a feeling honourable to Pugilists; and we trust it will be remembered by the Amateurs in gene-

ral, if ever necessity should require it. *Neat*, unsolicited, left Bristol, at his own expense, to exhibit at the benefit : *Eales* also came twenty-five miles on the same morning ; and the veteran *Tom Cribb* hurried from the country to assist at the door to make “ all right and pleasant,” and the assistance of his “ strong arm” proved valuable in the extreme to all parties. Mr. JACKSON (so well known upon all occasions to render his personal interest to the unfortunate) never exerted himself with more successful zeal than in the cause of the Widow of HICKMAN. The receipts at the door were :

	£	s.	d.
Money	81	18	6
Tickets	43	4	0
Presents from Noblemen and Gentlemen, by Mr. Jackson	11	11	0
	<hr/>		
	£136	13	6
	<hr/>		

Out of the above sum, the expenses of the Court, printing, &c. were deducted. At all events, it was a proud day at the Fives' Court, and serves to show, beyond the power of contradiction, that the *Fancy* are as *bang-up* in *feeling*, in “ *shelling out* their *blunt*” to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate, as they are at all times ready in giving their support to *true courage*. The following instance is worthy of remark, and completely in point here:—be it remembered, that the benefit at the Fives' Court “ in aid of the starving peasantry of Ireland,” produced £50 more than all the theatres in the metropolis put together.

Mrs. Hickman returned thanks by the following advertisement in the public papers.

Mrs. HICKMAN, on her own account, and on behalf of her two infant children, begs leave most respectfully to return her sincere, grateful, and heartfelt thanks for the very liberal and generous support which she experienced at the benefit given to her by the *Sporting World*, on Wednesday last, at the Fives' Court. The remembrance and respect paid to her late unfortunate husband, THOMAS HICKMAN, on the above occasion, has so overwhelmed her feelings that she is destitute of expressions strong enough to convey her gratitude; but it is indelibly impressed on her mind, that, while she has existence, it can never be forgotten. To those personal friends who have rendered her assistance in her trying and melancholy situation, she feels equally indebted; and to the kindness of Mr. JACKSON, liberality of support, and exertions of the Pugilists in her behalf, thanks, she thinks, are but too poor to thank them.

*Adam and Eve, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street,
Feb. 8, 1823.*

The preceding memoir of HICKMAN would be incomplete (nay, our impartiality as a faithful biographer might be called in question) if the following circumstance was passed over, which, at the time it occurred, not only excited considerable interest but also produced great symptoms of *uneasiness* in the minds of several of HICKMAN's backers, who had betted heavy stakes on his defeating *Neat*, under the idea they had been made the *dupes* of other persons. We pledge ourselves for the plain unvarnished statement which appears in the succeeding pages, leaving the reader to make his own comments:—

HICKMAN, on entering Mr. Windey's parlour, the sign of the George Inn, in Smithfield, on Saturday, June 21, 1822, appeared rather in liquor, and quite angry with some person with whom he had

had a money-transaction, because the individual alluded to had given him a check for £12 on a banker in Smithfield, and not stated the number of the house. "Do not put yourself out of the way about such a trifle," said one of the company; "Windey's boy will get it cashed for you in a few minutes." Upon HICKMAN's receiving the twelve sovereigns from the lad he threw them down, in a foolish manner, on the table. The President of the Daffy-Club being present said, "Now you have got the cash, Tom, take care of it; but I know you love money too well to need any advice of that sort." In the course of conversation it was observed, in a jocose way, to HICKMAN, "that, in a recent set-to with *Neat*, the latter had cut his lip, and ever since that time he had been afraid to put on the gloves with the Bristol hero." "I can beat *Neat* whenever I like;" answered HICKMAN, in a violent rage. "Why didn't you, then?" said the President. "I'll bet a guinea that I had 1800 guineas given me to lose it!" replied the *Gas*. "How will you prove it?" asked the President. "I will go and swear before any magistrate that I received 600 from Mr. Holliday, 600 from Mr. Bland, and 600 from Mr. Gulley to lose the battle." The following bets were then made between HICKMAN and the President as fast as they could get the words out of their mouths. "Done with you for a guinea!" replied the President. HICKMAN, with great earnestness, "For another, *Jemmy*." "Done with you," was the answer. A *third* sovereign a-side was also betted between them. "I shall win the whole of these bets," said HICKMAN, exulting; "I'll bet you FIVE to one."

“ Done with you ;” from the President. The *Gaslight-Man* then observed, “ I’ll lay you another sovereign that I win all the bets before eight o’clock to-night.” “ Done with you ;” closed the argument. All the above bets were staked in the hands of Mr. Windey. This occurred between five and six o’clock in the evening ; and as the time advanced, HICKMAN, recollecting himself, observed to the President, “ I have no right to lose the last bet at any rate, Jemmy ; and I will go immediately to Hatton-Garden.” “ Do so,” was the reply, “ and I will wait here till you come back.”

On his arrival at the police-office he met with Messrs. Edwards and Wainwright, two officers belonging to the above establishment, in the passage, and without hesitation he communicated to them his intention of taking an affidavit before the magistrate “ *that he had received £1800 to sell the battle between him and Neat.*” Wainwright, perceiving he was intoxicated, endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, but HICKMAN would not listen to Wainwright and vociferously persisted “ that he had come on purpose to swear to the truth of his assertion, and no one should *stall* him off, to make him lose his money.” Edwards then observed to HICKMAN that the magistrate was a very particular gentleman, and if he dared to show himself in the state he was then in, the magistrate, most certainly, would commit him for drunkenness ; but, at all events, he would advise HICKMAN to go over to the *Rose*, Hatton Wall, for a few minutes, and consider of it. After considerable persuasion on the impropriety of his conduct, he at length consented to take the

officer's advice, and he accompanied them to the above public-house. Here some conversation ensued between HICKMAN and Edwards, during which time the office-hours were past. The *Gas-light-Man* then returned to Mr. Windey's, and related the above circumstance, when the President said to HICKMAN, " You have lost your money ; but I will not take advantage of you, Tom ; Monday morning will do as well for me."

This *event* did not long remain a *secret* in the sporting circles ; in fact, it was *buzzed* all over the town ; and on the Sunday afterwards HICKMAN called at the residence of the President and observed to the latter, " for God's sake, Jemmy, say no more about our bets ; I and my wife have been crying about it all night, and we are both wretchedly unhappy that such a circumstance should have occurred. It is not true." The President, with much generosity of disposition, replied, " Well, Tom, go to Tattersall's, or any where else that you think proper, say what you like, and I will not contradict it. But I am afraid it is too true."

On the above report reaching the ears of *Mr. Gulley*, or rather that he could scarcely take a step over the course at Ascot without being assailed with loud remarks on his conduct, and although persuaded by several of his friends to take no notice of such an aspersion, yet he felt it a duty he owed to his character as a sporting man not to suffer such an attack on his honour to pass over without an investigation. He therefore sent to HICKMAN to meet him at *Mr. Jackson's Rooms*, in Bond-Street. The *Gas-light-Man* obeyed the summons ; and, on his entering the room,

he perceived, at the farther end of the apartment, *Mr. Gulley* in conversation with a nobleman. *HICKMAN* drew back, appeared confused, and played with his hat ; but at length he mustered up resolution, approached *Mr. Gulley*, and, in an embarrassed manner, thus addressed him :—" Sir, I hope you will not prosecute me ; and I humbly beg your pardon for any thing that I might have said against your character. I was drunk, and irritated by a quarrel with the President of the Daffy-Club, at a public-house in Smithfield, respecting my fight with Neat, where I got completely mad with liquor, and did not know what I talked about. I am very sorry, sir, that it should ever have occurred ; it has given me and my wife great uneasiness of mind ; and as a proof of the truth of what I now assert to you, I am ready this instant to go before a magistrate to swear that the reports you have heard are an entire falsehood. I never did receive any money from you, or any other person, to lose the battle : and I now publicly declare I was beaten by Neat against my will."

HICKMAN's patron, *Mr. Elliot*, thus declared, in the most positive terms (notwithstanding some of the daily prints had fabricated a conversation between himself and the *Gas-light-Man* respecting his being previously made acquainted with the above circumstance):—" he is dead and gone, poor fellow ! and, I must add, that he was one of the bravest men ever seen in the prize-ring ; but he never gave me the slightest hint that he had received money to lose the battle. I told him, on the evening before and on the

morning of the fight, that if he won it I would make him a present of £500."

The numerous reports respecting the above transaction which have *crept* into circulation would, if detailed, fill a pamphlet; and, among several others, it is said that HICKMAN had half of the £1000 Exchequer-bill given to him by way of *earnest* before the battle took place. The following anecdote, however, may be relied upon:—*Mr. Jackson*, having some business to transact at the Bank of England, in the early part of 1822, one of the cashier's, who was an intimate acquaintance of *Mr. J.'s*, observed to him "that the *Gas-light-Man* had been at the Bank that morning to get cash for a £1000 Exchequer-bill."

We leave it to our readers, therefore, to make their own comments on this *unpleasant* subject to the sporting world; but if HICKMAN had had the produce of the *Mint* promised to him, and the BANK OF ENGLAND as a *guarantee*, to have lost the contest with *Neat*, in our humble opinion, we feel quite satisfied that he could not have won the battle. In the *third* round of the fight, while sitting on *Shelton's* knee, he said to the latter, "did you see that, Tom; I cannot reach the b——, he's too long for me." Also, in conversation with *Shelton*, more than once about Tom's fighting with *Neat*, the *Gas-light-Man* observed, "let him alone, *Shelton*, he hits too hard for you; I have never been *right* in my head since the battle."

In a few evenings after his battle with *Neat* he *showed* himself, in company with *Shelton*, in *Belcher's* coffee-room; his head was tied up, and, being rather in

liquor, he was troublesome. He said he would fight *Neat* again for £500 a-side; but, on *Belcher's* putting down £50 as a deposit towards making another match, *HICKMAN* refused to put down any money.

The writer of this article overtook him on the road between Twickenham and Hampton, going to the battle between *Sampson* and *Gyblett*, when he said, in the presence of *Shelton*, that he had been over-matched with *Neat*, and, from the severe lesson he had received, he was determined never to give another *chance* away as long as he lived; but he would fight any man of his weight in England.

A tradesman of the name of *Rawlinson*, a strong made man, a native of Lancashire, but well known in the Sporting Circles in the Metropolis for his *penchant* to pugilism and wrestling, being rather inebriated, one evening at *Randall's*, would have a *turn-up* with *HICKMAN*. The *Gas-light-Man* was perfectly sober, and extremely averse to any thing of the kind; but the *set-to* was forced upon him by *Rawlinson* chaffing, "that *Tom* was nobody; he had also been over-rated, and he was certain, that *HICKMAN* could not beat him in half-an-hour; nay, more, he did not think "the *Gas* could lick him at all!"

Four rounds occurred, in a very confined situation; in the first and second, little, if any, mischief was done between them; but in the third and fourth rounds, *HICKMAN* let *fly* without reserve; when it was deemed prudent, by the friends of *Rawlinson*, to take him away, to prevent worse consequences, the latter having received a severe hit on the left eye. In a short time afterwards, a hasty match was made over a glass of

liquor, between an amateur, on the part of HICKMAN, and *Rawlinson* (but completely unknown to the *Gas-light-Man*) for £10 aside, to be decided in Copenhagen-Fields. The backer of HICKMAN had to forfeit for his temerity, in making a match without consulting him. HICKMAN was ten miles from London, on the day intended for him to have met *Rawlinson*, who showed, at the *scratch*, at the place appointed.

On the production of TOM and JERRY at the Royalty-Theatre, *Mr. Davidge*, the acting manager, went down to Bristol to engage *Neat*, at thirty pounds per week, and a benefit, in order to induce him to come to London for a month. HICKMAN was also engaged; but not upon such *high* terms, in consequence of his residing near the Theatre. This exhibition of the Art of Self Defence answered the Manager's purpose, and good houses were the result of this speculation: but it was more like fighting than *setting-to*. The *Gas-light-Man*, could not, or would not, *play* light: yet he frequently complained of the bruised state of his arms, in *stopping* the heavy hits of his opponent. As a proof of his irritable state of mind, HICKMAN bolted on the night of his benefit: not thinking the house so *good* at an early part of the evening as it ought to be, and supposing that he should be money out of pocket. *Mr. Callahan*, in the absence of the *Gas-light-Man*, set-to with *Neat*. It, however, appeared afterwards, the house improved, and that HICKMAN's share would have been nearly £20.

When perfectly sober, HICKMAN was a quiet, well-behaved, and really a good-natured fellow; but at times, when overcome with liquor, he was positively

frightful, nay—mad. It was in one of those moments of frenzy that he struck poor *Joe Norton*, in *Belcher's* Coffee-Room, merely for differing with him in opinion. Like *Hooper*, the tin-man, HICKMAN had been spoiled by his Patron, who made him his companion. That HICKMAN was angry about losing his fame there is not the least doubt; and he must have felt it severely, after boasting at the Fives' Court, that "*the GAS should never go out!*" and, in his fits of intemperance and irritation, he often asserted, that he had received more money for *losing* than *Neat* did by winning the battle.

So anxious were the Pugilists to exert themselves in the cause of the Widow and Children of HICKMAN, that, as soon as decency permitted them, *Randall, Shelton, Spring, Josh. Hudson, Curtis, &c.* took the Chair, for several weeks in succession, at the Adam and Eve; and their efforts were crowned with success, by a numerous attendance of the Amateurs.

PEACE TO HIS MANES!

The Sporting World never do any thing by *halves*, as the following appeal to their feelings will show:—

REAL BENEVOLENCE!

"I never did repent for doing good,
"Nor shall not now!"

Shakspeare.

PIERCE EGAN

Most respectfully claims the Attention and Assistance of the Gentlemen composing the Sporting World, under the following distressing Circumstances.

P. E. having been solicited by the Relatives and Friends, to procure a
BENEFIT FOR THE

Unfortunate Widow

Of Mr. ROWE (well known in the Sporting Circles)

AND HER THREE INFANT CHILDREN,

(Whose Husband met with his Death in Company with the late T. HICKMAN, the Gas-light-Man)

THE FOLLOWING PUGILISTS, MESSRS.

Belcher,	Spring,	Harmer,	Scroggins,	Purcell,
Randall,	Oliver,	Cy. Davis,	Halton,	Brown,
Holt,	Richmond,	Jos. Hudson,	A. Belasco,	Crawley,
Shelton,	Turner,	Eales,	R. Curtis,	Lenney, &c.

Have, in the most considerate, generous, and feeling Manner,

VOLUNTEERED THEIR SERVICES

ON THIS PRAISE-WORTHY OCCASION,

AT THE FIVE'S COURT,

On MONDAY, March 10th, 1823,

The profits of which are intended to place Mrs. ROWE in some little Way of Business.

In addition to the above dreadful and melancholy calamity which befel *Mrs. Rowe*, who was lying-in at the time the accident occurred;—the pecuniary circumstances of her Husband, which has since been discovered, (to which she had been kept a stranger, and contrary to the expectation of the Friends of *Mrs. Rowe*,) have left her

COMPLETELY IN DISTRESS,

With Three Infant Children to Support,

The youngest being only Two Months old, *without One Shilling*. Every exertion will be made by the Pugilists, whose *Hearts* and *Hands* are devoted in the above cause, to render the day's amusement, a perfect *treat* to the Amateurs.

The COMBATS will be of the most *striking* Order !

therefore,—to *hit* away MISFORTUNE, it must be admitted, is *sparring* to some account. To *wipe* off the Tears of the Widow, and to give the Fatherless Orphans a *Chance* to rise in Society, is performing the Office of kind SECONDS, no One will attempt to deny: but to *collect* a PURSE, that will enable the Mother to *battle* her way through the World, in behalf of her Children, will make every Man reflect upon his Exertions with pleasure. The BACKERS in a *good* MATCH, like the present, are HUMANITY and GENEROSITY; and, in consequence of such prime SUPPORTERS, the best *Cards* in the *Pack*, both at the East and West Ends of the Town, are solicited (as they have done upon all former Occasions) to come forward like TRUMPS, and take *Tickets*, (or sport their *Pewter*, as they like it best,) which may be had, 3s. each,

At BELCHER's, Castle Tavern, Holborn; RANDALL's, Hole-in-the Wall, Chancery-lane; CRIBB's, Union Arms, Pantion-street, Haymarket; HARMER's, Plough, Smithfield; CY. DAVIS's, Cat-Tap, Newgate-market; HOLT's, Golden Cross, Cross-lane, Long Acre; EALES's, Prince of Mecklenburgh's Arms, James-street, Oxford-street; SHELTON's, Hole-in-the Wall, Gate-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and of PIERCE EGAN, at his *Tiny Crib*, 71, Chancery-lane.

Mrs. ROWE's

BENEFIT AT THE FIVES' COURT.

Monday, February 10, was one of the proudest days for the *Fancy* ever witnessed at the above place of resort. The circumstances which attracted the numerous assemblage of Amateurs together, not only reflected the highest credit on the generous feelings displayed by the spectators, but also gave a *lift* to the

exertions of the performers. CHARITY was the *scratch* upon this occasion, and all of them came *up to it* like men, on the *Timekeeper* giving the *office* to *shew*, in order to *grapple* with *Distress*, *rally* with *Calamity*, and to *floor* *Misfortune* ; or, in other words, possessing the advantages of telling a *story* *TWO* ways, it was for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. ROWE, who lost his life in company with HICKMAN, the *Gas-light-Man*) and her three infant children. The pugilists volunteered their services in her behalf ! and success of no ordinary kind crowned their efforts. The sets-to were *out-and-out* good ; but it is easily accounted for—a female in distress was the object in view, and men of courage will never suffer their *gallantry* to be called in question, on occasions in their nature so truly laudable. Each man, felt properly on the subject, quite home to his heart :

“ I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.”

The sports commenced—why not say the *prologue*, it is the business of the *stage* ; but then the actors were “ *dummies* as to *chaffing*,” observed a wag ; “ yet if Messrs. *Lennox* and *Latham* did not exhibit any dulness, nor throw off any bad poetry, there were certainly some *sharp* points attached to their *delivery*.” *Wildman* and *Stockman* opened the piece with much spirit ; deaf *Davis* and *Cooper*, brother to the gipsy, made a good scene of it ; and *Acton* and *Oliver* gave a climax to the first act. The second commenced amidst thunders of applause, on *Carter* and the “ *White-headed Boy*” making their bows. The latter

cove does not want for game ; and the *arguments* on both sides were “ knock me down ” ones, till they made their exit. The man of colour, *Richmond*, who never *blushes* when *black* is mentioned, although he has made many of his opponents look *blue* several times, appeared equally as confident as KEAN in *Othello*, in his combat with *Harmer* ; but he is too *leary* to be made *jealous*, however opposed to talent. Some fine *acting* took place between these heroes. *Peter Warren* (the *harmonious* boxer) and *Harris*, although minors, were far above mediocrity. *Peter* went to *work* in good style ; and getting the best of a pugilist like *Harris*, is saying more than a little for him ; but the wind-up of this act was one of the finest specimens of the burlesque ever witnessed. GRIMALDI could not have produced more, if so much, genuine fun. *Scroggins* *gammoned* a poor poet (a *cobbler* by calling) to make his *debut* with him ; also making the poet *promise* that he would not *hurt* him. To describe the scene is impossible ; but such peals of laughter were never before heard in the Fives’ Court. The poet (like poets in general) was of a very *spare* habit when divested of his *toggery* ; the contrast between them was truly ludicrous ; *Scroggins* appearing *frightened*, accompanied with all sorts of gestures and grimaces ; while the poet was actually *so* ; in fact, he only recovered from his “ bothered state,” as he termed it, by receiving an electrical touch on his *nob*. On the conclusion of this *set-to*, the poet (*Reid*) pulled out a piece of poetry of his own composing to read to the audience ; but the general cry was—“ Too much : no, no, we can’t stand that.” However, the MS. fell among the crowd, and the gentleman who was so *fortunate* as to pick it up,

made us a present of it. The following is a short extract, *verbatim et literatim* :—

Henry Reid, Esse man.

Gentlemen,—

I hope you will not think me Bold
 When I my subject Do unfold,
 its true I'm young it may be said
 But Cannot live by my Own trade
 as I sat By my fier I took a nod
 these thoughts they Rush'd into my nob,
 I hear that Boxing is all the go
 So I thought I would do so
 they are the Boys that get the gold
 it comes in showers I'm told
 so I will strip unto the skin
 and than we shall see which shall win,
 Gentlemen in you I trust
 if I'm Beat I'm not the first.

The third act was unusually excellent. *Shelton* and *Crawley* tried in “right earnest” to have the best of it. It was a glove fight ; with a small taste of *claret* to boot. *Crawley* would prove a dangerous customer, if the *infirmity* under which he labours did not prevent him from ever appearing again in the Prize Ring. *Belcher* and *Eales* exhibited all the movements of the art of self-defence in a superior degree ; and *Spring* and *Ward* finished so well as to excite the unanimous approbation of the whole Court.

At the conclusion of the sport *PIERCE EGAN* ascended the stage and addressed the audience in the following words :

Gentlemen,—That you all love a petticoat, such a numerous respectable audience amply testifies ; therefore my humbly appearing in the behalf of one, I feel

confident, needs no apology on the present occasion. The benefit of this day is totally unprecedented, and reflects so much honour on the gentlemen comprising the Sporting World, that I assure you, I totally feel at a loss which to praise most, the gallantry, generosity, or feeling displayed on the subject. Gentlemen, I am commissioned by the unhappy Widow to state to you, that, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, she cannot find words half strong enough to keep pace with her feelings and to thank you as she wishes: but gentlemen like yourselves, who prefer, at all times, *actions to words*, I know will take the will for the deed. Also, in behalf of the three little fatherless infants, to whom your generosity this day has given a *chance* of escape from the chilling effects of poverty and misfortune, permit me most gratefully to thank you. A day will arrive, I trust, at some future period, when I feel assured they will not only remember the kindness you have done to them, but during their lives it can never be effaced from their memory. To the brave pugilists who have so generously volunteered their services in behalf of the Widow, Mrs. Rowe gratefully feels that she cannot thank them as they deserve; more especially when it is recollected that the connection with the Prize Ring on this occasion only occurred by the melancholy death of her late husband, in company with Mr. Hickman; but this liberality of conduct so highly redounds to their character, that I am certain the Sporting World will *appreciate* it accordingly, when any appeal is made in behalf of the above boxers, either individually or collectively. Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without once more returning you thanks on the part of the widow, Mrs. Rowe.

The company were of the most respectable description, independent of the presence of fourteen M.P.'s, and other persons of distinction.

Great credit is due to Mr. *Belcher* for the exertions he displayed and the attention he gave in getting up the above benefit. The receipts were as under:—

In gold.....	£16 10 0
Silver.....	34 13 0
Tickets	45 14 0
By Mr. Jackson.....	1 19 0
	<hr/>
	£98 16 0
	<hr/>

The expenses of printing, advertising, &c. were paid out of the above receipts; but the private collections, added to the above sum, left a balance in favour of Mrs. Rowe £106 : 6 : 3. This, at all events, must be termed a good *hit* !

The following Advertisement of thanks appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*:

MRS. ROWE, on her own account, and also on behalf of her Three Infant Children, begs leave most respectfully to return her sincere, grateful, and heartfelt thanks for the very liberal and generous support which she experienced at the Benefit given to her by the Gentlemen composing the *Sporting World*, on Monday last, at the Fives' Court. The *Source* from which she has derived the above unprecedented support, and to which she had not the slightest claim, has so overwhelmed her feelings, that she wants words strong enough to express her gratitude; but it is so indelibly impressed on her mind, that whilst she has existence it can never be forgotten. To those personal friends who have rendered her assistance in her trying and melancholy situation, she feels equally indebted; and for the liberality of support, and exertions of the Pugilists in her behalf, (to whom she has only become known on account of the unfortunate death of her husband,) she regrets that she has only words to repay them.

Aldersgate-street, March 15, 1823.

JACK RANDALL.

OUR opinions on the talents of this celebrated boxer have been so fully given in the previous volumes of *BOXIANA* that, without further preface, we shall proceed to detail the events connected with his biography.

This Hero, on Tuesday, May 8, 1821, took his benefit at the Fives' Court; and the *swells* and *out-and-out* FANCIERS did not forget to attend to his sollicitations, the wet morning only operating against the *chance* customers. The *sets-to* were more numerous and much better than usual, and the "*big ones*" were all in readiness to give the *Nonpareil* a turn. Their *gallantry* was also put to the *test*—in consequence of the combats being witnessed by some elegant females, and the anxiety displayed by the "Knights of the Fives" to obtain applause, and also to attract the pretty *sparklers* of beauty to glance at their efforts on the stage, operated more forcibly upon the minds of the heroes than twenty masters of the ceremonies, with the voices of as many Stentors, could have induced them so quickly to have put on the gloves. The *Champion of England*, followed by his boy, *Tom Spring*, mounted the stage, humming the air of "None but the Brave deserve the Fair;" and *Old Scroggy*, who styles himself a *gentlemanly* sort of a man, tapped the *Champion* on the back, and said to him, "that's right, Tommy, I perceive you hav'n't forgot the poetry my Lord told you and I one night

over a glass of *My Deary*." (*Madeira*, from two or three of the *learned*, who wished to put *Scroggins* right.) "Well, as to that ere, it may be so, but you will allow me to say—

When a lady's in the case
All other things must give place!"

The *Gas-man*, with much gaiety, threw some *light* on the subject, and *Shelton* instantly offered his *hand* to afford *amusement* to the fair ones. *Randall* and *Eales* were equally gallant upon the occasion, and finer *science* was never seen; and the exertions of *Oliver* and *Harmer* to come in for their share of attention, brought down peals of applause. *Richmond* and *Belcher*, whose knowledge of "life and good company" were animated on the subject, gave a fine specimen of the use that might be made of the *FIVES* in support of the fair. The boxers were all fired with ambition to please and interest the spectators; but more especially to make their *hits* tell towards the private box. Upon the whole, such a prime day's setting-to had not been witnessed for a long time, and the *Nonpareil* returned thanks amidst thunders of applause.

Gallantry of the Nonpareil.—On Thursday evening, June 28, 1821, as the *Nonpareil* was taking one of his *training* walks, in company with Josh. Hudson and two amateurs, near White Conduit Fields, a lady and gentleman were passing, when some very indecent and unmanly allusions were made to them by four fellows. The gentleman endeavoured to turn away from these blackguards, when they assailed him and

the lady more rudely than ever. The *Nonpareil*, immediately put in a small taste on one of the fellow's nobs, that floored him. On his getting up, the *Nonpareil* took him up to the lady, and insisted upon his begging her pardon, which the fellow did upon his knees: the other three refusing to do so, were so severely caned that they could scarcely walk afterwards. Some brick-makers, who observed the circumstance, immediately left their work, and came to the assistance of the blackguards, when RANDALL floored two of them. Josh. Hudson also made some play with the *men of clay*; and on some person crying, "Go it, Jack Randall," the *name* was quite sufficient, and the *astonished* brick-makers begged his pardon, and they all *boltea, sans cérémonie*.

The following remarks were made public previous to the second fight between RANDALL and *Martin* :—

In consequence of RANDALL having announced his intention of exhibiting his talents once more in the prize-ring on Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1821, after taking his leave of it upwards of two years since, by a public challenge to all England for 500 guineas a-side, it is impossible to describe the interest which this *milling* event has excited throughout the circles of the *Fancy*. *Martin* was the last opponent RANDALL defeated, on May 4, 1819, after 19 rounds, in 49 minutes 10 seconds, without giving the *Master of the Rolls* a shadow of *chance*. But since that period the *situations* of the above combatants have been most *strikingly* different, respecting their *importance* with the amateurs. The extensive practice and success of the *Master of the Rolls* have made him quite a hero in the sporting world.

Joshua Hudson (the game John Bull fighter); the *iron-hitting Cabbage*, the terror of Bristol; the *slashing, quick-punishing Birmingham Youth*; the big, strong *Gipsy*, at Lewes races; the lively, active, and pretty boxer, *David Hudson*; have all been defeated in succession, and in good style by *Martin*: added to these *batches* of good luck, he has also received forfeit from *Purcell*; and likewise conquered the hitherto *out-and-out* and *leary Turner*, in a most masterly manner. These *actions* speak for themselves; and, as a pugilist, he is considered to have made great improvement: and, as a good *trainer* none excels, and very few can equal *Martin*. He is more *confident* than heretofore, and is now looking forward to reach the *top* of the *tree*. On the contrary, *RANDALL*, contented with having proved the conqueror in twelve battles, left the ring to *serve* his numerous customers in the capacity of a publican; or, in other words, to become a sort of *waste-butt* to the *Fancy*. Being *careful* as to his person was now out of the question, as *RANDALL* had done with the *character* of a *prize-fighter*, and as a *blue ruin* caterer for the amateurs it was impossible at all times to resist the pressing invitations of his customers to let it pass his lips. These circumstances, as to the *stamina* give the *chance* away of *two points* out of three; and any boxer who enters the prize-ring from such *tastes* is in great danger of finding it out. At the end of April, in the present year, *RANDALL* was so dangerously ill that his recovery was almost despaired of by an eminent physician. In fact, he ought not to have entered the ring again, but, in a moment of irritation, immediately on the defeat of his friend

Turner, RANDALL threw up his hat in the ring against Martin, for £300 a-side. This large sum occasioned a little hesitation on the part of the backers of Martin; but, upon comparing notes, the above stakes were got together; and the friends of Martin are very sanguine as to his winning. On the match being made, RANDALL was the favourite 5 to 4; 6 to 4 immediately followed; 7 to 4 was soon afterwards laid without any sort of delay; 2 to 1, 2 and a half to 1, and even 3 to 1 has been demanded, so high does RANDALL still stand as a prize-fighter in the sporting world. The Pats are so warm-hearted upon it that they assert—by de powers, “with or without a constitution, he can *bate a batch of Masters of the Rolls*.” But this sort of enthusiasm is very far from any thing like a *criterion* on the subject. RANDALL may be the best fighter, but his opponent is not only a stone heavier, but he has also the advantages of height and length.—The *Master of the Rolls* is far from an indifferent boxer, and can *hit* twice as hard as Turner: such is the authority of Scroggins. An accidental blow, however, soon spoils the bets; and the *long odds* have, in too many instances, been *floored*, for the *clies* of the “good judges.” At all events it is a most interesting feature to the *Fancy*: and great doubts have been expressed by the “*Q in the corner coves*” whether RANDALL is *actually well*, or only “*patched up!*” Upwards of £200,000 is depending upon the issue; and one gentleman alone has sported £5000 on the *Nonpareil*. Martin is in his 25th year, and RANDALL 26. Both of the men are pronounced to be in excellent condition.

Nouvelle Fight,
BETWEEN
RANDALL AND MARTIN,

FOR 300 GUINEAS A-SIDE, ON CRAWLEY-DOWNS, IN
SUSSEX, 31 MILES FROM LONDON.

Tuesday morning, September 16, 1821, long before day-light, (and all of the preceding night,) the roads leading to the above place were covered with vehicles of every description, from the *high-bred swell* to the dingy *flue-faker*, so great was the interest excited throughout the sporting world to witness the *Nonpareil* once more display his superior knowledge in the art of self-defence. The ring was made in a field, within a mile of East Grinstead, in which *Martin* threw up his hat; but, owing to some misunderstanding between the persons conducting this business, in the absence of the Commander-in-Chief, the fight was removed to Crawley-Downs, but not till hundreds of individuals had paid a heavy *toll* for passing through a gate; and which sums of money were not *refunded* on changing the scene of *action*. For a long time it was thought no fight would take place, and the large assemblage of amateurs were on the *funk*. By this time the multitude had so increased that it was deemed necessary to enlarge the ring; and about three o'clock, RANDALL, in a white *upper top*, arm-in-arm with his backers, appeared, and, with much coolness, threw his hat into the ropes. Shortly afterwards, *Martin*, accompanied by his backers, displaying their *white toppers*, also approached the ring, and answered the token of defiance by sending his *castor* into the ring. *Martin* was loudly applauded by the spectators. *Spring*

and an *Amateur* were the seconds for the *Master of the Rolls*, and *Paddington Jones* and *Holt* officiated for RANDALL. The combatants, on meeting each other in the ring, shook hands in the most friendly manner. Current betting, 2 and a half to 1 on RANDALL.

Round.—On stripping, the frame of Randall was a perfect picture for the anatomist to gaze on with delight; and every person was astonished at the very fine condition he exhibited. The confidence he displayed was interesting; and his face had not one trait of ferocity about it, but, on the contrary, cheerfulness and true courage. Martin was lighter in person than heretofore, but his condition was said to be, by his backers, equal to the finest race-horse. His legs, which were covered with striped silk stockings, were round and elegant; and the *tout ensemble* was that of a boxer capable of performing great execution: he smiled and appeared confident. On placing themselves in their attitudes, Randall was the object of attraction all over the ring, and he stood as firm as a rock. The position of Martin was good, but he did not appear to stand so steady as his opponent. A minute elapsed in looking at each other, but the eyes of Randall seemed almost to penetrate into the interior of his opponent. Both anxious for an opportunity to make a hit. Martin smiled. Randall made a sort of feint with his left hand, which was well stopped by Martin. Manœuvring and dodging each other for a few steps, which was succeeded by a pause. Randall endeavoured to put in a tremendous right-handed blow, but he missed his object. Martin now ventured to take the lead, and exerted himself to make his right and left hand tell; but Randall, with the utmost dexterity, stopped them both. Martin felt tired, and dropped his arms; but, on perceiving Randall ready to take advantage of this opening, he hastily resumed an offensive attitude, when the *Nonpareil* immediately went to work, and planted a severe right-handed hit just above the *wind-market*, which made the *Master of the Rolls* bite his lips. Another pause succeeded; but the attitudes of the men were uncommonly fine. The action of the muscles was beautiful; and the arms of Martin, and the shoulders of Randall, were perfect studies for the artist, as well as affording a high treat to the admirers of the human frame. The combatants closed on Randall's decoying Martin to follow him to his favourite

corner of the ring, and in this situation, often as the Nonpareil had astonished the amateurs with his *forte* for *fibbing*, he now put forth such a "bit of good truth" as positively to terrify the spectators with the terrible execution he was capable of administering to his opponents. He fibbed Martin with his left hand in the most rapid manner, and then changed him on his arm like a *baby*, and repeated four or five blows on his face and neck, operating so decisively on the jugular vein, that the eyes of Martin were turned up, and he foamed at the mouth. A few drops of *claret* followed, which appeared to have been drawn from his ear, and Randall did not leave him till he was within four inches of the ground. Martin was now so stupid that the back part of his head fell against the stake, but the mischief had been done before this period. "It's all up," was the cry; and to describe the consternation of the ring, or to depict the countenances of the spectators, would defy even the talents of a Lavater. Martin was picked up in a state of stupor, and remained insensible for a long period after time was called. He was carried out of the ring; but, in the course of half an hour, when in bed, and attended by the P. C. doctor, Mr. Hughes, a gentleman possessing very superior talents as a medical man, he recognised Spring, and, on opening his eyes, with the utmost astonishment inquired where he was, and if he had lost it? Randall had only a slight mark on the tip of his nose and under his right eye.

Strange to say this fight is without a parallel, it having been won in one round, occupying nearly eight minutes. Although so short, yet to an amateur the excellence of RANDALL was so great that no one would have complained to go fifty miles at any time to witness such a fine display of the art. In a word, so finished a boxer as RANDALL was never seen in the prize-ring. The attitude of *Martin* also attracted great attention and praise: and the extreme *caution* evinced on both sides most clearly established the advantages resulting from *coolness* and a knowledge of *tactics*. Till the *closing* occurred, the general opinion seemed to be, that *Martin* had none the worst of it at

out-fighting ; but when the *Nonpareil* got in (and right truly is RANDALL named a *Nonpareil*, for, without any *gammon*, where is his fellow to be found among the *milling coves* of his weight?) he held the *Master of the Rolls* as tight in his grasp as if he had been *screwed up* in a vice. After the fight it was ascertained that *Martin* did not weigh more than two lbs. heavier than RANDALL. The character of the *Master of the Rolls* had hitherto stood very high in the opinion of the sporting world, respecting his scrupulous attention to *training* : and it is true he was never attached to *wet-ting his neck*, after the copious style of the late *Dutch Sam* ; but, poor fellow, like his great ancestor *Ould Adam*, it is certain he was not proof against the temptation ; or, as the *chaunt* more properly conveys it :—

Dear creatures, we can't do without them,
They are all so sweet and seducing to man !

And “true 'tis pity,” and “pity it is, 'tis true !” The *Master of the Rolls* might have lost the fight on the above account, had the battle come to a *long* contest, and *stamina* been required ; but in the present instance, had *Martin* possessed the strength of a lion, the repeated blows he received on the jugular vein must, as he was, have finished him off hand. The *Master of the Rolls* attributed his loss of the fight to an *accident* ; he is also hurt in his mind upon the suddenness of the event, and is extremely anxious for another contest. But RANDALL will not fight any more. It is well known to the principal amateurs of the prize-ring, that RANDALL had frequently promised them, if ever his friend, *Ned Turner*, was

defeated by *Martin*, then he would again enter the lists with him. The *Nonpareil* had fulfilled his promise; and he resolved to *retire* from the ring; but at the same time, anxious to *serve*, in another way, as many *customers* as might think proper to *challenge* him. The *Master of the Rolls*, although disposed of in the above summary way by RANDALL, was still considered a dangerous opponent for any one who might call him out. A collection of £13 was made on the ground for *Martin*.

Great sums of money were lost on the above fight respecting "TIME;" most of the amateurs betting that RANDALL did not win it in one hour.

It was curious to observe, on Tuesday afternoon, the interest excited in the metropolis by this event, especially on the road to Croydon, and near the Elephant and Castle, thousands of persons began to assemble to learn the event, stopping the carriages as they passed along; and in the evening the house of RANDALL was literally besieged, at a time when the fight could have been scarcely over at Crawley; and towards the evening great crowds were collected round all the other Sporting Houses. The evening, which was very fine, drew a number of people into the streets, and the hero of the day was as much in the mouth of men as Nelson or Wellington had ever been.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following is a letter sent to us by a gentleman who came from the country to his friend at Cambridge, respecting the pugilistic occurrences of the last week. He is evidently a stranger to the sports of

the London ring, which will account for his noticing many circumstances which are the mere ABC to more scientific proficientes amongst the metropolitan amateurs. We give a faithful and exact copy, and in no other respect pledge ourselves for the statements or opinions it contains:—

Dear Sir,

London, Sept. 12, 1821.

Agreeably to promise, I sit down to write you an account of the great pugilistic events of yesterday, such as they appeared to my inexperienced eyes, and such, probably, as they would have done to yours. The intense interest excited in our minds by the sporting intelligence conveyed by the London Press, and the difficulty of discriminating the plain, simple, unvarnished fact, amidst the eloquence and metaphorical colouring in which battles are narrated, renders it necessary that we ourselves should, once at least, see a prize-fight, in order perfectly to understand the events of the day, and be able to converse rationally on matters which are the subject of discussion in every body's mouth. I was accordingly determined to see this fight, but it was a matter of tenfold more difficulty than I had anticipated.

I had expected that our sporting friend's letter of introduction to ——— would have made every thing easy, as that gentleman is supposed to be in the secret of all the sporting world. Nothing farther, however, could be learned, except that it was *supposed* that it would be on Crawley Downs, and a reason was given for this selection, that it would be an accommodation to the Brighton amateurs, who would in that case contribute £40 or £50 towards the reward of the performers for the day. Nothing, however, was decided, and the amateurs, who were determined, at all events, to see the sports of the day, were written to by their friends to come up to London to the head-quarters, as the only means of making sure of not being disappointed. In fact numerous amateurs arrived from Norwich, Canterbury, Cheltenham, Bristol, and other country towns, and at a Tavern kept by Mr. Thos. Belcher, of fighting notoriety, friends from all these different places, attracted by kindred feelings, renewed their acquaintance.

By the bye, you would be surprised how successful the fighting men are when they set up a place of public resort.

In the country places, ale and strong liquors are best sold under the patronage of the Duke of Wellington; and his head being hung up over the door, is a strong inducement for a genuine Englishman to enter, quench his thirst, and promote the revenue of his country. In Paris, at their coffee-houses, we observed they always had an elegant, young, and handsome female, seated in a conspicuous place, as an object of attraction to the house: but the best painted head of the Duke of Wellington in the country, or the finest woman in Paris, never drew so respectable an assemblage as is brought together by the intense admiration felt for the heroism and manhood of *Tom Cribb*, *Jack Randall*, or *Tom Belcher*. The other sporting publicans all do well, and have their coteries of friends who patronise them, and find the liquors no where so genuine and constitutional as in the houses of these hardy supporters of English glory. It would have astonished you had you seen what an assemblage was at Belcher's for some nights before the battle. You might have stood an hour before you could have got a seat, and bar-maids and waiters would be as much fatigued in *serving out* the liquors, as the combatants after *serving out* to each other in the prize-ring. The money was all alive. Five, ten, twenty, and fifty pound notes, were as common as waste paper, and were staked as freely on the event. It is wonderful how much the revenue must have benefited by the stimulus given to business before and after a great battle. One thing, however, I detest, and that is, that British amateurs should drink brandy, as many of them do. It is a suspicious liquor, and tastes of contraband, Let us stick to true brown, or real British dew; they accord best with the constitution. At Belcher's there is a Daffy Club, which makes this observance their leading rule.—But to return to the history of the fights.

A Council of War, as I was told, was held, at which were present, a gallant General and three other amateurs, who had backed the men, and the historian of the prize-ring; and, on comparing intelligence, and considering the letters from the various parts of the country, Crawley Downs was decided to be the place least likely to be subject to interruption. This was known at the sporting houses on Monday evening, and as it was upwards of thirty miles from town, and only known that night, it was put out of the power of the *walking* amateurs to attend. Here I cannot help regretting that the interruption given to sports occasionally by Parsons and other ill-advised Magistrates, should render it a matter of prudence

to adopt such a course to prevent a numerous assemblage on such *natural* occasions. It is depriving an immense mass of the lower orders of the benefits of the lessons of valour, forbearance, perseverance, and manly spirit, to be learned around the prize-ring, and no where else. It is, I conceive it, a most *Aristocratical* proceeding, trenching on the liberties and pleasures of the people, and ought not to be continued. If we did not know our *Patriots*, as they call themselves, to be often mere humbugs, and to love nothing else but what brings forward themselves as conspicuous characters, they would come forward, and assert in Parliament and public meetings the people's rights on such occasions. But, like the methodist and *methodistical* Parsons, they hate all sport that withdraws attention from themselves. However, I do allow the assemblage was, in consequence of the absence of the pedestrian fancy, very select. Nine out of ten of the men on the ground had the dress and appearance of gentlemen, and the vehicles and cattle were certainly a show worth coming all the way from London to see.

It was long before the business of the day commenced, and the amateurs walked about, and friends from all parts of England met, and exchanged salutations, and communicated intelligence of the state of science in their respective neighbourhoods.

The carriages, waggon, and stands erected for viewing the fight, were arranged in some places three or four behind each other, in an oval of 200 feet by 250, and were covered with spectators. The ring was at first of smaller dimensions, but it was necessary to enlarge it. There was immense trouble in the pugilistic characters on the ground with their whips, in forcing back the multitude, who were within the enclosure, to the carriages. At last the men stripped and set-to. They stood before one another, with their eyes directed forwards, watching every move. They changed their ground, but still their arms kept in parallel, marching and countermarching to prevent surprise. It reminded *military* amateurs of the parallel movements of Wellington and Marmont before the glorious *mill* at Salamanca. At last they exchanged hits. Randall put in a blow on the breast which made it appear red; he had a blow under the eye and on the nose, but made a most dreadful return, and came in on his man, caught him in one arm, and his other went to work so fast, it seemed like the motion of a *mill-wheel* in full speed. Both fell and were picked up; but Martin's head hung down like an apple on

its stalk. The seconds put it in its proper place, but it dropped again. They moved it backwards and forwards, like a baker rolling about a loaf in the flour; they threw water on him, waved their hats to cool him, but all was not enough, and when thirty seconds were elapsed, time was called, but his senses were gone. Thus was the battle lost. The amateurs were sadly disappointed as to their hopes of a long and beautiful fight: and from the attitudes of the men, and their known science, and game qualities, it was fairly to be expected. It was reported Martin was killed; but the feelings of the spectators were relieved by word that, on being bled he became sensible, and in a fair way of soon doing well.

The conqueror walked about on the ground, and enjoyed the admiration in which he was held by the spectators, and a flight of pigeons was let off to convey the intelligence to town. His countrymen in the Holy Land, vulgarly called St. Giles's, it is said, received the intelligence with delight, and rejoicings were kept up in all parts of that place the greater part of the night.

After the first fight, the multitude inundated the ground, and there was no order observed afterwards. The Commander-in-Chief was absent, and republican government will never do. It was attempted to clear the ground, but the multitude was not forced half so far back as the carriages. If the circle had been larger, they might all have seen, but one half of them saw nothing, and attempted to push forward, and they partly hid the view from the spectators on the carriages. Individuals exerted themselves to keep a wider ring, laid on the whip, but there was no system of acting in concert, and if such were usually the case, few people would be induced to go to see a fight. The men hit away well; some beautiful stops of blows were made, but many told home. Their bodies, which were white at the commencement, exhibited patches of scarlet at a distance. They often closed, and hugged, and their arms were in motion like two mill-wheels. They threw each other down, and frequently over the ropes. The seconds applied the water, and rubbed them like the grooms do horses in the stable, put their men in condition, and made them respectable in their appearance. The contest was well supported to the last, and both the men were very much punished.

On a moderate calculation, I presume £10,000 or £12,000 would not cover the travelling expenses of the amateurs

assembled. What a pity we do not enjoy the glorious liberty of the days of King George II. We might have had all the sport in a Theatre in Oxford-street, or in Tottenham Court-road; and a fraction of the money now spent in travelling would reward the men for their exertions! Much valuable time might also be saved for business. But it is a matter of infinite regret, that the pretended friends of liberty abandon the interests of the people, and never defend public meetings, except those at which they themselves may exhibit. But let us hope for better times, and there are some promising symptoms; and we may have sports at once commodious, agreeable, and at a moderate expense. I shall tell you more when I return, and meanwhile,

I am, dear Sir, &c.

The FIVES' COURT was filled with amateurs the next day, it being opened for the benefit of *David Hudson*. The *sets-to* were good, but the attraction of the day was RANDALL, who the bills announced would *show* upon this occasion. Upon the entrance of this celebrated *miller* into the Court, the crowd gathered round him almost to suffocation; and when he ascended the stage to *set-to* with Holt, he was received with shouts of applause. Those amateurs who had not an opportunity of witnessing his *condition* in the ring, appeared astonished beyond description at the fine change which had been effected in his person since his last display at the Court. Holt exerted himself to give the amateurs a treat, and the *skill* upon one side, and the *science* opposed to it on the other, produced great satisfaction, and thunders of approbation.

CORRESPONDENCE *between* RANDALL and MARTIN, that appeared, at various times, in the Weekly Dispatch:—

To the Editor.

SIR,—At the particular request of my friends, I am induced to address you, relative to the late contest between Randall and myself. I certainly did hope to have seen in your paper, so celebrated for its impartiality, a more correct account of the fight, and that the one sent forth to the sporting world would not have raised one man so very high at the expense of the other. The fact is, Sir, that I received no more injury from the tremendous fibbing, which your paper describes, than a girl would have borne, and that the loss of the battle was occasioned solely by the fall against a stake. In this assertion I can be borne out, not only by the gentlemen who so liberally backed me, but also by the testimony of the medical gentlemen who attended me. However, Sir, the object of this letter is not to dwell upon the past, but, through the medium of your paper, to convey a *challenge* to Randall, which, as a man, he cannot refuse. It was, I believe, a circumstance unprecedented in the sporting annals that *a winning man should challenge a loser*, until Randall broke through the etiquette of the ring by calling into it (after he had declined fighting) the man he had beaten; that call was promptly obeyed, and being vanquished (no matter how) he cannot surely, if he possesses a spark of manhood, refuse my intimation to meet me once more. This (although your paper states that he does not intend again entering the ring) I cannot believe he will do; should he, however, act so, I leave the amateurs to draw their own conclusion. I beg to inform you, that I can be backed immediately for the same sum we last contended, and that my friends are ready to make a deposit any day which is agreeable to Randall.

I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,

JOHN MARTIN.

Kennington, Sept. 20, 1820.

In answer to the above charge of a want of *impartiality*, Pierce Egan has only to observe, that he is too fond of a

“bit of good truth” to resort to “*fibbing*” upon any subject: but to load a fallen man, or to raise the fame of one pugilist at the expense of another, *unjustly*, he utterly disclaims; and must therefore appeal to the decision of the sporting world. Also, to all the “fallen men” who have come under his observations, he would not have the least hesitation to appeal. It has always been the expressed wish of the reporter, that the “best man” should obtain the prize, and to point out his talents; but his exertions have nevertheless been directed towards the brave defeated hero, that the efforts of the latter should not be forgotten by the amateurs. However, if there is one *point* more than another that P. E. feels strongly upon, it is, that the reporter who *chaunts* others ought to be *chaunted* himself in turn, whenever it is thought he has acted wrong.

SIR,—You will probably recognize in the writing the hand of an occasional Correspondent; and, therefore, (although, you may consider the subject-matter unimportant,) will probably give publicity to my letter. The singularity of *Martin's* defeat would of itself (independent of other considerations) have been sufficient to have excited the attention and interest of the Sporting Public, in order to arrive at a just conclusion as to the cause. It was, I think, too readily assumed, that *Randall's* prowess was the cause: but *Martin* denies this assumption; and, confined as my means of information may be, I have reason to know that *Martin* does not stand unsupported in his denial. It may fairly be presumed, that those gentlemen who staked their money on *Martin*, those who looked to no equivalent as to the sum which was to be fought for in the way of wages, were present at the fight. Assuming thus much, it is certain that they had the gift of sight, and must have witnessed the sudden defeat of *Martin*, and surely they were as alive as others to the cause, and as able to discern it. If, then, those gentlemen will (as *Martin* says they will) again stake a similar sum on *Martin's* prowess, it must surely evince the sincerity of their belief of the cause of his defeat; moreover, if the contrary position be the true one, why should *Randall's* friends hesitate at again placing within his reach £300, which, according to their ideas, once staked, he has only to stretch out his hand to grasp? *Randall* cannot adopt the proverb, “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” because he has already

two in hand, and *Martin* requires only that one should be in the bush, for them to try for.

Believing most fully *Martin's* extenuation, having myself witnessed the sad drawback upon real pugilism which the stakes of the ring operate, let me request you will turn over your files for a former communication, wherein I suggested the means of so constructing the ring that no such accident could possibly occur; and, if not worth the more extensive consideration of the *Sporting World*, at least let me have the satisfaction of knowing that the suggestion has had the consideration of the P. C.

I am, Sir,

Your former correspondent,

ALLEVIATOR.

September 29th, 1821.

SIR,—The answer I have to give to the letter of Mr. Martin, that appeared in your Paper of last Sunday is short, but, I trust, to the point: my friends, at the present moment, are out of town; but I publicly declare, I am ready to fight Martin, in the course of three months, for the sum of £300.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN RANDALL.

Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane,

September 29, 1821.

SIR,—In consequence of Randall's acceptance of my challenge, I called upon him (as soon as I could possibly get my directions from my backer, who is in the Isle of Wight) to appoint a day for staking 100 guineas, when, to my great surprise, he stated publicly that he would not fight me. Since then I have called three times without being able to see him; I therefore trust you will excuse my troubling you, as through the medium of your paper I may possibly ascertain whether he means to fly back from the pledge he has given of meeting me, or not. Surely, Sir, after having twice accommodated him—after his public declaration in your paper, that he would give me a chance, he will not be so mean as to forfeit that pledge: let him remember that he has *twice challenged* me, and *I have not*

refused; should he, however, do so, I leave the amateurs to draw their own inference. If Randall believes that the result of the last battle was not attributable to chance, he will, of course, gladly make his 300 guineas 600; and if even that is not his opinion, I ask you, Sir, whether, as a man of courage, he can go back from the promise he has made, through your journal, to the sporting world; for myself, I have only to say, that I believe—firmly believe, that I can beat him; that after what he has stated in your paper, he is bound, as a man, to meet me; and if he does not do so, he must, in the eyes of the amateurs, be considered a coward.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

October 13th, 1821.

J. MARTIN.

P. S. I think it necessary to say that my reply would have appeared in your paper of last Sunday had I had time to receive my instructions from the gentleman who backs me; this, I believe, is the only hole that Randall can creep out of.

SIR,—Allow me to trespass once more upon your goodness, by requesting your insertion of a few lines, having been applied to by several sporting gentlemen to inform them why the match between Randall and myself was not made. I beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to inform the amateurs in general, that the obstacle does not rest with me, that I have repeatedly called upon Randall, who, *notwithstanding his public acceptance of my challenge, which appeared in the Dispatch of the 30th September*, now positively refuses to meet me; if he does not give some explanation of his conduct, I shall leave the gentlemen to draw their own conclusions. For myself, I have only to say, that I shall consider him a rank Cur, and that I will fight him for love.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

November 17th, 1821.

JOHN MARTIN.

SIR,—In consequence of the repeated attacks on my character as a pugilist, or rather as a man of courage, from Mr. *Martin*, by his application of the epithets, “*coward* and *cur*” to me, you will be pleased, through your valuable Paper, to insert the following answer. That I am willing, at any time, to fight *Martin* for £300 a-side, provided he or his backers will make a bet with me of 1000 guineas even; and from this determination I will not recede. How far I have deserved the epithets of “*coward*” and “*cur*,” I will entirely leave the Sporting World to make an answer for me; or Mr. *Martin* may ask of *Walton*, *George Dodd*, *Borroch*, *West-Country Dick*, *Holt*, *Belasco*, *Parish*, *Burke*, *Turner*, *McCarty*, and *Wood*, who have all been defeated by me, and to which number I have to add, Mr. *Martin* TWICE. In what ratio of greatness then will Mr. *Martin*, who has been twice defeated by a “*coward*” and a “*cur*,” stand in the estimation of brave men? Perhaps not far off that of a *puppy*. It is well-known that I have declined prize-fighting altogether, being determined to pay every attention to my business and to take care of my family: but, Sir, before I conclude, I wish to offer some little advice to the little hero of the Adelphi-Terrace (who so valiantly hides himself behind the curtain, pushing *Martin* forward to make use of epithets that the latter feels contrary to his inclinations, for fear of losing a certain patronage), to mind his own business, and not to *goad*, irritate, and provoke a man by the use of certain expressions, which are beneath the character of a gentleman. I once more repeat, that upon the above terms I will fight *Martin*, and upon no other.

Yours,

JOHN RANDALL.

Hole-in-the-Wall, Dec. 1, 1821.

Dec. 9, 1821.

SIR,—My reply to your correspondent, who has attacked me under the name of “*Randall*,” will be very brief. Hard words are not arguments. I shall, therefore, avoid his scurrility. With the letter he complains of, I had no more to do than yourself, nor have I ever, *directly or indirectly*, urged *Martin* to challenge *Randall*. To the charge of “getting behind the curtain,” (*made by one who is himself secreted under an assumed signature*,) I answer,—“When wanted, I was always to be found; and wherever my initials appeared, my name was al-

ways left ready to back them." The remaining charge of "ungentlemanly conduct," I leave to be repelled by every amateur and pugilist (save *Randall*) on the list, and feel confident of an acquittal. Now, Sir, having (contrary to the wishes of my friends) replied to an anonymous antagonist, who (for reasons which will be duly appreciated by your readers) *has pointed out and blended with pugilism my place of business*, I beg to assure him that, whatever he may insert in future, however facetious and well-penned, as his last most certainly was, will meet with silent contempt, from

Your obedient servant,

W. S.

P. S. Disgusted with the recent dirty business of the *Gipsy's* fight, I care little whether I ever witness another; still, as a manly and national sport, I hope honest boxers and liberal backers will long be found to keep it going.

LINES TO JOHN RANDALL,

ON THE SUBJECT OF MR. MARTIN'S LETTER, ADDRESSED TO HIM
IN THE WEEKLY DISPATCH OF THE 18TH ULT.

Come RANDALL, my dear! Come, the Hodmen intreat thee
To idle no longer in Chancery-lane!

Shall the Baker outwrite thee, who never could beat thee!

Come, up with thy *beaver*, my jewel, again!

The green turf of Crawley is soft to receive thee—

The voice of thy Patlanders never will leave thee,

And MARTIN, the devil, ca'n't *fib* thee or *weave* thee;

So answer the troublesome *cretur*, and train!

Oh! answer the letter, JACK, (GONERIL nor REGAN

Could ne'er use more hard-hearted words to *ould* LEAR;)

And I wonder, I must say I do, that PIERCE EGAN

Should let the word *cur* be applied to thee, dear!

But answer the letter, in little; thou writest

A good fist at times, JACK—the best when thou fightest,

And settest thy mark on the bravest and brightest;

Write, write!—Mrs. RANDALL will look to the beer!

Write, write, JACK! with fist quite as cool and as steady
 As when it is raised at the *General's* call,
 That the RANDALL is willing, the money is ready,
 And both of them wait at the Hole-in-the-Wall!
 For the love of the Holy Land, check this Drawcansir,
 For thou art our footguard, our hero, our lancer,
 In the *Weekly Dispatch* of next week print thy answer—
 Oh! print it, my jewel, and silence them all.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, BRED AND BORN.
 Somewhere in St. Giles's 23d Nov. 1821.

P. S.—If the money runs short, we will *ase us*
 Of all our spare linen, to help thee a bit;
 Our stockings will fetch us but little, by JASUS!
 But then we can raise a small sum by our wit!
 Only say, my dear boy, if the *nonsense* is wanted,
 And soon shalt thou have all thy wishes supplanted;
 The stuff will drop in these parts, when 'tis chaunted
 That RANDALL is short—Oh! the lad that hath *fit*!

Dear Sir, — In consequence of the above poetic *chaunt* appearing in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 18th of Nov. 1821, from the most admired Poet of the day, wondering why I had not answered the attack upon RANDALL, calling him a *Cur*; I immediately sent the following *Crambonian chaff* in reply, which the editor promised to insert. That not being the case, and the *Nonpariel* having recently gone into training to fight Martin, and “Mrs. Randall left to mind the beer,” is the reason for its appearing after such a lapse of time.

I am, yours, &c.

Oct. 19, 1822.

P. EGAN.

[REPLY TO THE ABOVE SLAP-UP CHAUNT.]

Though PIERCE EGAN's no Poet, yet he honours the shrine
 Dedicated to Poesy, Wit, Women, and Wine.

He bows to the Pen that brave deeds can inspire,
That awakens the Bard, and tunes up the Lyre!
Forbid it, Old Erin, thy harp I implore,
To assist me with strains like thine own TOMMY MOORE;
To remove each impression, to banish the slur,
That JACK RANDALL, the *Nonpareil*, acts like a *Cur*!

By St. PATRICK, I swear, the *Patlander's* saint,
That throughout his veins there exists no such *taint*;
True courage his motto—view JACK in the fight,
The CORINTHIANS and *Coves* cheering him with delight;
Behold his fine science, with his action so gay,
He *floors* them as pretty as flowers in May;
Then perish each thought, and banish the slur,
That JACK RANDALL, the *Nonpareil*, acts like a *Cur*!

Ye *Swells* of the SHAMROCK, ye tight boys of the sod;
Ye knights of the Pole, and poor *Pat* with his hod;
You *Tip-tops* on the town, and the FANCY at large,
Hear JACK RANDALL repel the scandalous charge;
His answer is made,—read the WEEKLY DISPATCH,
Where the *Nonpareil* again offers *Doughy* a match;
Then perish each thought, and banish the slur,
That JACK RANDALL, the *Nonpareil*, acts like a *Cur*!

That JACK is no coward, and that RANDALL's no *Cur*,
Who to fight, and to win, never wanted the *spur*;
Remember it, ye *Swells*, like men at a hunt,
The *Sport* he's afforded, and likewise the *blunt*—
That's been won by his battles, in succession so strong,
Who was always victorious, and never did wrong!
Then perish the thought, and banish each slur,
That JACK RANDALL, the *Nonpareil*, acts like a *Cur*!

In February, 1822, RANDALL was brought to Bow-street, on a warrant, charging him with assaulting T. Edwards, a porter of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Edwards,

whose eye bore stable testimony that he had indeed been grievously punished, deposed that he lodged at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chancery-lane, of which Hole Mister Randall was the landlord. On Tuesday night, or rather about one o'clock on Wednesday morning, he let himself into the house, and was going up quietly to bed, when Mr. RANDALL rushed out of the bar, called him every thing but a gentleman, and, following him up stairs, gave him the two black eyes which he now submitted to his Worship's inspection. The *Nonpareil*, in his defence, said Mr. Edwards was a blackguard; and, moreover, a very troublesome fellow. He had often and often given him notice to quit, because he kept such bad hours; but he would neither quit nor mend his manners. On the morning in question, he came home quite *lushy*, whilst he (the *Nonpareil*) was making up some gin, after the business of the night was over, and his company had all retired. Hearing somebody blundering along towards the stairs, he called out, "Is that you, Edwards?" to which Edwards replied, "What is that to you, you Irish thief?" at the same time using a very indecent and contemptuous action; and thereupon the *Nonpareil* gave him a bit of a *fillip*, which blacked his eyes as aforesaid. The Magistrate, having learned from other evidence that complainant was drunk at the time, and that, though he had talked of producing witnesses, had failed to do so, dismissed the complaint, and the *Nonpareil*, according to custom, retired victorious.

THIRD GREAT MATCH BETWEEN RANDALL AND MARTIN.

This match was hastily made, and the following articles of agreement were acceded to, on Monday, March 11, 1822:—

John Randall and John Martin agree to fight in a twenty-four feet ring, a fair stand-up battle, half minute time, for 300 guineas a-side, and a bet of 700 guineas; 150 guineas are put down this day in the hands of Mr. Bland, and a further deposit of 50 a-side, to be made good at Mr. Franklin's, on Tuesday, June 4, and the whole stakes to be made good on Tuesday, July 2, at Spring's, and Mr. Bland to be stakeholder. The place of fighting to be named by Mr. Jackson, and the fight to take place on Tuesday, September 3. An umpire to be named by each party, and Mr. Jackson to appoint a referee.

N. B. If either party do not make good the stakes according to agreement, the defaulter to forfeit the deposit.

The *real backers* were not known at the time this match was made; but so great a favourite did RANDALL appear to be with some of the *swells*, that one *Gent.* (a new one in the Fancy,) betted £150 to £50.

This *third* match, which commenced in a *quarrel*—and carried on in *dispute*—ultimately ended in a *squabble*. On Tuesday evening, July 2, 1822, the backers of RANDALL did not arrive at Spring's House, to make the match good, till seven minutes after the time (twelve o'clock), and previous to the above backers making their appearance, Martin had claimed the money already deposited as a forfeit. The stakeholder at the rooms in Bond-street did, in the presence of Mr. Jackson, the next day, give up to the backers of Martin the sum deposited in his hands of £410. Mr. Elliott (according to report) imme-

diately made a present of the forfeit of £200 to Martin.

It is but fair to state, that the above match made with *Martin* was, in the first instance, without the knowledge of RANDALL; it is true, he objected to the period, on account of its being the day on which his *licence* was to be renewed; "But never mind," said the *Nonpareil* to his backers, "you shall not lose your money; I will fight on that day or any other, as I am sure to win it." Therefore, if his backers neglected to come in due time to make the stakes good, it was their *fault* that no fight took place, and not JACK RANDALL'S. In consequence of some *chaffing* about the pugilistic merits of the *Gas-light-Man* and RANDALL, a sporting character of considerable celebrity, whose knowledge, experience, and *pluck* in betting enables him generally to get the *pull*, offered to bet £500 that RANDALL was beaten in 20 minutes, and actually put down some *blunt* to make it a match; a gentleman present, who had nothing to learn, and not afraid of his *rag* either, instantly said it should be a match; but *second thoughts*, it appears, were best, and the sporting character took up his money and said it was no "GO." RANDALL, laughing, exclaimed, "I'll take a long odds, and put down the money myself, a good stake, he does not *lick* me at all."

RANDALL, at his benefit at the Fives' Court, which was well attended, on Wednesday, May 21, 1822, informed the Amateurs that he was open to fight *Martin* from £500 to £1000, for three months. (Great cheering.) At the conclusion of his set-to

with *Harry Holt*, which was excellent, RANDALL again repeated his challenge to *Martin*. The latter boxer, on his arrival in London, sent the following letter to the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

SIR,—On my return from Brighton, yesterday, I was informed by my friends, that Randall had (at his benefit) challenged to fight me for 500 to 1000 sovereigns a-side. This challenge, Sir, I most cheerfully and readily accept, and upon his own terms, as to time, with this reservation—that all proceedings against the stakeholder, who paid over to me the deposit fairly forfeited, should be stopped; and that the whole of the money should be put down and placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson, (if that gentleman will kindly undertake the office of stakeholder). With respect to my first request, let the case in dispute be left to respectable arbitration; and in regard to the second, no honourable sporting character can make any objection. The fact is, Sir, that the *Sporting World* have too long been trifled with about this fight; this letter will, I trust, convince them that I mean fighting, and nothing but fighting.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Aug. 24th, 1822.

JOHN MARTIN.

I shall be at Mr. Jackson's, with my friends, on Wednesday next, at three o'clock, where I hope to meet Jack Randall, to make a deposit.

After considerable disputes upon the subject, the *Fancy* were quite *satisfied* that "all was right," in regard to making a FOURTH Match between RANDALL and *Martin*; as the following articles will show:—

Bond-street, Aug. 27, 1822.

John Randall and John Martin agree to fight for 500 sovs. a-side, on the 3d of December next, in a twenty-four feet ring. A fair stand-up fight. Half-minute time. The Umpires to be chosen on the ground; and Mr. Jackson to name the place of fighting, and the referee.—Fifty sovereigns a-side are this day deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson.

Two hundred a-side more to be made good at Mr. Jackson's rooms, between one and four o'clock on the 18th of September; and the whole of the money, 250 a-side more, to be made good at Randall's, the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane, on the 5th of November, between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. Either party not making good the money at the appointed time, to forfeit the deposit money that is down; and the money to be given up agreeable to the decision of the Umpires of the ring.

Witness,
T. W.

JOHN RANDALL,
JOHN MARTIN.

The whole of the stakes of 1000 sovereigns, between the above celebrated pugilists, were made good over a sporting dinner at RANDALL's, on Tuesday, November 5, 1822. Upwards of eighty persons sat down to dinner: and so great was the interest excited on the above event, that every room in the house overflowed with company. The passage was completely choked up with standing customers, and the bar also filled with *swells*. On the health of RANDALL being drank, he returned thanks, and "hoped the best man might win." *Jack* left his house early the same evening to resume his training. 6 to 4 on RANDALL.

All this was productive of nothing but disappointment, for, at a meeting of the amateurs which took place on Friday, November 15, 1822, at Mr. Jackson's rooms, in Bond-street, it was announced that Mr. J. had received a letter from Mr. Elliott, the backer of *Martin*, requesting that he would send him a check for the £500, stating that his man should not fight against nothing, as *Martin* would be *sued* for the £200 forfeit he had received from the backers of RANDALL. RANDALL expressed himself *warmly* on the subject, declaring he had been ill treated. He had lost his

time, left his business, and his expenses of training were also to be added to the disappointment. Mr. Jackson declared that in future he would not appear in the character of a stakeholder. The amateurs present also remarked, that making matches—declaring them off—calling upon the stakeholders to refund the money—was little more than children's play; and, in fact, *trifling* with the Sporting World. It would be useless, after such *precedents* as the above, to make matches—send men into *training*—fill their *books* with bets—if they were *disposed* of in such-like manner—and some new mode of making matches ought to be adopted.

In consequence of the above treatment, RANDALL made an appeal to the Sporting World, which had the desired effect, and a strong muster of the amateurs gave him their support on Tuesday, December 4, 1822, at the Fives' Court. The sets-to were in general good, and several of them proved rather *striking*! But the most laughable and prominent *bout* was between *Jack Carter* and *Bitton*. The *bottom* of the latter hero has never been doubted; but in that instance, it should seem, he had rather too *much* of it. His *bottom* was too bulky for his *upper-works*, and it *floored* him, amidst the loudest roars of laughter ever heard in the Fives' Court. It reminded us of the much-lamented Jack Emery's song:—

But *prate*, like this, we must not mind,

A Dutchman true begot him,

Whoe'er has seen Bitton behind,

Will ne'er dispute his *bottom*!

Singing, fal, la, la, &c.

RANDALL and Holt put a *finish* to the sports of the

day; and the amateurs departed, well pleased with the amusements which the *Nonpareil* had catered for them.

A LITTLE EXERCISE FOR JACK RANDALL.—'The NONPAREIL, accompanied by *Josh Hudson*, on Monday, January 20, 1823, anxious to enjoy the fresh air, as well as to give his *old trainer*, *Bob Pilch*, a turn, was suddenly called into action on his *toddle* to Hampstead, from the following circumstance:—An elderly *blade*, who had been indulging himself rather too freely at the "shrine of *Lushington*," behaved *rudely* towards RANDALL several times on his ascending the hill, by pushing his umbrella against his back, notwithstanding the latter begged of him very good naturedly to desist; and no further notice would have been taken of the insult, had it not been for a brewer's servant and his companions. The *Man of Grains* (or, as he is termed, the *Cock of Hampstead*, weighing at least 13 stone, and who, it seems, had long wished to have a *shy* at JACK, thought this a fine opportunity for the experiment) put out his tongue, by way of derision, and cried out, "Who cares for RANDALL and *Josh Hudson*, I wonder? They would be afraid to talk to a younger man so!" and, without further notice, gave RANDALL a *flip* on his nose, by way of notice of his intentions. *Eloquence* between them was at an end in a *twinkling*, and JACK returned the compliment with *interest*, not wishing to remain long in debt to the *Man of Grains*. During the first and second rounds nothing but *sharp* work was displayed, the fighting being all on the side of RANDALL, and the strength on the *Cock*. In the

third round JACK received so severe a blow on the tip of his shoulder, added to the tightness of his coat, that he could not lift up his arm; and immediately tore off his *Benjamin*. The little *trump*, being disencumbered from his *togs*, then went to work with the "big one" in terrific style, (something like the slaughtering mill, in which he so dreadfully served out *Borroch*, the Jew); and, in two more rounds, the *man of grains* was so *punished* about the *nob*, that it was pitiable to behold it, covered with *claret*. RANDALL, in going down with the *Cock*, never left him, but tremendously *fibbed* his opponent. On *Josh.* picking-up RANDALL, he felt a little surprised on viewing the face of the latter, which, to all appearance, looked as bad as his adversary's; but, on wiping it, *Hudson* laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive you have only fell into the *paint-pot*! You are not hurt; but you should not have robbed your opponent of any of his *colour*! A *novice* serve you so—very likely, indeed!" The sixth round put an end to the *crowing* of the *Cock*: he was quite done up, and was so altered in complexion, as scarcely to be recognised by his friends. His *pal*, another "big one," also fell foul of JACK; when *Josh.* was about to *tackle* him. "Never mind!" said RANDALL; "I have got a *little one* for him presently." One round completely *satisfied* the second hero of the "*grain* fraternity," who received, in that small space of time, *pepper* enough to last him for a twelvemonth. RANDALL and *Josh.* now reached the Horse and Groom without any further molestation; but, as they were *blowing a cloud*, and laughing over the various scenes

which had crossed their career, a third hero of the "grain department" put in his appearance, with £100, to fight RANDALL. On Hudson's chaffing this chap, that he "believed JACK could *wap* the Brewery all round," he took fire, and thought he could *punish Josh*. "Well," replied Hudson, "perhaps you may; but if you will take a little bit of *amusement* with me on the Heath, as I would not, on any account, create a riot in honest Bob's house, you will then *know* a little more about the matter." The *grain cove* entertained an opinion, "the weather was rather too cold for the sport;" fobbed up his *blunt*; and, on his "*better half*" looking into the room after him, he retired in a whole skin. The NONPAREIL and John Bull Fighter then spent the evening pleasantly—returned to London comfortably—and reached their places of *roost* in perfect safety.

The name of RANDALL was now known in the religious world; for, it is said, one of the lower order of *ranting preachers*, not 100 miles from Bolton-in-the-Moors, addressed his audience in the following metaphorical language:—

"I dare say you'd all pay to see a boxing-match between Turner and RANDALL, and yet you don't like to pay to see a pitched battle between me and Beelzebub. Oh! my friends, many a hard knock, and many a cross-buttock have I given the *black bruiser* for your sakes! Pull—do pull off these gay garments of Mammon! Strike the devil a straight blow, and *darken* his *spiritual day-lights*! At him manfully, and I'll be your *bottle-holder*!--I ask nothing but the *money*; which I hope you'll not forget before you go."

RANDALL AND THE DEALER IN CHINA.—A made-up story got widely into circulation, that the *Nonpareil* was so terribly *beaten* in a casual *turn-up*, that two surgeons were called in to dress his wounds! It must be something more than a *china-man* to get the best of RANDALL. However, of this we are certain, any *china-man* in a contest with JACK would be in great danger of having his *ware* not only *cracked*, but also *broken* to pieces. It is necessary that the Sporting World should be informed it is a complete falsehood: no such circumstance having taken place.

RANDALL AND COOPER THE GIPSY.—At *Dick Curtis's* Benefit, March 27th, at the Fives' Court, in consequence of its having been reported that Cooper the *Gipsy* meant to challenge RANDALL, the latter asked the *Gipsy* if what he had heard was true, that he (*Cooper*) had challenged him for £200 a-side, in the Ring, after he had defeated *Cabbage*? "I did not," replied Cooper; "you are too good a fighter for me, JACK." At *Spring's* Benefit, May 5th, 1823, the *Gipsy*, however, mustered up resolution enough, by the order of his backer (Mr. *Elliott*), to challenge RANDALL for £200 a-side, any time the latter thought proper to accept of it. The NONPAREIL mounted the stage, and said, "if he fought the *Gipsy* it must be for £200. But he had a wife and three children to provide for; he was also settled in business, and had his house to attend to; he therefore did not mean to fight any more prize battles." (Great applause, and "Very proper!" from the spectators.)—We hope RANDALL will never alter his opinion on this subject.

JACK MARTIN, THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

MARTIN, since the publication of the third volume of this Work, has obtained a prominent situation in the Sporting Circles, as a betting-man; and, in all probability, like Mr. *Galley*, (who seems to be his model), MARTIN's prize-fighting may be deemed at an end. It is rather singular to remark, that, although MARTIN was never viewed in the light of a terrific boxer, yet he has done more actual mischief to his opponents than any Pugilist on the list.

MARTIN, anxious to recover his fame in the Prize Ring, was matched a second time with *Ned Turner*, for 100 guineas a-side; on Tuesday, June 5th, 1821. This battle took place at Crawley Hurst.

The distance of the above place from the Metropolis, when it was made known to the Fancy on the previous evening, operated as a sort of drawback to numerous Amateurs, in consequence of their engagements at Epsom Races, which were so soon to follow; and the road, on Tuesday morning, did not display that great bustle as heretofore, more especially as it was positively *booked* by all the *flash side* in London, the Newmarket people, and at *Tattersall's*, that *Turner* must win; and the universal cry was, "How could he lose it?" *Turner* was named also as one of the double events with the battle of *Gas* and *Oliver*; and he was likewise classed with some favorite horse for the Derby.

Turner had beat MARTIN so cleverly in October, 1821, in 1 hour and 7 minutes, with a bad knee, that

it was now confidently asserted, he would win it in less than an hour. 7 to 4 was the current betting.

Turner first appeared on the ground, and endeavoured to throw his hat into the Ring; but the wind prevented its destination; when he picked it up, and accomplished his object. *Belcher* and *Randall*, as his seconds, immediately followed. In a few minutes afterwards, *MARTIN*, attended by *Spring* and *Thurtle*, from *Norwich*—all with *white toppers* on (quite *swells* in their appearance) and *white benjamins*,—threw his *castor* very carefully into the Ring. The colours, which were blue, (dark for *Turner*, and a shade lighter for *MARTIN*,) were tied to the stakes; and the men set-to.

First round.—Turner *looked* as if in good condition: *Martin* was nothing wanting, and his *pins* were decorated in striped silk hose. The *Master of the Rolls* was not *brief* on the subject, and commenced his *practice* without delay, but hit short with his right hand, *Turner* getting away. *Martin*, not dismayed, followed *Turner* so quickly, endeavouring to plant some hits, that the latter was nearly falling; but he recovered his balance, when an exchange of blows occurred. *Martin* appeared so impetuous in his attack, that *Turner* sung out, "Hollo! hollo! Go it, my lad!" The *Master of the Rolls* planted a heavy blow on *Turner's* throat. A pause. *Turner* got away from some blows, and, with his left hand, put in a severe hit on *Martin's* eye, which almost closed it. (Applause.)—*Martin*, with his left hand, gave a heavy body blow; he also put in a facer. *Ned* now went to work: sharp blows passed between them, and, in closing, the *weaving* system was attempted on both sides, till both went down, but *Turner* uppermost.—(Loud shouting; "But *Jack's* as good as his master!" and "No best about it!")

Second.—*Turner* hit *Martin's* guard down. A pause. *Ned's* left hand again told on the *nob* of his opponent, and he got away. In closing at the ropes, some sharp *milling* took place; when *Turner* was down, and undermost.

Third.—It was evident that *Martin* meant nothing else but fighting; and they both followed alternately each other over the Ring. In closing, *Martin* held *Turner* fast and punished

him, till he slipped, or went down from a slight blow.—("Go along, Martin! it is not so safe as they think.")

Fourth.—Martin confidently put in another body blow, and also a *facier*; when Turner was nearly falling down, but he recovered himself. This was a good round; both of the men fought till they were quite distressed. The knees of Turner trembled considerably; and his *condition* might have been *better*. Martin bored in, and got Turner down.—(Loud shouting. "Bravo! Martin.")

Fifth to Seventh.—These rounds were well contested; and, although Turner fought at points, he did not do that execution which had been so decidedly witnessed in his former battles. Martin, however, shewed the first blood.

Eighth to Eleventh.—Turner stood well in the opinion of the Amateurs. He had proved himself a game man, a dangerous fighter, and one that would not go away for a trifle: but, if Turner put in a hit, he got a blow in return for it. Martin fell very heavy on Turner. —Randall said, he would bet 7 to 4. "I'll take it," cried Martin.

Twelfth to Fifteenth.—Martin put in several severe blows about the kidney of his opponent, and also some facers. In fact, Martin was now having the best of it; but, as an old favourite, the friends of Turner were so much attached to him, that they could not perceive it.

Sixteenth.—The *Master of the Rolls* put in a *batch* of hits—three facers, and no return. Turner endeavoured to turn this round in his favour; but, on the contrary, Martin put in a severe body blow, and Turner fell down. "I'll have Martin to win for 500 guineas," said Spring.

Seventeenth.—A long pause. At in-fighting Martin proved himself the best man: he also put in a blow on the nose of his opponent, that produced the *claret*. In closing, Turner went down, and undermost. The odds were all off: even betting, but Martin for choice.

Eighteenth and Nineteenth.—Turner went down rather awkwardly. Murmuring, and an appeal to the umpires. Several persons insisted Turner went down without a blow.

Twentieth to Twenty-fifth.—Martin, in the whole of these rounds, if he did not show himself off in high style, had the best of them.—5 to 4 on the *Master of the Rolls*.

Twenty-sixth to Thirtieth.—In the last round, on Turner's going down, an appeal was made to the umpires.

Thirty-first to Thirty-sixth.—Turner could not stop the body blows of his opponent; in fact, he was getting weak, and also getting the worst of it. One hour it was mentioned by the referee had passed away, when Martin said, "I can fight for six hours."

Thirty-seventh to Fortieth.—Two to one in favour of Martin; an appeal was made to the umpires that Turner went down without a blow; "You are mistaken, (said one of the umpires,) I should not like to have had it." The other umpire appeared to have some doubt on the subject, when the referee observed, he saw nothing foul.

Forty-first.—Martin put in another body blow without any return being made. Some blows were exchanged between the combatants, in following each other over the ring. Turner went down. Spring, rather animatedly, said, "It is too bad, he has gone down again without a hit." "What do you call a hit?" said Randall, "I'm sure he received one." Martin went up to the umpires, and declared, "he had not hit Turner when he fell."

Forty-second.—Both down, after an exchange of blows.

Forty-third.—Turner seemed getting his second wind, and put in a severe left-handed hit on Martin's forehead, that made the claret to follow profusely. "It's all right now," said a few of the over-the-water boys; "give him the Bermondsey screw, Ned." Martin, although the worst of this round, followed up his opponent till he went down.

Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth.—Turner made some sharp hits, but was down in both of these rounds.

Forty-sixth.—Turner hit Martin bang in the head, and got away. Some exchanges were made; and when Martin followed Turner, the former said, "that Ned went down without a blow," and immediately went up to the umpires to complain. "Foul, foul," and "fair, fair," resounded from all parts of the ring. In consequence of no notice being taken of it, Martin, in a violent passion, said, "he was not used well," and endeavoured to get over the ropes; in fact, one of his legs was half out, and he would have bolted, if Spring had not, with great presence of mind, held him fast, and thus saved Martin from losing the battle. Mr. JACKSON here interfered, and observed to the pugilists in the ring, that neither the fighting men nor their seconds had any right to interfere; nor indeed, any other person, but the *umpires* who were appointed

to watch the motions of the men, and, if they disagreed, then a final appeal must be made to the referee.

Forty-seventh.—The countenance of Martin appeared very angry; and it was thought that he was giving a chance away, from the effects of passion. But he, however, *cooled* upon it, and a good round was the result, and Martin sent Turner down.—Loud shouting from the "*dead-men*" party; and exclaiming, "It's all right again, and Jack's alive." Turner, while sitting on his second's knee, however, seemed to think he was winning the battle, as he gave the office with a smile to some of his friends, by putting one of his fingers to his tongue. The referee said, "That he did not appear to have given satisfaction," and the watch, with the consent of the pugilists, was given up to Mr. Jackson, who, it was thought, might be the best judge, from his long experience, on the *nice point* of a man's going down without a blow.

Forty-eighth to Fiftieth.—Some fighting on both sides; but Turner went down in all these rounds.

Fifty-first.—Turner put in a sharp facer. Martin followed him, and exchanged some blows. A trifling pause. Martin, in following Turner, again complained that he went down without a hit. "I shall decide fairly, depend upon it," said Mr. Jackson. "He not only received a hit, but his foot caught in a hole:" pointing to the place.

Fifty-second to Fifty-fourth.—The two first rounds were well fought. In the last, Martin again made an appeal to the umpires. Mr. Jackson again repeated, that if anything unfair occurred, the umpires would notice it.

Fifty-fifth.—Exchanges. Martin put in a severe facer. During a short pause, Martin said, "*You are a game man, Ned; but you must lose it.*" Ultimately, Turner went down. The latter appeared to hit round; and it seemed as if one of his hands had gone. Martin's right hand was also in a bad state.

Fifty-sixth.—Turner was getting quite weak; but he appeared to have no idea of losing the battle. Martin hit Turner on the head, and he went down terribly distressed. Spring said, "I'll lay a guinea to a shilling."

Fifty-seventh. Both down; Martin uppermost. "We do not want any favour," said Belcher to Martin. "I'll take care of my man; only let me come to him."

Fifty-eighth — Few, if any, persons round the ring, had an idea that the battle was so near over. The *gameness* of Turner was known to be good, and his having contended with Randall for two hours and twenty-two minutes, operated materially in his favour with the spectators. This was a severe round to Ned:—in fact, it was the *tie up* of the fight. He received a severe blow on the body, and also a sharp one upon his head, when he went down. Martin for anything.

Fifty-ninth.—Turner endeavoured to make play, but it was all up. Martin fibbed him severely at the ropes, got Turner down, and fell on him with his knee nearly on his throat: “What do you call that?” said Belcher. “Is not that foul?”

Sixtieth, and last.—In a struggle, Martin fell with all his weight on Turner. “I’ll bet 100 to 1,” said Spring, “it’s all up.” Turner was placed on his second’s knee. Martin, who was most anxiously viewing the state of his brave but fallen opponent with one eye, was with the other looking in suspense for the umpires to call “time.” The *game* Turner did not hear it, and Martin gave a jump on being proclaimed the victor, and ran out of the ring towards his vehicle. After Turner had been taken care of, and led out of the ring, Randall threw up his hat, and offered to fight Martin for £300 a-side, in three months. “I’ll bet 5 to 1,” said an amateur, “no one dares to make it.”

Sooner or later the *Daffy* will find them all out, and fighting men will be *floored* by it. But tell a boxer that he might be spoiled without receiving a single blow, and he would laugh at it as nonsense. Turner seemed quite gone off in constitution, also in his hitting, and he did not display any of his former good points. He had three months allowed him for *training*; that is to say, the battle was not to take place till three months from the date it was made; and it is thought that he did not make the *best use* of his time. He was not in *bad* condition, but a fortnight more would have brought him to the *top of the tree*. The friends of Turner regretted his loss of *honour* more

than the £100 stakes. MARTIN was certainly much improved, and he won the fight like a good man, in a handsome manner, and also cleverly; but, nevertheless, MARTIN, it was thought, ought to have won it, from his success, in less than 1 hour and 29 minutes. Twenty-five pounds were subscribed by the amateurs at Brighton, for the men, in consequence of the fight being at Crawley. Turner received fourteen body blows, without stopping one of them. He had made too sure of it, and MARTIN was undervalued. A liberal subscription was made for Turner. The *flash* side were all *floored* and *cleaned out*.

Copied from the Weekly Dispatch.

MARTIN *versus* RANDALL.

To the brave and the gay of the 'Turf I write greeting,
 Call'd forth by PIERCE EGAN's poetical lay,
 My chaunts upon Doey, who, perhaps, at next *meeting*,*
 May *leaven* † poor Pat, who will *knead* † him, they say.
 To the bravest of men I would e'er give the laurels,
 Though the *floor'd* may sometimes wear with honour the bay;
 That's the case with dear Doey, who ne'er chaffs up quarrels,
 Or with *ruin* ‡ or *flush* § e'er works up his *clay*.

Oh, invoke not the powers of Erin's TOM MOORE;
 He's *good, slap up, prime, first water*, I grant;
 His music's as sweet as the sound of "NO MORE,"
 When it e'er met the ear of the *Emerald plant*.||
 But though soft are his notes, and his numbers most clear,
 There still is a charm his rhymes will e'er want,

* The ensuing fight. † Terms in Martin's late trade.

‡ Gin. § Red wine; Martin being particularly abstemious.

|| Alluding to Randall.

To compare to the sound, that in fancy I hear,
Of the *Rose's* * yet shading the Shamrock's famed plant.

What man on the turf can point out the blemish—
The canker of passion on the *rose* feeds not there?

What man on the turf but will say it was currish,
The victor the vanquish'd 'gain challenge to war?

Tho' so verdant the shamrock, the colour so clear,
To Hibernia's plains, a grace to the glade;
By its side plant the rose, and their merits compare,
The *upper-crust Rose* leaves *Pat's Grass* † in the shade.

He's a man with a heart form'd in Nature's best mould,
To his foes e'en he's civil, to his friends he's a trump;

Let adversity plead, his purse he'll unfold,
And share with misfortune the last of his *stump*.

In the ring he's a hero—in private, the man;
Who knows him admire;—take him all in the lump,

JACK MARTIN's the boy—fair play is his plan,
To the brave give the laurels, the *cur* give a dump.

October 22, 1822.

R. T. B.

MARTIN was matched against *Aby. Belasco* for £100 a-side: it went off on the part of the Jew's friends.

MARTIN's marriage was thus announced in the *Sporting Newspaper*:—

GREAT MATCH.—None but the brave deserve the Fair!
—A celebrated Pugilist, who has *twice* entered the lists with Randall—made a *tie* of it with Turner—*disposed* of Oliver's brother—*conquered* Paddington Johnson—*defeated* Scroggins—*got the best of* Josh Hudson—*won* with Sampson—*licked* a big Gipsy—caused Dav. Hudson to *blink*—and Cabbage to *wink*—who has likewise for some time past become a first-rate *Swell* on the Turf, (and a most honourable and well-behaved man at all times,) appeared a few days since at the Hymeneal *scratch* at Lambeth, where he signed the *articles*, and made a *match* (for £25,000 in *blunt*, &c.) with a young lady, for life.

* As the Shamrock is emblematical of Ireland, so is the Rose of England.

† Shamrock is a three-leaved Irish grass.

Of his feats and his battles he now loudly may sing,
In character still—the Prize gain'd by the RING!!!

IMPROMPTU ON MARTIN'S MARRIAGE.

Martin often "set-to," at last Cupid "bored" him,
And, wing'd like an am'rous Tom Tit,
He came to the "scratch," but the young urchin "floor'd him,"
By placing a "finishing hit."
He was borne to the altar, from whence he soon led,
For "better for worse," a young wife,
And, tho' *well match'd* before, by the Fancy, 'tis said,
Was n'er *match'd so well* in his life. T. G.

RICHARD CURTIS, THE PET OF THE FANCY.

THROUGHOUT the whole list of Pugilists, we know of no Boxer who stands so high in the estimation of his Brethren of the Fist as DICK CURTIS:—in fact, he is the "*Pet*" of the Boxers as well as the Fancy.

CURTIS was matched with *Lenney*, for 25 guineas a-side; which battle took place on Monday, October 24th, 1821, at Moulsey Hurst. The amateurs were not so numerous as upon some former occasions; but several first-rate *swells*, and most of the *out-and-out* patrons of boxing were present. At one o'clock, CURTIS, in a new white upper *tog*, that would have given a sporting appearance to a *pink* of Regent-street, with a prime *yellow-man* round his *squeeze*, and a *rum* white *topper* on his *nob*, appeared arm-in-arm with the President of the *Daffies*, and threw his castor into the ring; *Lenney* showed afterwards, equally well *rigged-out*, with a *silk fogle* on his neck, supported by the *Gas-light*-



DICK. CURTIS,
(THE PET OF THE FANCY.)

Man, and his old opponent the *Sprig-of-Myrtle*, and repeated the token of defiance with the utmost confidence. The men soon prepared for action: *Spring* and *Hickman* were the seconds for *Lenney*, and *Belcher* and *Harmer* for *CURTIS*. The odds, within the last two or three days, had changed considerably in favour of *Lenney*, on whom 5 to 4 was laid. The colours were tied to the stakes by *Spring* and the *President*, who observed to the former, "I'll bet you a daffy that I take them down."

Round First.—The condition of *Curtis* was similar to the finest race horse; blood and bone was conspicuous, and he appeared as confident as if the battle had been over. *Lenney* was equally fine; and he commenced the fight with the most determined resolution of being declared the conqueror. *Curtis* was in no hurry to make play: and *Lenney* was also on his guard. After some little manœuvring, *Curtis* let fly on the nob of his opponent, without any return. This hit operated as a sort of stopper, and some little sparring occurred. *Lenney* endeavoured to go to *work*, and some blows were exchanged. The science displayed by *Curtis* was fine in the extreme, and he planted two tremendous facers, right and left, that *floored* *Lenney* on his face, and the *claret* trickled down his cheek. (Loud shouting, and 2 to 1 all round the ring.)

Second.—*Lenney* came to the *scratch* with a severe cut under his right eye. *Curtis* planted a severe body hit without any return; he also put in two severe *facers*. It was evident that *Lenney* could not protect his face from the *out* fighting of his opponent, and to *go in* was equally dangerous. *Curtis* kept *nobbing* his man, and getting away with the utmost ease. In closing, *Lenney* was *fibbed* down, and *Curtis* fell upon him. (Thunders of applause, and *You're a pretty boy, Curtis*.)

Third.—This was a short round; a close took place, and the *fibbing* tactics went on till *Lenney* went down.

Fourth.—The coolness of *Curtis* was the theme of the ring; he measured his distances with the accuracy of a carpenter, and *nobbed* his opponent with the severity of a hammer-man at an anvil. *Lenney* could make no impression on the mode adopted by *Curtis*; the latter followed *Lenney* up to the

ropes, and, with his right hand, he planted such a tremendous facer, that it was heard all over the ring. In the struggle for the throw, both the combatants were hanging on the ropes; Curtis's nose touched them, as they both came to the ground; but previous to which, he put in some heavy blows on his opponent's kidney.

Fifth.—Lenney came up like a game cock to the scratch; but his nob had undergone a strange alteration. Some exchanges occurred. Curtis, by a dreadful right-handed blow, sent down his adversary like a shot. Three to one. ("What a beautiful fighter!" exclaimed Randall.)

Sixth, Seventh, Eighth.—Lenney stopped several blows with considerable skill; but his head was completely at the service of his opponent. Oliver made so sure of the event, that he asked if any gentleman would oblige him by taking ten to two.

Ninth, Tenth.—The fine fighting of Curtis now rendered the battle quite *safe* to him; so much so, that he could take his time about it, without anything like danger. Curtis astonished the ring with his execution as well as his science: he put in such a tremendous blow on Lenney's mouth, that his *ivories* were on the *chatter*, like dice in a box, and he felt it so seriously, that his left arm dropped for an instant. "It's all safe now—it's the Bank of England to a *screen*," was the *chaffing* throughout the crowd.

Eleventh, Twelfth.—Lenney received so much *punishment* about the *nob*, that he was quite groggy. 20 to 1 was offered.

Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth.—All these rounds were nearly similar to the preceding ones. "Go to work, and you will finish it in a round or two." Any odds.

Eighteenth to Twenty-ninth, and last.—Lenney was *game* to the back bone; but he had not a shadow of chance; and he ought to have been taken away for several rounds previous to the last. He was hit out of time; and remained in a state of stupor for a short period. It occupied 38 minutes and a half.

REMARKS.—A more elegant or scientific fighter than CURTIS was never met with in the Prize Ring. He could have won it in half the time, if he had wished it, but he was determined not to give half a chance

away; and, therefore, no *rally* took place in the battle. CURTIS also proved the strongest man, and he left the ring without a *scratch* upon his face; but his hands were much bruised from the severe *punishment* he had administered to his opponent. *Lenney* was carried out of the ring and put to bed. The attitude of the latter was not a fighting one; he leaned too far back not only to do any execution, but such a position must have distressed him very much: in fact, *Lenney* could not reach CURTIS with any degree of certainty. It seemed to be the general opinion of the *Fancy*, that no one on the list of CURTIS's weight could beat him.

DICK AT EPSOM RACES.—Although it was nearly five o'clock before the last race, the Maiden Stakes, was over, on Thursday, May 26th, 1822, and most excellent sport had been afforded to all the company present; yet numbers of the sporting people seemed to think the day was not exactly complete, that it wanted a sort of *finish* put to it; and as some of the lads from the metropolis were upon the *look-out* for a little job—a *mill* was proposed by way of a *dessert*, and a subscription purse of £16 was collected, nearly all in *pewter*, in a very short time. Little DICK CURTIS, with as much *blood* (not as much *bone* about him) as any man upon the course, made his bow to the amateurs, and said he had not the least objection to *peel*, more especially as he had been *cleaned* out of all his *loose rag*, in backing *Deaf Davis* on the Tuesday last. "You're a good lad," replied a *Swell*, *four story* high in rank, (when *birth* and *pedigree* go to *scale* as to consequence,) "and it is a thousand pities you should be

suffered to remain idle." A *Hedge Cove* pricked up his ears upon hearing these remarks, and being as much *bushed* about the *cly* as poor *Dick*, offered himself to the notice of the *Four Story Pink of Society*, just to have a *small taste*, for the amusement of the company, if his *Honour* had no objection. "Why," said the *Pink*, "you seem to have been a little *bit* about the hedges lately, an't you? By the look of your *mug*, you are what they call a *Gipsy*? What *set* do you belong to?" The *Brouny Index Hero*, with a good deal of pride, answered, "The *Cooper's*." "That will do," replied the *Swell*, "and appear at the *scratch* without delay." *Dick Curtis* was seconded by *Ould Tom Jones* and *Harry Holt*, and *Cooper* was handled by *Gipsy Cooper* and another *Traveller*.—7 to 4 on *Dick*.

Round First.—The *Gipsy* stripped well, and was what the fair sex term, rather a pretty young man; and seemed, by the attitude he placed himself in, to meet his opponent, as if he knew something about *milling*. The *ogles* of *Dick* measured the *Gipsy* from head to foot with much confidence; but he was in no hurry to *go to work*. The *Gipsy* at length let *fly*, and missed, when *Dick*, as lively as a dancing-master, put in some telling hits, and in a struggle the "*little bit about the hedges cove*" went down, amidst thunders of applause. Two to one, lustily roared out by the amateurs.

Second.—*Dick* came laughing up to the *scratch*, as deep as a *blunt* lender, as keen as a *stock-broker*, and cunning as a fox, giving the *wink* to his friends it was all right, yet still he would not hit first. The *Gipsy* was again *gammoned* to make play, when his *domino box* got as much slashing from a *nice* one, as if seven had been the main. The rattling of the *ivories* was again repeated, and the *Gipsy* *floored*. Ten to two, and no takers.

Third.—This round took the conceit out of the *Gipsy*, who came furiously at *Curtis*, but the latter, with the utmost ease, stopped him, by giving *Cooper* the *pepper box* on his *sensitive plant*. *Dick* now commenced fighting, and put in four such complete *facers*, that made the *Gipsy* all *abroad*; and pro-

duced the *claret*, till he went down like a post.—10 to 1, and the multitude *chevying* from one end of the ring to the other, “What a prime little fellow Dick is!”

Fourth.—This was short and sweet to Curtis; he sent the Gipsy down to cool himself on the turf for half a minute. Any odds, but no takers.

Fifth.—It was clear to the judges that it must be soon over, and that the Gipsy would be *milled* off hand. Curtis again *drew* his *cork*, and the hero of the bush once more embraced his mother earth. It was all stuff to offer odds, for no person seemed inclined to take 100 to 1.

Sixth.—The *pepper box* and the *vinegar cruet* were again made use of by Dick, till the Gipsy had nearly let it escape out of his mouth: “*it was no go.*” Gipsy down.

Seventh and last.—The Gipsy napped a *rum* one on his *cannister*, and he went down, and immediately said “he would not fight any more, as he had not *room* enough for his strength.” Curtis gave a jump, and pocketed the purse, without scarcely receiving a hit, exclaiming, “Success to Epsom races!”

It is true it was a very bad ring, owing to the vast multitude that pressed in upon the boxers from all sides; but if the Gipsy had had the whole of Epsom Downs for a ring, he would never have been able to have defeated CURTIS. The latter is decidedly one of the best boxers of the day: no *commoners* must think of having a *turn* with him, and first-rate fighters must also make a pause before they enter the lists with DICK. CURTIS can *lick* sixteen such Gipsies in a day, and then take his *brilliant* and *heavy* after it, without anything the matter. Two Swells gave DICK a sovereign each for *winning*, which he generously made a present of to the Gipsy.

Peter Warren, (a novice in the Prize Ring,) but a first-rate victorious *miller* in the streets, and among hardy *commoners*, now offered himself to the notice of

CURTIS. A match was immediately made for thirty sovereigns a-side, and the battle took place on Tuesday, July 23, 1822, near Colnbrook, 16 miles from London.

The above match excited considerable interest among the *fancy*, particularly at the East end of the town, and Peter stood high in the estimation of the amateurs as a dangerous *novice*. In consequence of a *wrong scent*, upwards of six hundred amateurs were *thrown out*, who repaired to Moulsey, and saw nothing but the *Hurst* to compensate for their loss of time. At one o'clock, on Tuesday, attended by his seconds, *Tom Owen* and *Josh Hudson*, *Warren* threw his hat in the ring, and was followed soon after by CURTIS, waited upon by *Tom Belcher* and *Shelton*. Two to one upon setting-to.

Round First.—Warren put up his hands with considerable caution, and Dick opposed him as a boxer not to be treated with contempt. Warren hit short twice, when Curtis gave him a small *taste* on his nob, just by way of a prelude of what was to follow. Warren endeavoured to make play, without effect; and Dick, in return, drew the first *claret*. At the ropes a close took place, when Warren proved the strongest man, but Curtis got him down.—(Thunders of applause.)

Second.—Warren turned his head away from some hits; but Dick, on the look-out, took the lead and got him down.—10 to 4.

Third.—Warren made some severe counter-hits, and in a struggle he took Dick up in his arms, and lifted him off the ground at least three feet, but he appeared confused, did not know how to turn this event to advantage, and, at length, let Curtis fall.—(Disapprobation.)

Fourth.—Warren received *pepper*, but he countered his opponent with effect. He also dragged Curtis over the ring, till both went down. Warren undermost.

Fifth.—Curtis seemed rather weak, but his generalship was excellent, and he punished Warren till down.

Sixth.—This was a milling round, and it was evident Curtis was overmatched. He received a terrific counter-hit in his throat, and his eyes seemed to lose their wonted fire; but his tactics enabled him to get the best of this round.

Seventh.—Curtis, at the ropes, behaved so manly, that he was applauded from all parts of the ring.

Eighth.—Severe counter-hitting; Dick the best, but both down.

Ninth.—Pausing, and Dick on the look-out. He planted a terrific hit between Peter's ogles, that almost sent him to sleep, and he went down. *It's all up*, and any odds.

Tenth.—Warren was quite confused, hit to pieces, and fell down in a state of stupor, and when *time* was called, he heard not the sound, and victory was declared in favour of Curtis in twenty minutes.

Warren, although defeated, was a dangerous customer; and CURTIS never *punished* a man so little before, and, curious to remark, he never before received half so much *punishment*, and acknowledges himself to have been overmatched. Warren, when he came to, said, “I am not hurt!” CURTIS, to keep the *game* alive, addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

Sir,—As Mr. Thomas Cooper seems to think I am in want of a job, and that I don't feel disposed to be any longer idle, I readily admit his statement to be true, and therefore am ready to make a deposit at any house in London he may think proper to appoint; but should Mr. Cooper's friends turn out only *vain boasters*, or have inserted the challenge by way of a “bit of chaff,” I will accommodate either Teasdale, Belasco, or Warren, (Peter, a short time since, stated that he ought to have a second trial,) from £25 to £100 a-side. Surely, amongst this assortment, I may anticipate some employment.

With great respect, Sir, I remain your humble servant,
17th Jan. 1823. R. CURTIS.

To Mr. R. Curtis.

Sir,—Observing, in last Sunday's *Dispatch*, that you do me the honour of including my name in the number of those pu-

gilists to whom you have *thrown down the glove*, I beg to express my regret that I cannot immediately accept your offer, being under an engagement to fight Birmingham Arthur, and about to go down into the country for a few days, for that purpose. But I mean to say that, whether I win or lose with Arthur, I shall be ready, on my return to London, if I find you without a *customer*, to fight you for fifty a-side, as I really think it a pity that a man should be *idle* who wishes to *go to work*. Trusting you will take this as it is meant, for a *bit of* good truth, I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,
 21st Jan. 1823. ISRAEL BELASCO.

The 'Pet' of the Fancy, (*little but good, and nothing else but blood and bone throughout his composition*,) DICK CURTIS, took his benefit at the Fives' Court, on Thursday, March 27, 1823. It was DICK's first appeal to the Amateurs at this place, and he had no reason to complain; in short, he had a *good Court*. The sets-to in general excited interest and produced applause. *Holt* and *Ned Turner* did their best to amuse the Amateurs; as did *Deaf Davis* and *Ayres*. *Carter* and *Sampson* put on the gloves, but the former boxer is all to pieces; the word "tremendous" does not now attach to his character. Instead of blows, it was more like *pawing*; indeed, his hitting appears to have left him altogether. Such must ever be the result to boxers who will not pay *proper attention* to themselves.

The appearance of *Spring* and *Eales* claimed universal attention; it cannot be otherwise, when men of *milling* talents are opposed to each other. The wind-up of the day was between CURTIS and *Teasdale*, two of the best little men on the list. 'Master Richard,' if we may judge from the manner in which his opponent dealt with him, has been living rather too

high; *Teasdale* nobbed *CURTIS* one, two, and three, in succession, on commencing the set-to; in fact, we never saw *DICK* so roughly handled before. *Teasdale* drove *DICK* all over the stage, and had the 'best of it.' However, *CURTIS*, before the combat was at an end, retrieved in some trifling degree his importance as a boxer, on showing two or three decisive points towards victory. It was evident *CURTIS* required to go into rigid training, in order to meet his opponent, *Peter Warren*, on the 16th of April, on anything like equal terms. He was told not to treat his opponent too *cheap*; and to recollect it was not *over* yet! Confidence is a very necessary ingredient for a boxer to possess; but *blind* confidence has too often proved the overthrow of several distinguished pugilists. One instance will suffice—*Broughton* against *Slack*. *Israel Belasco* ascended the stage, and offered to fight any man of his weight in England for £50 a-side. *Ward* also appeared, and offered the same terms. 'The *John Bull* fighter, almost out of breath, and eager for more glory, said he would put down £10 instantly. (*Great applause*, and "what a brave fellow this *Josh*. is!" resounded throughout the Court.) He meant nothing else but fighting, and if *Ward* could not raise £50, he had no objection to make it for £25. *Ward*, in reply, observed, he would fight *Josh*, but it should be *after* his battle with *Shelton*. "Well, then, let it be so, if you like it," said *Josh*, "and I'll put down £10 to-night." *Cabbage* and the *Gipsy* both *showed*. The face of the *Gipsy* did not appear the worse for fighting; but he complained of the back part of his head, which he said was all over bruises, and he likewise in-

formed the Amateurs that *Cabbage* was the hardest hitter he had fought; *Cabbage's* head was tied up with a handkerchief, and he appeared very much dejected. His hands were in a bad state. They shook hands together, like brave men. In a conversation with *Jack Randall*—"It was my intention," said *Cooper*, "to have challenged *Cy. Davis*, but I have just been informed that he is likely to lose his fore finger on his right hand." *CURTIS* returned thanks for the kindness he had received from the Amateurs, when the Court was soon cleared, and *Tom Cribb's* parlour became the feature of attraction for the remainder of the evening, to *chaff* over the ensuing battles. To keep the *game* alive, *Ben. Burn* and *Josh. Hudson* agreed, for a small wager, to set-to together for 20 minutes with the *gloves*: to be decided by *Tom Cribb*, who might have the *best of it*.

CURTIS, owing to some neglect on the part of his backer, forfeited a deposit of £5 to *Warren*. The latter being always anxious to obtain a second trial with *CURTIS*, a new match was accordingly made, for 25 sovereigns a-side. The battle took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Wednesday, April 16th, 1823.

"*BOOKING*, next to a *certainty*," was the general opinion of the Ring-goers, that *CURTIS* must win the battle; and the odds at all the Sporting Houses, on the preceding evening, were £70 to £40; and for small sums two to one against *Warren*, so great a favourite was *DICK* with the betting men.

Peter had been defeated by *CURTIS* in twenty minutes, on Tuesday, July 23d, 1822, in ten rounds; but having proved himself rather a troublesome cus-

tomer to Dick, the friends of *Warren* were determined to give him another chance, more especially as *Peter* was not half *satisfied* on the subject, and attributed his failure to an accident. Wednesday, the *Fancy* were in motion at an early hour; and delightful Moulsey Hurst had to boast of a numerous assemblage of Amateurs long before the office was given for *peeling*.

At one o'clock, CURTIS, in a white topper, and arm-in-arm with the President of the *Daffy Club*, followed by his seconds, *Richmond* and *Josh. Hudson*, threw his *beaver* into the ring. CURTIS appeared very careful to avoid the wind blowing his *topper* out of the ropes. *Warren* soon afterwards appeared, waited upon by *Ward* and *Rogers*, and repeated the above token of defiance. *Warren*, on entering the ropes, went up to CURTIS, and shook hands with him. The President of the D. C. tied up the colours, yellow for CURTIS, to the stakes; and *Ward*, on the part of *Warren*, placed the orange and pink spot against them.

Round First.—Curtis looked well to outward appearance, but he had not been in a good state of health for the last three or four days, and complained to his backers of indigestion. *Warren* was well and confident, and appeared a better man than when he entered the ring with Dick last summer. *Ward* had been looking after *Warren* during his *training* at the Black Boy, in the Green Lanes; and it was asserted, *Peter* had derived considerable improvement from the lessons he had received from that scientific boxer. The latter had made up his mind not to commence operations; and Dick, after a little dodging, put in two slight hits on *Warren's* nob. *Warren* missed his opponent, both trying to obtain an opening, when *Warren*, as if tired, put down his hands. The pause here was so long and tiresome, that *Josh.* intimated to *Randall*, it appeared to him he could play a game of *put* before he should be wanted. The left-hand of Dick alighted on *Warren's*

mouth. Curtis got away from a blow. Warren again put down his arms—(Bravo, Peter! take your time,)—and wiped his mouth. “First blood!” exclaimed Hudson. “Don’t be gammoned,” said Richmond, “wait for him.” Here Warren got away in turn: a long pause, both looking at each other, neither of them willing to commence offensive operations. Warren, in endeavouring to get close to his opponent, to make a hit, trod on Curtis’s toes; when Peter, in a most polite manner, said, “Dick, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to do it.” “Don’t say there’s no polite people among fighting men,” Hudson observed. “*Book that, Pierce Egan.*” said Randal. Curtis hit Warren’s shoulder; in closing, both down, but Peter undermost. The latter extricated himself from his situation, rather in a singular manner, by rolling over Curtis, and sitting on his body. “Hallo! Peter, mind what you are arter, don’t act foul,” from the spectators. Seven minutes had elapsed.

Second.—This round commenced with severe counter-hits, and Dick got away in style. Curtis put in a severe blow on Warren’s chin, and no return. Some sharp counter-hitting, when Warren went down from a severe well-measured blow. **Great shouting for Curtis.**

Third.—Peter had done some execution in the last round, and the left eye of Curtis was bleeding, and nearly closed. Dick got away well, and also put in two facers; Warren missed Curtis. Dick planted a severe hit on his adversary’s throat; but the counter-hits of Warren again told, and Dick’s right eye was also damaged a little. Warren hit Curtis in the face, and got away laughing—more counter-hits, and to the advantage of Warren. The latter felt tired, and again put down his hands. Dick received a *nobber*; in fact, he was *winking* and blinking, unwell, had the worst of it, and not like the once gay little *pet*, that *mowed* down all his opponents. In a struggle, both down.

Fourth.—Great fears were now entertained for Dick; and, in this round, Jack was as good as his Master, till both went down. “Peter! you can’t lose it—you have got him now, and the fight is your own.”

Fifth.—Counter-hits again, and Dick none of the best of them. In a struggle, Curtis threw Warren.—(Loud shouting for Curtis.)

Sixth.—Warren’s nose received a sort of slitting hit in the

last round, and the *Claret* was strong upon it. Warren got away, and, after a long pause, he put down his hands again. So did Dick; and both looking at each other—"I'll take no advantage of you," said Warren. "Never mind!" replied Dick, "I shall catch you presently." Two severe counter-hits, and both of their *nobs*, like two flints, almost struck fire. Warren made two good stops, when he rushed in to mill Dick, and both went down; Warren fell over his opponent. Three to two had been taken in the preceding round, and now even betting; several having Peter for choice. The backers of Curtis were rather on the *fret*, indeed the prospect before them was more like *losing* than any thing else.

Seventh.—Dick exhibited the most punishment; that is to say, the face of Curtis had *napped* lots of *pepper*, but it was not so visible in Peter's *mug*, although he had been repeatedly *nobbed*. Both down.

Eighth.—Up to this period Warren had decidedly the best of the battle; but he did not make the most of it. Peter would never go to work till Dick had made play. More counter-hits; in going down, Curtis fell on his opponent.

Ninth.—Dick now appeared better than when he first went into the ring; the winking and blinking had left him, and his *peepers* were both open. Curtis gave Warren a rum one in the middle of his head; Dick repeated the dose. Counter-hitting; in closing at the ropes some sharp work occurred—till both went down—"Well done, Peter," from the White-chapelers, "Dick will be licked to-day!" "He has not done it yet," replied the Bermondsey lads, "and we will give Peter a week to do it in."

Tenth.—This was a severe round: *pepper* versus *pepper*; but Dick's blows were directed with more talent; however, Warren's counter-hitting was excellent, and generally told. Both down.—"Dick will win it now!" was the cry.

Eleventh. Curtis in this round seemed a little like himself; he planted one or two severe *jobbers* on the head, with great skill. The *nob* of Warren also began to shew Dick a specimen of his *handy-work*; and at the ropes Curtis nobbed him and had the best of it till both down. Great applause; and "It is as safe as the Bank," said Josh. The betting also began to get up on Dick.

Twelfth, and last. Warren appeared at the scratch an

altered man; in fact, he had received considerable *punishment* on his *mug* in the last round, and the *pi-per* was at work. More counter-hits; but Curtis planted a severe *facer* without any return. Warren, a little wild, *bored* in upon Dick, and drove him to the corner of the ring. Here Curtis was balancing on the bottom rope, and could not get down; his head touching the ground on one side, and his feet on the other, Warren holding him up with his left-hand, and with his right kept pummelling Dick on his back. It was ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto, to the end of the chapter; and Dick was in great danger of having the fight taken out of him. He was completely at the mercy of his opponent. The sensation was so great, that the crowd rushed in, and the whips of the ring-keepers were exerted to keep the spectators away from the men. At length Curtis got disentangled from the ropes, and was placed on the knee of his second; and in this defenceless situation Warren, on missing Curtis from the ropes, jumped up and struck him on the side of his head. "Foul, foul!" and in a moment of irritation Richmond hit Warren "for acting improperly," he said, "towards his man." Warren went down from the blow, and laid on the ground for some time in an exhausted state. The confusion that ensued beggars description—"foul" and "fair" being vociferated by each party, according as it suited their betting. The roped ring was immediately filled; and the situation of Richmond far from an enviable one. The bottle-holder of Warren threatened to crack the *nob* of the man of colour with his bottle; and another person with his umbrella also promised "*Lilly White*" his *quietus*. The book of *hard names* was opened, and a variety of *new readings* was given, more *emphatic* than *elegant*, between the *Gents* of Whitechapel, and the *Blades* from Bermondsey. The former insisting it was "very cruel, unmanly, and disgraceful, to an experienced boxer like Richmond, as he might have killed Warren;" while, on the contrary, the *Bermondseys* asserted, "Richmond was justified in what he had done: that Warren was an unfair fighter; and nothing else but a *cur* would have attempted to have hit a man, when he was sitting upon the knee of his second. It was not a *blow*; Richmond had merely pushed him down." This difference of opinion between the parties, in all probability saved Richmond from any serious attack being made upon his person, unless a general fight had been the result. The John Bull fighter, like a rock, (as full of courage as a lion, despising the threats of knives or bottles being used as weapons of

attack,) stood unmoved amidst this conflict of parties: determined, if necessary, to lend his aid to Richmond, in case any thing like *mischief* was meant to *Blacky*. When the row had subsided a little, the Umpires differing in opinion on the subject, referred the case to the Referee, who decided that Warren had lost the battle, in consequence of his hitting Curtis while sitting on his second's knee, and that Warren had lost the fight before he had received the blow from Richmond. The partisans of Warren, on the other hand, insisted that the seconds of Curtis acted foul by taking him off the ropes; and they had no right to pick him up until he had absolutely fallen on the ground. This decision produced a *sweet* wrangle—a *chaffing* row—lots of abuse—and a slap at character. The battle was thus prematurely at an end in thirty-seven minutes.

On the above fight, two to one was downright *madness*; seven to four perfectly *ridiculous*; six to four out of all *calculation*; five to four *dangerous* enough; and it was evident that if a third fight should take place, in all probability it would be *even* betting; and *Peter* taken for *choice*. Against any other boxer of his weight, *Warren* must prove a formidable and dangerous opponent; but with *CURTIS* he will always have his *work* to do. *DICK* put in, by far, more *blows* without receiving any return than his adversary; yet we must admit that *Warren* had decidedly the best of the *counter*-hitting, from his length, if not his weight.

The Stake-holder gave up to each party the money, in opposition to the opinion of the *Referee*, who decided that *CURTIS* had won the battle with *Warren*; and although *DICK* had received a written document from one of the Umpires, declaring that he had won the fight. In so doing, the *Stake-holder* assumed a power he did not possess, as he ought to have been governed by the opinion

of the Referee. CURTIS insists that he has thus been unfairly deprived of his "*RIGHT to the Stakes*," according to the established usage of Sporting, by the conduct of the Stake-holder, after the *Referee* had decided in his favour. In our humble opinion, we are quite sure, that, after the above decision of the REFEREE, (whether right or wrong in his judgment,) the battle-money ought to have been given up to the backer of CURTIS. Nothing can remove the *decision* of the REFEREE. But the importance of Umpires and a Referee has been decidedly fixed, by Mr. Jackson, and it is so much in point in the present question, that we refer our readers to page 81, second volume of this Work

Warren's friends were *zealous* in his cause. On this dispute the following letter appeared in the Weekly Dispatch :

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—As yet I have no reason to doubt the justice of the maxim adopted by you in your paper of Sunday last, namely, "*Open to all parties, and influenced by none*;" but, on the contrary, I am encouraged to request the insertion of the following loose remarks relative to the battle between Warren and Curtis. Regarding, as I do, Pugilism as a national sport, and also as a science noble in itself, and founded upon the most wise and heroic principles, I cannot but feel the most sincere regret at the continued disputes and bickerings which follow each battle that takes place, under the auspices of that part of the world called "*The Fancy*." This is an effect produced by a departure from the fundamental principles laid down by those men who in other times, and in other nations, would, by their prowess, have entitled themselves to a triumph far greater than an ovation! To remedy this evil may be an arduous task, but it is a task that well becomes the admirers of manly intrepidity. I shall content myself by referring to the circumstances of the fight above named. The battle-

money having been given up by the Stake-holder has, of course, produced much disappointment, as well as much dissatisfaction; all of which might have been prevented, had the ring been properly kept, which will never be the case, unless the ring-keepers publicly express their determination to exclude all persons from its precincts, except the principals and their seconds; no subterfuge should be allowed, no pretence of minding bottles, coats, hats, or any other consideration, should induce the persons before named to wink at the most trifling intrusion. Had the ring been kept, as has been recommended, the amateurs might have been enabled to form some opinion for themselves; but the ring being half occupied with intruders, the confusion which followed is by no means wonderful, though it must be particularly regretted; as I am persuaded that the Umpires themselves, together with the Referee, were in total ignorance of what had taken place, until it was communicated to them by others; upon which communication neither the Umpires nor Referee had a right to decide, without a regular meeting, and an examination; when it would have been proved that Curtis was improperly extricated from the ropes, and that Warren was entitled to the stakes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. H. W.

CURTIS and *Warren* were both dissatisfied with the drawing of the Stakes; and nothing else but a *third* fight can put the matter to rights between them.

BILL ABBOT.

ABBOT, since the publication of the last volume of this work, in consequence of his victories over the once celebrated *Tom Oliver*, and *Sampson*, the *Birmingham Youth*, has obtained for himself rather a high situation in the Fancy. Against rough and hardy commoners, ABBOT previously was viewed as a hero; but when placed in opposition to pugilists of science, the odds were 6 and 7 to 4 against him.

In consequence of a row between ABBOT and

Oliver, the following Match, for Ten Guineas a-side, was hastily made, and a trifling deposit put down ; but so *contemptible*, by comparison, did *ABBOT* appear in the eyes of the Amateurs, with *Oliver*, that an opinion was entertained, generally, that the former Boxer would forfeit. The battle took place on Tuesday, November 6, 1821 ; and, notwithstanding the above match was made in a private manner, the road at an early hour exhibited a variety of *toddlers* eager to arrive at the destined spot ; and the *swells* were far more numerous than might have been reasonably expected on such an occasion. At one o'clock, *Oliver*, attended by *Ben Burns* and *Bill Gibbons*, threw up his hat in the ring ; and shortly afterwards *ABBOT*, followed by the *Sprig of Myrtle* and his father, repeated the token of defiance, and *Scroggins* and *Tom Jones* were his seconds. The name of *Oliver*, and the recollection of what he had done, placed him so high in the estimation of the Amateurs, that five to one was offered ; but scarcely a *taker* was to be found. The President of the *Daffy Club* was one of the time-keepers. The colours were blue ; and *ABBOT* tied his own emblem to the stakes.

Round first.—On shaking hands, it was expected that *Oliver* would immediately go to *work*, and spoil the *sensitive plant* of his opponent ; but, instead of that, *Oliver* thought he had a mere play-thing in opposition to him, and did nothing. Some attempts at hitting were made on both sides, but without effect, when *Abbot* ran in, and *Oliver* held him in his arms and got him down. *Shouting for joy, and Oliver for any odds.*

Second.—*Abbot* trembled very much on placing himself in attitude at the scratch. *Oliver* planted a slight nobber, and got away. A pause. *Abbot* received another small *taste*, when he rushed in and pulled *Tom* down. *Shouting and laughing ; and “it can’t last long.”*

Third.—Abbot still trembling, yet he endeavoured to plant his right-hand on Oliver's nob, but the latter got away. Oliver hit short. In closing, Abbot hung on the ropes, but Oliver seemed wanting in strength to do any execution; and Abbot at length broke away, and showed fight, till they both went down. Oliver uppermost. Six to one, *but no takers*: "*Oliver can't lose it,*" was the general expression round the ring.

Fourth.—Whether it might be owing to the recollection of what Oliver had once been in the Prize Ring, Abbot alone can give an answer; but his trembling was so conspicuous, as to excite the astonishment of the amateurs. Abbot, however, made a heavy right-handed hit on his opponent's mouth, which produced the *claret*: some slight exchanges occurred, and, in a struggle for the throw, Oliver fell on Abbot in rather an awkward manner; but not wishing that his opponent should entertain an unmanly opinion of him, Oliver said, "I beg your pardon; I could not help it." "Book that," said one of the time-keepers to the writer of this article; "*as it serves to show the Fancy it is a gentlemanly fight.*"

Fifth.—Oliver got away from a hit. A pause. "Go to work," said Paddington Jones, "what are ye both about?" Abbot planted a *bodier*, and not a light one. Oliver gave a facer, and followed his opponent to the ropes, where they endeavoured to hold each other's hands, to prevent fibbing, when Abbot got down. Oliver seemed to smile with contempt on looking at his adversary, as much as to say, there was a time that such an opponent could not have stood before him for five minutes.

Sixth.—A scuffle, and both down.—While Oliver was sitting on the knee of his second, the *Gas*, with a grin upon his mug, sarcastically observed, "*Why this is a LARK, an't it, Tom? Surely you don't call this fighting.*"

Seventh.—Oliver got away; when Abbot, in following him, hit short, and napped a *mugger* in return. They followed each other to the ropes, when the wretched *condition* of Oliver ought to have been evident to all the ring; for, instead of *fibbing* Abbot, he literally pushed him away, gasping for wind: but *Tom* was so much the favourite of the amateurs, that they were completely blind to his defects. Abbot went down; and the shouting was loud in Oliver's behalf.

Eighth.—Some little *mil'ing* took place, and Abbot was sent out of the ring, and Oliver fell down from weakness. The *Sprig of Myrtle* stepped up to Abbot and told him, "It was all right." "We are sure to win it," answered Scroggins. "No gammon, Scroggy," said an amateur.

Ninth.—Oliver appeared to view Abbot in the light of a mere play-thing; but still his blows did not do any mischief. Abbot threw Oliver, and fell heavily upon him.

Tenth.—Oliver threw his opponent right away from him. Thunders of applause. In fact, at every movement that Oliver made, either good or bad, he was cheered by the surrounding spectators.

Eleventh.—This round was decidedly in favour of Oliver. Abbot turned completely round from a hit, when Oliver took advantage of this circumstance, planted a *nobber*, and sent Abbot down. The costermongers were now *cheering to the echo*, and Ned Turner offered £10 to £1, but no person would have it.

Twelfth.—This was also a *tidy* round; Oliver best, but both down.

Thirteenth.—If Oliver had gone up to the *nob* of Abbot, he might have spoiled his *mitre*; but he was more intent on getting away from the blows of his opponent than *punishing* him. Abbot went down from a hit. *Loud shouting*. The time-keeper stated twenty-two minutes had elapsed, which *floored* the bets on time, that Oliver won it in twenty minutes.

Fourteenth.—Abbot went in sharply to work, and made a severe body hit. A pause. Oliver planted a *header*, smiling: but he put down his hands as if tired. The right-hand of Abbot, which went home on Oliver's mouth, sent him staggering, and the *cluret* flowed profusely. At the ropes a sharp struggle took place; when Oliver threw his opponent. "Well done, Tom—go to work and finish it." Oliver for any odds.

Fifteenth.—The right ear of Abbot appeared slightly tinged with blood; but in other respects the blows of Oliver had scarcely left a mark. Abbot was sent out of the ring. *Shouting*.

Sixteenth.—Oliver had the best of this round; and Abbot was again under the ropes.

Seventeenth.—Oliver, instead of going to work, sparred away his time; but, in exchange of blows, Abbot went down, and Oliver fell on him. “Go along, Tommy, it will soon be over!”

Eighteenth.—The face of Oliver was the most punished, but he had the best of this round; and, in following his opponent, he caught him at the ropes, when Abbot would have gone down, but Oliver held him up with one hand, and fibbed him with the other, till he was exhausted, when Tom dropped him. A roar of artillery, and Oliver for any odds.

Nineteenth.—On coming to the *scratch*, the face of Abbot did not betray any severe *punishment*, which might have been expected, and was a sufficient proof, as the flash term is, that Oliver could scarcely hit a hole in a pound of butter. Abbot tried to obtain a turn in his favour, and went boldly up to Oliver, but more passionately than collected; he, however, put in some severe hits, which did Oliver no good. The latter, in return, hit Abbot down. Great applause for Oliver.

Twentieth.—If it had been any other boxer than Oliver, that is to say, not so old a favourite as Tom, the exertions of Abbot would not have been treated so slightly. He is a strong young man, not a *novice* in the Prize Ring, with a fist as hard as iron; and whenever he planted his right-handed hit, Oliver felt it, and, more than once, severely; yet the feelings of the Amateurs were, that Tom must win. After some exchanges, Abbot rushed in; Oliver stopped his opponent skilfully, and endeavoured to *fib* him as he went down at the ropes. Lots of applause for Oliver.

Twenty-first.—In point of *punishment*, it was the worst round in the fight for Abbot; the latter went in right and left, but Oliver stopped his efforts, also milled Abbot, and in struggling, threw him down so violently on his back, that the *claret* gushed out of his nose. “It’s all your own now, Tom, to a certainty.”

Twenty-second.—Abbot made a hit, which Oliver stopped. The pause was now so long, that Tom Jones roared out, “If you mean to fight, do; or else I shall leave the ring.” A scuffle, and both down.

Twenty-third.—Abbot planted a heavy right-handed hit on Oliver’s ribs, and was going to work in a sharp manner,

when he received so sharp a stopper on the throat, that he went down in a *twinkling*. This was the first, and a clean knock-down blow. Oliver's friends were quite elated, and the cheers were very loud.

Twenty-fourth.—Abbot showed that he was not destitute of science, and made some good *stops*. He also gave Oliver a facer, but he ultimately went down. *Disapprobation*; indeed Abbot did not appear to have many good wishers, except the *Sprig of Myrtle*, who often came to the ropes to cheer him up, as did also the *Sprig's* father.

Twenty-fifth.—Oliver napped a facer, and likewise appeared to get weak; but his friends were so sanguine, that they would not have it for a moment that anything was the matter with him. Abbot fought well this round; but, on going down, Oliver fell severely on him.

Twenty-sixth.—On setting-to, Randall exclaimed, "Tom Oliver, my dear fellow, do not lose your fame; never be licked by such a man as Abbot. Only go to work, and you must win it easy." Abbot seemed (if a man's thoughts can be judged) as if a doubt existed on his mind about winning it, and retreated from Oliver. The latter held him up at the ropes, and kept *fibbing* him till he was quite exhausted, and dropped him as before. No favourite actor in a theatre ever received more applause than Oliver did.

Twenty-seventh.—Abbot, on putting up his hand, laughed, and planted a body hit. A long pause, and both the men looking at each other; this was one of Oliver's great faults; instead of commencing fighting, Oliver was getting away from hits. Oliver went down from a slight hit, owing to the slippery state of the ring.

Twenty-eighth.—Abbot rushed in to *mill* Oliver; but he got the worst of it, and *napped* a severe nobber, that sent him down. (*Tremendous shouting.*) Abbot, on being placed on his second's knee, dropped his head, and it was thought all was over with him. No one would accept a *Sovereign* to a *Bob*, so safe was it thought to Oliver.

Twenty-ninth. Abbot wanted to make this round as short as he could by going down; but Oliver caught him at the ropes, and administered some little *punishment*. "Bravo, Tom, you behave handsome." Ben Burn offered Twenty Guineas to Five, but of no avail.

Thirtieth.—This was a fine fighting round; some severe

exchanges took place, and Abbot, at the close of the round, planted a tremendous right-handed hit on Oliver's ear, that he went down like a shot. It was the spot where Painter, Neat, and the *Gas* had done so much execution. Oliver was now stupid; he was all abroad; and lifted from the ground like a sack of sand. Randall, Sampson, Josh. Hudson, &c. with all their vociferation, could scarcely restore him to his senses, to be in readiness to the call of "time." It is impossible to describe the state and agitation of the ring; not on account of their losses—for there were scarcely any takers, but the sorrow felt at witnessing this lamentable *tie-up* of a brave man. 5 to 1 against Oliver.

Thirty-first.—Oliver was brought to the scratch, but no sailor, three sheets in the wind, was half so *groggy*; and Abbot went up to him like a bull dog, *milled* him in all directions, and *floored* him like a baby. Hogarth's pictures were fools to the mugs of the Amateurs—the brave Oliver to be sent out of the ring by a wooden man, as Abbot had been previously termed.

Thirty-second.—The old fanciers were all hurt in their minds at this reverse of fortune, and not a Westminster boy, or a costermonger, but almost felt for their *wipes* to dry up their moistened *ogles*: "but who can rule the uncertain chance of war?" Oliver put up his arms to avoid the punishment, and went down like a log of wood. A guinea to a *mag*—but it was of no use. Oliver was in *Chancery*, and completely at the mercy of his opponent, and was sent down as easy as a *fly*.

Thirty-third and last.—Oliver was brought up, but it was the Mint to a rushlight. Abbot went in, and gave Oliver the *coup de grace*, and he measured his length insensible to the call of time. It occupied 53 minutes and 38 seconds.

Not a man on the Hurst but much lamented this sort of *finish* of *Tom Oliver*, who once aspired to the Championship. He must not fight any more; he is as slow as a top, and Nature deserts him. He is still brave in idea, but he does not possess strength or wind to second his wishes. *Oliver* treated *ABBOT* too cheaply; in fact, he gave the battle away, from this

circumstance. The *smashing* of *Oliver* was all out of the question, or, to use the emphatic words of a higher authority, it was no more like that *Oliver* who fought with Painter at Shepperton, the *Gas*, and *Spring*, than "I am to Hercules." It is true that the partiality of the ring towards an old favourite (*Oliver*) made them anxious that he should not lose his once high fame, and be licked by an *outside* boxer ; and every movement that he made, however bad, was construed in his favour. *Oliver* ought to have won it ; and if he had gone in and fought first, he could not have lost it. ABBOT gave his head ; and several opportunities occurred to have decided it in his favour ; but *Tom* played with the *chance*, he laughed at his opponent, and held him too *cheap*. For the first four rounds, ABBOT trembled, and the name of *Oliver* seemed a terror to him. He, however, put in some hard hits ; and had none of the worst of fighting. *Oliver* was punished about the *nob*, and the *claret* once or twice ran down profusely ; while, on the contrary, the blows of *Oliver*, although planted on the face of ABBOT, did not appear to make any impression ; still the Amateurs were all in favour of *Oliver*, as an old one, and thought he could not lose it. ABBOT went down several times, and the word "*cur*" escaped from the lips of several of the spectators. This epithet was more from ill-nature, we think, than the fact. ABBOT, however, was frightened at first, or else he could have won it in a short time, from the *bad condition* of *Oliver*. ABBOT will not prove an easy customer, and when he left off, he possessed strength enough to beat a good one. *Oliver* was terribly beaten ; he was some time

before he recovered himself, and was able to leave the ring. It might be said that ABBOT won it without a scratch on his face. He shook hands with *Oliver*.

Sampson immediately threw up his hat in the ring, and offered to fight ABBOT for £25, £50, or £100. Hats-full of money might have been won, but all the ring were for *Oliver*.

A winning man does not want friends, and ABBOT was immediately matched with *Sampson* for £50 a-side, on Tuesday, December 18th, 1821. Moulsey Hurst was again the scene of attraction, ^{on} the day being extremely fine, a strong muster of the *Fancy* assembled on the above spot; and when the *office* was given to cross the water, the pressure of the crowd was so great, and the lads so eager to get upon the Hurst, that some of the boats were nearly upset, so many persons rushed into them, in spite of all the entreaties of the watermen. The large flat-bottom ferry-boat, which conveys the horses and carriages across the water, and capable of holding between four or five hundred persons, was so overladen with passengers, that it was 10 to 1 this motley group hastily embraced Old Father Thames: indeed, it was only prevented by the great exertions and skill of the waterman. The wind was so high, as to drive this prime cargo of the *fancy* a considerable way down the river, before they had any chance of landing, and then it was only accomplished by the principal part of the amateurs wading up to their knees in water, before they could sport a toe on the Hurst. On the return of this boat to the shore, at Hampton, the rush of persons to obtain a place in it was equally as violent,

although the danger and folly of such conduct had been so recently witnessed. A first-rate swell, who was extremely eager to get on board, lost his foot, and went *head over tip* into the water, to the no small chevies and laughter of the crowd; when, on his struggling to regain the shore instead of the ferry-boat, an old knowing file, (a costermonger, and a bit of a punster,) with a grin on his mug, observed to him, "I say, governor, I'll bet my neddy to a *drap* of *comfort*, no man at the fight has so soon changed his *opinion* as you have—¹⁰ *it* do you say?" "Why, my dear fellow," rep. ¹¹ the swell, with a sort of ghastly smile, "what you state is a bit of good truth; but I should relish your joke much better if it had some *fire* about it: although I must confess it is not ready *cut* and *dried*; however, let me have the drop of *comfort* you spoke of." "With cheerfulness, my trump," answered the neddy cove, "only show the tip, and I'll answer that you are *grate*-fully received." "Then push forward," said the swell, "and I'll follow thee, as I now perceive there is some *warmth* in your argument."

Several kids also got a *ducking*; but it did not cool their ardour, and the ring was obtained in spite of wind or weather. The Birmingham Youth was the favourite, 6 and 7 to 4, an idea being entertained that his good fighting would bring him through the piece; more especially as a report had gone forth that ABBOT had *trained* under the auspices of *Mr. Lushington*. At a quarter past one ABBOT appeared on the ground, with a blue bird's-eye round his squeeze, and threw his hat into the ring; and his countenance indicated the most perfect confidence: he was attended by

Spring and *Shelton*. The *Birmingham Youth*, followed by *Randall* and *Tom Jones*, also *skied* his *castor* with a confident air, with *Randall's* colours, green, round his neck.

Round First.—On stripping, the appearance of Abbot altogether reminded the spectators of Tom Cribb in his early fighting day; and it was evident a little *punishment* would not reduce his manhood. The *Birmingham Youth* was in excellent condition; indeed, he asserted he was never so well in his life before. On placing themselves in attitudes, a short pause occurred; but they both rushed into a close, and from the eagerness displayed to *mill* each other, no mischief took place, and they were both down.

Second.—Abbot held up his arms high, in order to protect his *nob* from the handy-work of his opponent; and his manœuvre had the desired effect, as the *Birmingham Youth* did not show off in his usual style. This round was similar to the first, nothing material; but Sampson went down from a slight hit. A *chevy* from the *coster mongers*, and “Go along, Bill.”

Third.—Sampson on the look-out to plant some *nobbers*, but the firm guard of Abbot was not to be broken; the latter put in a left-handed hit on the throat of Sampson, that sent him staggering; he, however, returned to the charge, when a long pause ensued; Abbot rushed and administered some *pepper*; Sampson exchanged a hit or two, but went down; and Abbot also fell from a slip. The odds had now changed to 7 to 4 on Abbot.

Fourth.—This was a short round; after a struggle at the ropes, Abbot got his man down, and, in falling, his knees came heavily on the Youth's body. The Westminster boys, again *chevying*, offered 2 to 1.

Fifth.—Abbot commenced fighting, and planted one or two heavy hits; the *Birmingham* showed fight, but he went down from a blow in the middle of his head. Loud shouting, and, in the ecstasy of the moment, the *cabbage-plant* heroes offered 5 to 1, chaffing, ‘it was as right as the day,’ and the *Birmingham* ware must soon be disposed of.

Sixth.—Abbot went to work without delay, and the result was, that Sampson received a hit on his face, and he drop-

ped down on his knees. "It's all up, he's going;" and 2 to 1 current betting.

Seventh to Twentieth.—To detail these rounds would be uninteresting to the Amateur; it is true, that the Birmingham commenced several rounds well, and had the best of them, but Abbot always finished them decidedly in his favour.

Twenty-first to Thirtieth.—In the 27th round, it was so much in favour of Abbot, that a distinguished sporting man, from Newmarket, offered a guinea to a bottle of beer, and no taker appeared.

Thirty-first to Thirty-third.—Sampson did all that he could to reduce the strength of his opponent, but in vain; he now and then put in a good *nobber*, but in general he *knapped* for it in return.

Thirty-fourth.—Sampson was getting very much distressed; but he came up to the scratch like a man, and endeavoured to take the lead. Several of his friends, near the ring, told him "to hit and get away." Sampson was not unmindful of their advice: and he evinced a scientific knowledge of the art: but it was a matter of considerable surprise to the judges of *milling*, that he did not administer *pepper* to the body of his opponent, which was left quite unprotected, as the principal aim of Abbot appeared to be in holding up his guard very high, to keep his *knowledge-box* safe; the *nob*, in general, of all his adversaries, being the object of his attack. After some exchanges, the Birmingham Youth received a blow near the temple, which produced the *claret* profusely, and he fell down on his knees. Spring offered 10 guineas to 2 on Abbot.

Thirty-fifth.—The countenance of Sampson appeared dejected; but he, nevertheless, exerted himself to produce a change in his favour, although without effect. He was *floored* by a severe right-handed hit. Loud cheering by the *kids* from the neighbourhood of the *Abbey*, in favour of Abbot, and a *swell coachman* offered a *quid* to a *tilbury* upon the event.

Thirty-sixth.—It was evident to every unbiassed spectator, that Sampson could not win: and, although some of his shifts were well planned, they did not in the least retard the strength of Abbot. The Birmingham Youth was on the totter when he came to the scratch: yet Abbot did not com-

mence fighting, when Shelton said, "What are you shilly-shallying about? go right up to his head and win it." Abbot followed his instructions without delay; and the result was, Sampson was floored. "I told you so," cried Shelton; "another or two and the *blunt* will be in your pocket."

Thirty-seventh.—Sampson went down from a heavy blow on the side of his head. "He can't come again."

Thirty-eighth.—The Birmingham Youth smiled on meeting his adversary—put in one or two nobbers—and made a struggle at the ropes to have the best of it. Sampson was again hit down. "It's all over:" and any odds.

Thirty-ninth.—Yet, singular to remark, Sampson, like a last and desperate effort, made play, had the best of the round, and sent Abbot down. Thunders of applause, and "well done, Sampson."

Fortieth.—The punishment Sampson now received was sharp and terribly severe. Abbot determined to put an end to the battle, showed fight the instant Sampson appeared at the scratch; and, with a right-handed blow in the middle of the *nob*, floored him. 100 to 5.

Forty-first.—The Birmingham Youth scarcely put up his hands, when a severe blow repeated on the same place floored him in a twinkling.

Forty-second.—Abbot now proved himself a *downy cove*, and *grassed* poor Sampson like a fly.

Forty-third.—One must lose; and a tremendous hit in the middle of Sampson's *pimple* took all the fight out of him, and he measured his length on the ground. For a short period after time was called, Sampson remained in a state of stupor; he, however, recovered, and, with the assistance of Randall, walked out of the ring. The *mill* lasted 47 minutes.

If it was perceived by the amateurs, that ABBOT was only a half-bred one, yet it would take a good man and a heavy hitter to beat him. In no single round (to say positively) had *Sampson* the best of it, although he exerted himself to the utmost to obtain the smiles of victory, and after the second round it was decidedly in favour of ABBOT. It is rather singular to state,

that, except with *Dolly Smith*, the *Birmingham Youth* has lost every battle : while, on the contrary, conquest has crowned the efforts of *ABBOT* in every combat. The latter possesses a tolerable knowledge of the science, and left the ring with only a mark under his left eye. The *Birmingham Youth* was severely punished ; and although he has proved so unfortunate, yet we have no hesitation in asserting, that it is the general opinion of the *Fancy*, that, in all of his battles, he has shown himself a *game* man, a most lively, active, fighter, and did every thing in his power to win for his backers. His mind is good ; he does not want for pluck ; and the fault of losing ought to be attributed to the right cause, namely, after twenty minutes, Nature deserts him ; and if he cannot reduce his man before that period, he has not enough left in him to prove the conqueror. His two battles with *Josh. Hudson* were manly in the extreme ; with *Martin* he also distinguished himself as a sharp courageous boxer ; and with *Belasco* and *Gyblet*, he was equally anxious to obtain victories. At all events, if not successful, it cannot be denied, that *Sampson* has afforded considerable amusement to the frequenters of the prize ring.

The above battle had scarcely been over a minute, when nearly the whole of the *Fancy* were beat to a stand still : except a few who endeavoured to *bolt*, but who, nevertheless, could not get away from the effects of the “pitiless pelting storm,” which gave rise to a variety of unexpected scenes, A character* of some note, belonging to one of the theatres, who was rather anxious to return to town to obey the Prompter’s call,

* Mr. C. of the Adelphi Theatre.

made hastily towards the river, singing out full of glee :—

“ A boat, a boat ; haste to the ferry.”

A little punt soon appeared in sight, answering the call, when the *chaunter*, as lively as a grig, jumped into it ; but he was followed by eight rough *coves*, (who had been shivering and shaking with wet and cold on the beach,) in spite of the remonstrances of the waterman as to the danger of going to the bottom. They replied, “ they were determined not to give a chance away ; that their *blunt* was as good as any swell’s ; and insisted on being put across the Thames without delay. There was no alternative ; “ so off they went with a stiff’ning breeze.” Hampton would soon have been out of sight, the puntsman’s *ladle* being no match against General Wind, had they not, luckily for their friends and acquaintance, came bump up against a small ridge of land, and upset within three feet of the water’s edge. After a splashing scramble for the shore, amidst hopes and fears for their safety, they at length reached *dry land*. The only disagreeable thing they sustained was, the trouble of changing clothes, which the *chaunter* observed was nothing new to him ; but, at the same time, he declared the *rehearsal* of this water scene had nearly proved too much for him ; he also hoped, if the *piece* was ever repeated, that his companions might play the *part* without him. The *chaunter*, however, got safe to town, perfectly in time not to occasion any disappointment, which his absence must otherwise have created to an overflowing audience. A few *summer cabbages* were hoisted as temporary *screens* ; but it was only like laughing at the matter ; and the gusts of *Old Boreas* were so violent

as to dispossess their proprietors of this momentary relief. Hundreds were seen scampering to get under the waggons to avoid the hail-stones, and *flooring* each other only to obtain an inch of shelter ; lots looked like drowning rats, their clothes sticking to their bodies as if they had been pasted on ; while a few of the *Corinthians*, in post-chaises, were laughing at the ludicrous scenes, and blessing their happy stars for the comfort and advantages derived from the possession of the blunt. It operated as a fine *turn* for the *topper-makers*, as many a knowing, handsome shape, soon lost its beauty for a *spoony* look, never to be restored to its pristine style ; and the leaky *stampers* gave symptoms of ague touches to their miserable owners, who had not better *soles* for the trying occasion. But at length the *Fancy* rallied, showed *game*, and took their places to witness another battle. "Never mind," said an old cove, smiling, "it is nothing when you are used to it—you cannot be worse if you were dipped into the Thames ; and we have one advantage left—if this should prove a long fight, as the wind is high, we shall get dry before we leave the Hurst, without quarrelling to get at the fire-sides at Hampton."

ABBOT did not refuse to meet the *John Bull* fighter when called upon, as appears by the following letter addressed to the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* :—

Challenge to Josh. Hudson.

Sir,—In consequence of your challenge to me a few months ago, and my fight with Oliver being off, I now wish to inform you that I am ready to fight you once in eight weeks for fifty guineas a-side. If this meets your approbation, my friends will meet you at any time or place you may appoint, and make a deposit of ten or twenty pounds a-side.

5th July, 1822.

W. ABBOT.

These *challenges* produced no battle.

CYRUS DAVIS, THE GAY BRISTOL BOY.

THE mind of DAVIS experienced so much disappointment by his defeat with *Turner*, that he often expressed himself to his friends, he should never feel happy till he had the *chance* of a second trial with his brave opponent : and this accounts, in a great measure, for his not *showing* in the Prize Ring, as will appear from the following letters addressed to the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—I feel myself called upon to notice a paragraph in your last *Dispatch*, insinuating that Mr. E. Turner would fight me for £100. Be assured, Mr. Editor, I do not use the word *insinuate* out of the least disrespect ; it is that I am at a loss to conceive whether the challenge (if I may so term it) comes from Mr. T. or, as having an eye to business, from the genius of your brain.* I, Sir, have the honour to come from a city where words are as little thought of as in any place in Britain : down upon the nail is our motto. If the paragraph really emanated from E. T. I take leave to inform him that he has only to let me know when it will be convenient to meet at Mr. T. Belcher's, to make a deposit, &c. Most sincerely wishing him health,

I remain, Sir, with all due respect,

Your most obedient servant,

Bear Tap, Smithfield, Jan. 26, 1822.

CYRUS DAVIS.

Salutation and Cat Tap, Roe-street, Newgate-market.

Sir,—In your last Paper I observed a challenge to me from John Cooper, stating, that he would fight me for 50 or

* The paragraph alluded to was inserted at the request of Mr. Turner.—EDITOR.

100 sovereigns aside ; I should wish for Cooper to state where I might meet him to make a deposit, as my money is ready, to fight him the same day that Martin and Randall fight, or that of Spring and Neat, for 100 sovereigns, and not less. I should wish Mr. Cooper to mind that while he is dusting my jacket, that I do not knock some of the ants eggs out of his poll.*

Sept. 7th, 1822.

CYRUS DAVIS.

Dear Sir,—I am induced once more to intrude upon your kindness, it being quite impossible to allow the very unhand-some behaviour I have experienced to pass over, without some animadversion, which you, as a real and impartial friend to the Fancy, and ever staunch to the character of a Briton, I flatter myself will most fully approve. It will be in the recollection of your readers, that some months back I received a challenge from E. Turner, which was as unprovoked as unexpected ; however, I accepted it upon his own terms ; since which, I have heard nothing more of it, such conduct being allowed to pass over with impunity ; and as wrong acts are sooner copied by some than good ones, the Gipsy Cooper follows suit, and plays ditto repeated from one end of the game to the other. Had he obliged me with the opportunity, I would have given him all-fours and turned up jack, (just for his temerity.) I take leave to state, that much of this chaffing and trifling with the Fancy might be prevented, by a deposit of ten pounds being placed in your hands, should the challenge be accepted ; as it is, challenging without the wish or the means is contemptible and unmanly. Turner and the Gipsy will do themselves credit by acknowledging their error, let the cause of default rest where it may.

Sept. 28th, 1822.

Your most obedient servant,

Cat Tap, Newgate-market.

CYRUS DAVIS.

CYRUS DAVIS's Benefit at the Jacob's Well, Barbican, on Friday, Jan. 10, 1823, was most respectably attended, notwithstanding the remark of a *milling* punster, that some *Savages* were present. The sets-to were nearly all *mills* ; and the attention of seconds and bottle holders, in a few instances, was absolutely necessary.

* This letter was a *hoax*.

Savage an (amateur) put on the gloves with *Scroggins*, requesting to have a *bit* of light play, and, in order to *show* off his dexterity on the *Ould One*, unexpectedly put in such a severe *throttler*, that not only *floored* the "gentlemanly sort of man," but, his "*knowledge box*" for a few *seconds* was of no *use* to him. "Holloa ! holloa !" says Jack, on opening his *peepers*, "very light indeed ; but I'll soon make it trick and tye ; if not see how the *game* stands ; so come along, Master Savage." Light play was now out of the question ; both on the look out for a *turn* ; and hot work the order of the day. *Scroggins* had made up his mind to be busy : and, something like the severity of hitting which occurred in his tremendous fight with the late *Nosworthy*, he attacked *Savage* with so much success, that his opponent measured his length on the *floor*. (A *tiny* shout for the *Ould One*.) The combat was again renewed with the utmost manliness and severity on both sides, when the "gentlemanly sort of man" opened his *pepper* box, and gave *Savage* the whole of the contents ; drawing his *cork*, adding a sharp cut upon one of his *ogles*, and ultimately winding up the combat, with the "best of it," in great style, amidst the applause of the spectators. *Johnson* and *Savage*, (brother to the above hero, and who lately set-to with *Scroggins* at the Fives' Court, for a belly-ful,) also had a terrible bout. *Savage*, (a third brother,) a stranger, likewise kept the "game alive," like *winking* ! The *Savages* are from Wales, and nothing else but good ones, and complete *out-and-outers* with or without the *gloves*. *Gadzee* and *Fogo*, (the milling *chaunter*,) endeavoured to give a little variety

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to the scene : we believe it was the first *show-off* of the latter with the *mufflers* ; and if he did not do so much as the sharp experienced little *Israelite*, he nevertheless had to boast that his *wind* escaped untouched, as he attended the D. C. afterwards, at the Castle Tavern, and *threw off* several of his own chaunts, to the satisfaction of the Daffyonians. *Harmer* and *Cy. Davis*, in an excellent display of the Art of Self-Defence, finished the sports of the evening, and, upon the latter's returning thanks, the amateurs departed, well pleased with their evening's entertainment.

On the SECOND Match being made, at the Castle-Tavern, Holborn, between *Turner* and *CY. DAVIS*, for £100 a side, the following remarks were made public :—

DAVIS decidedly the favourite 5 to 4, and, in a few instances, for small sums, 6 to 4 was betted. It was nearly four years since, June 18, 1819, at Wallingham Common, that *DAVIS* was defeated by *Turner*, in 32 rounds, 45 minutes. *Turner* also defeated *Martin*, in 40 rounds, 1 hour and 7 minutes, October 26, 1819 ; but, since that period, *Ned* had in turn surrendered to *Martin*. *DAVIS* won with *Boshell*, August 24, 1819, in 16 rounds, 15 min. and 10 sec. This might be termed no match. The most *important point* taken into consideration by the sporting men in this battle was—the modes of life pursued by the combatants, for the last THREE years, towards ensuring success in the Prize Ring. *DAVIS* had lived *regularly*, and, added to the good effects of *training*, he was as fresh as “a four-year old,” as “fine as a star,” and as confident of victory as if the battle had been over. Would we could

say so much for poor *Ould Ned*. But if we are to follow our motto, a LOVE OF TRUTH, (and which we trust we shall never lose sight of,) a few months since an opinion was entertained by the supporters of pugilism, that *Turner*, owing to his *looks*, was far more likely to make his *exit* than ever be made able to *show* again in the Prize Ring. However, contrary to such *chaffing*, *Ned* laughed at all the remarks which were made against him, and asserted he was quite well. Such were the features which presented themselves to the amateurs, of the ensuing battle. The fight took place at Arpenden Common, on Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1823, twenty-five miles from London, and four from St. Albans.

On the above match being made, the *majority* of the Fancy were decided in their opinion that *Cy.* must win it, from *condition*, *Turner* being considered too *stale* ; or, rather too *far-gone* to be brought any thing "like right to meet his opponent on equal terms ; even the principal backer of *Ned* was almost satisfied of this fact, but the gentleman to whom we allude, in a high spirited sporting style, felt anxious not only to give the *Ould One*, in remembrance for his past services, an opportunity of improving his health, by withdrawing him from the "*Fountain of Daffy*," and keeping a few *nails* out of his *stretcher*, but a *chance* of recovering his lost laurels in the Prize Ring. Also to place *Ned Turner* once more in an attractive situation before the eyes of the amateurs ; likewise to point out to him, in his *character* of a *Prize Pugilist*, the advantages resulting by an exchange of the unwholesome air of the *darkey* for the pure invigorating breezes of the *monkery*, to give the *broads* a tiny bit of rest ; bid good bye to the

Mollishers at the *Spell* over the water, turn aside from staggering to his *dab* full of smoke and *heavy* at peep o'day : to rise with the lark, follow the hounds, eat his breakfast with the appetite of a ploughman, become cheerful in his mind, gain strength daily, increase his *wind*, and show at the *scratch* on the day of trial in fine condition. This desired change in his habits and person, *Ned* endeavoured should take place ; and the *Ould Sinner* tried to become a *new man* by his active exertion on the restorative plains of Blackheath. It is true he improved considerably in his *training*, and felt confident, or rather *thought* himself well enough to execute the *task* he had to perform. But, notwithstanding the well-known difficulty of placing *Ned* on a *par* with his adversary, the odds were only 5 to 4 ; yet if *calculation*, or a reference to past events were taken into the scale, it was considered a good 7 to 4 on *Davis*. The general remarks were, that the latter "*ought to win*" However, on the Monday night previous to the battle, the Castle Tavern, (although overflowing with company) was a complete *blank* as to *betting*. This sort of *silence*, on a night previous to a *mill*, occasioned one of the most respectable ring-goers, and a sound sporting man for the last twenty-five years, sarcastically to observe—"It was a *square* fight between *Turner* and *Davis* ; and that accounted for *chaffing* instead of *betting*. *Ready-made luck*," said he, "is wanting ; and, therefore, a certain set of people will not *chance* a *mag* without the office '*to a certainty*' is added to it in private. Yet, nevertheless, I am glad of it," concluded the *wag*, "it will bring the Prize Ring back to the good old

times (although '*honesty* is a ragged virtue') when such men as the late Colonel Mellish, and Hetcher Reid, Esq. *personally* brought their men into the ring; exclaiming, without fear or hesitation of any thing being attempted on the part of the boxers to do *wrong*, 'I'll bet 600 to 400.' " The weather, on Tuesday morning, was rather inauspicious to a long journey, yet it did not prevent the *thorough-bred ones* from starting for the scene of action; but in consequence of the *half-and-half coves*, who do not like to leave their *tinnies*, are afraid of a shower, and the rude blasts of Boreas, the road did not exhibit that bustle observed on similar occasions, to the great disappointment of the *Bonifaces*. Notwithstanding the above drawback, numerous vehicles were on the ground, and much more company appeared than might have been reasonably expected. At one o'clock CY. DAVIS threw up his *castor*, followed by *Richmond* and *Harmer* as his seconds: *Turner*, close at his heels, (arm-in-arm with the President of the *Daffy Club*,) followed his example, attended by *Tom Cribb* and *Josh. Hudson*.—5 to 4 on DAVIS. CY. smiling, went up and shook hands with *Ned*. On the office being given, the men *peeled*; the colours, blue for *Turner* and yellow for DAVIS, were tied to the stakes by *Cribb* and *Richmond*.

Round 1.—The *condition* of CY. was beautiful in the extreme; he was a perfect picture of a man in fine health; in short, the *tout ensemble* reached the elegant touch of what the Classic terms the Beau Ideal of the Prize Ring. *Turner*, although not coming up to any thing like the above *slap-up* mark, was, nevertheless, well *patched-up* as to the *look* of the thing, without possessing the reality of *renovation*. The difference of *condition* was perceptible even to a *novice* in prize fighting—the skin of Davis was transparent, ruddy,

and healthful, while Turner's exhibited another sort of hue altogether. Both extremely cautious ; and the great difficulty of getting at the *ould one* prevented Cy. from making play. Turner, at length, let fly, and put in a slight hit on the body with his left hand. More dodging. Turner stopped the right hand of his opponent well ; both extremely active on their legs to make a hit, when Turner put in another bodier ; some exchanges, but of no consequence. Cy. tried to put in his favourite blow with his right hand, but was again stopped—Cy. somewhat tired, put down his hands for an instant, but Ned took no notice of it. Exchange of blows at the ropes—a struggle for the throw—both down, but Cy. undermost. This round occupied six minutes ; and the friends of Turner shouted, and said, “it was all right, the *ould one* behaves well.”

Second.—Turner missed a well-meant left-handed blow at the body. Neither of them eager to go to *work*, both anticipating that danger might be the result. The right hand of Cy. told, after a few exchanges, and Turner went down.—A shout for Davis from the Bristolians, and the Newgate-market lads *chevied* that one or two such hits would soon put an end to the fight.

Third.—Although in such fine condition, Davis was piping a little, and Turner kept hitting at the body. Some exchanges took place, but the blows were light on both sides, when, owing to the slippery state of the ground, Turner went down from a slight hit.

Fourth.—It had been expected that three rounds would not have passed over without some *mischief* ; but, nevertheless, this was a good round. Cy. smiled with confidence, and he made himself up to do severe execution with his right hand, but Turner, with considerable skill, stopped him. Nothing was done yet, and in a struggle both went down.

Fifth.—Whether it was from partiality to the *ould one* or not, the friends of Turner urged he had none the worst of it ; in fact, no severity of punishment had passed on either side. In closing, Turner had the best of the fibbing, and Cy. showed the first blood. Davis got the throw cleverly, and Turner was undermost.

Sixth.—The left hand of Davis seemed of no use to him, except, after the manner of the late Gas-light-Man, to hold his opponent. Some good fighting occurred in this round, and

the finish of it was to the advantage of Cy. who fell heavily on Turner. 7 to 4.

Seventh.—Turner placed many of his blows well; but the strength of his hitting, which on former occasions appeared prominent, now seemed to have left him, and the great *forte* of Davis was to put in his right hand; and had not Turner stopped it often, the fight would soon have been at an end. Turner again had the best of the *fibbing*, and Cy. was undermost. Several of the partizans of Turner began now to flatter themselves that victory was within his reach; or, perhaps, to speak more fairly on the subject, they wished it to be so: and in consequence, they too eagerly *magnified* to themselves the slightest advantage. Loud shouting, and Turner for ever.

Eighth.—If Davis had commenced play and fought with both hands, another tale must have been told. However, in this round some severe execution was done. Turner's left hand drew forth the claret from Cy.'s nose and mouth, and he appeared for an instant a little abroad; he also received a heavy body blow, but he recovered and sent down Turner with a right-handed hit on the *nob*—"It's all over," from the *cutting tribe* of Newgate-market—"You have won it, Davis." 2 to 1.

Ninth.—The friends of Turner began to *quake* a little, recollecting the almost finishing blow Ned received in his last round. This hit took a little of the fight out of Turner, and he came up bleeding and weak to the *scratch*; but his *game* did wonders for him. Davis now went to work a little. Turner, as game as a pebble, returned hit for hit, till he fell down, exhausted. While on his second's knee, Randall, Holt, Curtis, &c. gave the Ould One advice gratis, how he should act, so much did they feel for his success.

Tenth.—Ned came up to the *scratch* like a high-couaged man, determined to strain every point towards victory, although the *chance* was against him. He, however, had no idea of losing at this stage of the battle. Yet the *patch-work* began rather to *peep*, and the effects of *premature* age could not be hid. The friends of Turner began to *funk*, and he received a *bodier* that sent him down. The backers of Davis now *booked* it quite safe, and inspired their hero with shouts of approbation.

Eleventh.—Davis commenced fighting, and planted a severe hit with his right hand on the body of his opponent.

Turner, however, stood up and exchanged hit for hit, till a pause was necessary on both sides. Cy. was weak in turn, and kept sparring for wind, yet smiling at his opponent. Turner's left ear was bleeding from a severe hit, and in following Cyrus he slipped, or went down from a slight hit. The truth could no longer be hid—Turner was going every round—he fought like a man—but the stamina was wanting. Randall saw it—heaved a sigh! and with sorrow exclaimed, “I am afraid it is all over! The right hand of Cy. is always dangerous.”

Twelfth.—On the part of Turner this was an excellent fighting round. In spite of his *distress*, his stops were so excellent as to claim applause from all parts of the ring. Cy. also exhibited fine science. Hit for hit, but the hardest blows were for Davis, and Ned kept up the *game* till he fell down, overcome with fatigue.

Thirteenth.—Turner was equal to his adversary in *mil-ling*; but there was no comparison between the *effect* of their blows. They followed each other over the ring, exchanging hits in the most manly style, till an accession of wind was necessary on both sides. At the ropes a struggle took place, and in going down, Turner uppermost. “Well done both, it is a good fight,” from all parties.

Fourteenth.—Cy. made a blow with his right hand at the body, but it fell rather low. “Come,” says Josh., “fight fair, recollect you are to hit above the waistband.” A good round, but Turner down and exhausted. 10 to 2. Several of the fighting men came to the ropes, and in their anxiety for his winning, gave Ned some hints what to do.

Fifteenth.—Cy. had decidedly the best of the hitting in this round, and he also threw Turner, and fell on him so heavily, that the shoutings were—“he cannot come again!” This fall shook Ned all to pieces, and he was placed on the knee of his second with difficulty. In fact, it won the battle. Any odds.

Sixteenth.—The finishing was only wanted, and Tom Belcher observed, “Why not use both of your hands,” to Davis. (Here Hudson said, that Belcher had no business to interfere, it was unfair, and if he did so again he would fling the bottle at him.) “It was not my intention to have said a single word,” replied Tom, “if I had not seen so many fighting men breaking in the ring, and, like Trueman's

cocks, were all on one side. I have not one farthing on the battle, and all I want is fair play.") Cy. took Belcher's hint, but Turner opposed him gamely—till down.

Seventeenth,—The Ould One, good to the last, exchanged blow for blow, till, quite exhausted, he was hit down.

Eighteenth.—On coming to the scratch, Cy. immediately went to *work* with his right hand, met him in the body, and he went down in a twinkling. The President of the Daffies (under whose direction Turner was brought into the ring) humanely stepped forward, and said, "he should not fight any more." He (the President) would not stand by and see one of the bravest men of the ring wantonly *cut-up*, when he had no chance. It was over in 35 minutes. Davis shook hands with Turner, gave a jump, huzzaed for joy, and left the ring.

However ill-natured it may appear, the truth is, that Turner has no one to *blame* but himself. A boxer, like a general, if he wishes to prove successful, ought always to be prepared for his enemy. Turner admits, with great candour, that he could not have fought another round. He was not defeated by the blows he received, but he attributes his defeat to fatigue and exhaustion, Nature having refused to second his *mind*; therefore, without any detraction to DAVIS, his conquest over Turner goes but for little. It was, by comparison, but the *shadow* of that Ned Turner who defeated the terror of the ring, *Scroggins*, twice; who also fought with *Randall* for two hours and 22 minutes; and obtained a victory over the Master of the Rolls, that Cy. licked. It was, nevertheless, a brave, good fight on both sides; and it is but doing common justice to DAVIS, to state, that his conduct was manly, pleasant, and interesting to the spectator. Cy. also fought under great disadvantage and pain: after the 7th round, his right-hand *went*, and was very much *swelled*. DAVIS possesses in

his person the finest requisites for a fighting man, superior to any on the present list. Mr. Jackson not being present, we are sorry to say, not a shilling was subscribed for *Turner*. DAVIS was not hurt.

The above VICTORY has proved rather a dear *triumph* to the *Gay Bristol Boy* ; and in all probability it has deprived the amateurs of considerable sport : in fact, DAVIS will never be able to *show* again in the Prize Ring. The fore-finger of his right hand met with so serious an injury in his battle with *Turner*, by the knuckle coming in contact with his adversary's teeth, that, after baffling the most skilful surgeons for a considerable time, DAVIS ultimately was compelled to submit to an operation, which deprived him of his finger. However, at all events, his hands still remain at the service of his *friends*, to draw them a pot of *heavy* ; serve a glass of *daffy*, &c., to those amateurs who feel disposed to give DAVIS a *turn* at his house, the *Fox and Anchor*, Charter-house-lane, West Smithfield.

NED BROWN,

THE SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

SINCE the publication of the Third Volume of this Work, the *Sprig of Myrtle* has not been *idle*, nor very particular about the *stakes*, as the following specimens of his *handy-work* exhibit :

BROWN was matched with the *Gay-Market-Boy*, *Horsham*, for five pounds a-side. The battle took

place on Mitcham Common, on Tuesday, April 24, 1821. The *Fancy* postponed attending to the attractions of Greenwich and Stepney Fairs, till Whitsuntide; and the lots of amateurs which were seen early on the road, put all the *Bonifaces* into good humour, under the idea of turning some of the *loose cash* of the holiday people to account. The ring was capacious and well made, and some thousands of persons were round it. BROWN was the favourite (five to four,) from being well known. Horsham had also a *good character* for game qualities, and he was at least ten pounds heaviest; but it was his first appearance in the Prize Ring. At two o'clock, BROWN, followed by *Josh. Hudson*, as his second, threw his hat into the ring; and *Horsham* shortly afterwards repeated the token of defiance, waited upon by *Eales* and *Harry Bailey*. The combatants were nearly of a height, and both appeared in good condition.

Round First.—The attitude of Brown was interesting, and the points he shewed was a convincing proof that he was well acquainted with the manœuvres of the Prize Ring. Horsham appeared confident, and he might be termed a *little big man*, from his muscular frame. Some little pause occurred, when Brown let fly with his right hand at the body, but it fell short. After another pause, Horsham endeavoured to plant a heavy hit, but Brown broke ground in good style; Horsham rushed in, made a slight hit or two, and bored Brown to the ropes, when, after some exchanges in struggling for the throw, Brown went down, undermost.—“Bravo, *Young Sparrow-grass*,” from the market coves—“Shake it out of him!”

Second.—Horsham gave some *Pepper-alley* touches, but they were random shots. He also bored Brown again to the ropes, when the Gay Market-Boy *napt* it, but he got Brown down. Five to four on the latter.

Third.—The Sprig of Myrtle now began to shew his superiority by *nobbing* his opponent and getting away; he also

put in *wisty-castor* on the ribs; but the strength of Horsham enabled him to throw Brown out of the ropes, and he also fell down himself.

Fourth.—This round made Brown the favourite (seven to four). In closing, the Sprig fibbed his opponent in the Randall style; and when tired of hammering he got Horsham down.—“The Westminster boys were all in the stirrups,” and they now offered to sport their *blunt* like waste paper.

Fifth.—Horsham came up to the *scratch* an *altered* man, from the severe *fibbing* he had received in the last round, which the old Westminster Champion, Caleb Baldwin, called a “*bit of good truth!*” The skill here displayed by Brown was admirable; he manœuvred about till he got his opponent with the sun on his face, when he planted a *nobber*, and got away. Horsham, however, put in some heavy hits, till both went down.

Sixth.—In struggling at the ropes, in a most singular manner, both of the combatants, like two tumblers, went heels over head.

Seventh.—Horsham shewed good *game*, but he depended upon his rushing qualities. He missed his aim, and Brown *nobbed* him severely, till both went down.

Eighth.—This round occasioned considerable laughter: Brown went down from a slight hit, and his second, Josh. Hudson, being close behind his man, (and who had not exactly got out of him all the humours of Greenwich Fair, of the preceding day,) fell down also, and was out of the ropes.

Ninth to the Fourteenth.—In all these rounds, Brown, more or less, took the lead: but Horsham was too hardy to be beaten off-hand: the face of the latter was by this period terribly punished, and his eyes were rather damaged.

Fifteenth to the Eighteenth.—Three and four to one had been offered by the Westminster boys, but this was thought to be a sort of *flourish*; however, Brown, like a careful *millor*, kept taking the lead, yet doing nothing rashly. Horsham was still strong, and endeavoured to bore Brown down.

Nineteenth.—Something like a wrangle was tried on; but the umpires would not have it; and “Foul, foul!” was lustily called out, which was opposed by “Fair, fair!” In

struggling at the ropes, Brown got his man nearly down, and would have dropped him, but Horsham kept hitting up at his opponent, and would not quit his hold.—A guinea to a crown.

Twentieth.—Horsham was exhausted, and again received severe punishment, till both went down.

Twenty-first to Twenty-third.—Horsham gave his head, and Brown made the most of it. He changed the complexion of his opponent's face quicker than a painter could.

Twenty-fourth.—“Foul!” “Fair!” similar to the 19th round. “It's all up!” said Josh. “and I'll take you to the Fair this evening, *my Spriggy!*”

Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth.—The road to *Pepper-alley*, by Brown; and no *Turn-again-lane* by Horsham.—“Take him away!”

Twenty-seventh.—Severe counter-hits, that almost gave the St. Vitus's dance to both of their *nobs*. Brown here also punished him down, and “Foul!” and “Fair!” were again resorted to. This was, however, a well-fought round.

Twenty-eighth and last.—It was all over with Horsham, and he only came to the *scratch to nap* it. Brown dropped him in easy style, and when time was called, he could not leave the knee of his second. It was over in thirty-five minutes.

Rough commoners, however good *streeters* they may be, must not attempt to meddle with the *out-and-out* SPRIG OF MYRTLE; it is only such a fine fighter as *Curtis* that can beat BROWN. *Horsham* is a game good little man; but he had no scientific points about him. He was too fond of rushing-in: such a mode may do in a *turn-up*, but in the Prize Ring it will not answer. He was terribly punished about the head, while BROWN had not a scratch upon his face. However, the friends of *Horsham* were so satisfied of his manly behaviour, and it being his first appearance in the ring, that they offered to back him against any boxer of his weight, who had not had more experience than

himself. *Horsham* had only been out of an hospital five weeks.

The *Sprig of Myrtle* took his benefit, on Tuesday, October 22, 1821, at the Tennis Court, and was well supported by a numerous attendance of the amateurs. None of the "Big ones" set-to. *Oliver*, *Spring*, and the *Gas-light-Man* were present ; but the latter, in a very *polite* manner, declined, on account of *stiffness*, and his ensuing engagement with *Neat*. The *setts-to*, in general, were among the *minor coves* of the fist ; and *Kian* was the most conspicuous feature. The *bout* between *Teasdale* and *Abbot* was a complete *mill* while it continued ; however, a most interesting *relief* was obtained, in the combat between *Randall* and *Holt*. It was all that the amateur could wish, being a complete illustration of the Art of Self-defence. The *Ruffian* was out of the question. Some new ones were put up for a trial ; and who were taught that *Pepper-alley* is a part of the *ordeal* before *fame* can be acquired as a pugilist. *Curtis* showed himself, decked out in all the honours of conquest, sporting the colours of his fallen opponent. He was complimented by all the "good judges" present, for the fine science he displayed in his fight with *Lenney* ; and pronounced to be, of his weight (near nine stone), the most finished fighter on the list ; and also, that some time might elapse before any *lad* would be found able to lower his *crest*. *Lenney* was too ill to exhibit himself. The *Pie Crust* and his brave opponent, *Smith*, mounted the stage covered with the marks of war, and made their bows to the audience ; but these *kids* not being so expert with their *chaffers* as their *morleys* to hit the feelings of

the *Fancy*, as to the *intent* of their appearance—the *Master* of the Ceremonies, *Ould Paddington Jones*, undertook the task for them in a *jeffy*, by declaring, “that *one* of the two little *trumps* before them (and better *cards* did not belong to the *Pack* of TRUE COURAGE,) had only received a *quid* for his exertions.” This laconic address had the desired effect—it touched the *hearts*, as well as the *clies*, of the *Amateurs* in an instant. The *well-breeched* *SWELLS* *shelled* up the *pewter* like fun; and not even a rude, uncultivated costermonger in the Court, who had any thing like a *mag* to spare, but contributed his *browns* to alleviate the bruises they had received. On sharing the *blunt*, the *Pie Crust* said “he vas, as how, only seven stone and a half, but he voud fight any thing in the world of eight stone.”—(*Laughter and applause.*)—The *Sprig of Myrtle*, in returning thanks, “hoped the *Gemmen* would excuse him from setting-to, as he was going to fight on Tuesday next for fifty guineas.” The amateurs departed well satisfied.

BROWN was matched with *Jem Bunn* (the Pink of Bow) for Fifty Guineas aside; and the plains of Moulsey, on Tuesday, November 30, 1821, was the scene of attraction for the *Fancy*, and the *swells* and amateurs were far more numerous than was anticipated. *Bunn* had been defeated by BROWN in a room a few months previous, without the slightest chance of success; but the friends of the former entertained an opinion that the result would be very different in a ring and upon the turf, and *Bunn* was therefore backed for fifty guineas without any hesitation. At one o'clock BROWN, with the sprig of myrtle in his mouth, threw his hat into

the ring, followed by *Spring* and the *Gas*, as his seconds, and *Lenney* also waited upon him as an assistant. *Bunn* soon afterwards made his appearance, attended by *Randall* and *Josh. Hudson*, as his seconds. The latter had a fine *pink* in his jacket. Both of the men appeared in excellent condition, but the Bow boy was the biggest man. *BROWN* was the favourite, guineas to pounds. The colours, blue for *BROWN* and green for *Bunn*, were tied to the stakes.

Round First.—Very little sparring occurred before *Bunn* endeavoured to plant two blows with both of his hands, which *Brown*, in a scientific style, stopped. *Bunn* let fly with his left-hand, which was also stopped with great skill by *Brown*. Some exchanges took place in favour of *Brown*. A pause. *Brown* now took the lead, and planted so severe a *nobber*, that *Spring* observed, “My man for £100.” *Bunn* again made play, but without any effect. The latter received a severe *bodier*. Another pause: and both of the combatants viewed each other with caution, till at length they fought away into a severe rally, and *Bunn* went down.—*The Tothilfields boys were all up in the stirrups shouting for joy; and two to one current.*

Second.—The *claret* appeared on both their *mugs*; the right eye of *Brown* was damaged, and also the right peeper of *Bunn* was in *mourning*. The *Pink* went to work without hesitation; but he was bravely met by *Brown*, till he was again sent down.

Third.—The face of *Bunn* exhibited the severe handy work of his opponent, and both of his eyes were *clareted*. Some good exchanges occurred, till both down, and *Bunn* undermost.

Fourth.—It was booked by the good judges, at this early period of the fight, that *Brown* must win, and he took the lead in fine style, *nobbing* the *Pink* and getting away. *Bunn* rushed in and put in some sharp blows till both down, *Bunn* undermost.

Fifth.—Both fighting; but so decidedly in favour of *Brown*, that bets were offered round the ring that the *Spring* disposed of the *Pink* in twenty minutes. *Brown* put in a

facer, ditto, and repeated it without any return. Some exchanges, but Bunn could not reduce the superiority of his opponent. Both down,—30 to 20.

Sixth.—This round, from the severity of punishment which Bunn received, might be said to have put the matter beyond all doubt. One of Bunn's *peepers* was nearly closed, and his *mug* was much disfigured; a severe rally took place; a close ensued; but like game cocks they broke away, and the face of Bunn was cut up. The claret flew in profusion. Brown went in and planted facers right and left so quickly, that the *Pink*, for an instant, was at a stand still. He, however, showed fight in a manly style till he went down.—The *Sprig* for any odds, and the coster-mongers offering to sport their *neddies* against a *tizzy*, so confident did they feel that Brown must win.

Seventh.—The Bow boy showed himself a good man; did not flinch from his opponent, and did all that he knewed to change the fight in his favour. The combatants went to work on meeting at the *scratch*; till Bunn went down on his face, and Brown made a hit and fell with his knee on his back.—Loud cries of “foul, foul;” and “fair, fair.”

Eighth.—Short, but decisive; Bunn received a *facer*, that sent him down on his back; Brown fell with his knees on his body.—“Foul, foul;” and “fair, fair;” as it suited the parties.

Ninth.—Bunn commenced fighting; but Brown with much dexterity got away. He also put in some heavy nobbers, till the *Pink* went down on his back; Brown hit him as he was going down, and again fell with his knees on his body. Very loud cries of “foul, foul,” and “fair, fair.”—“It is unhandsome conduct on the part of Brown,” the East-enders roared out.—“I will take my man away,” cries Randall, “if he does it again, I will not give another chance away.” The disinterested part of the ring, “Brown is winning it, and there is no necessity for taking such advantages.”

Tenth.—The Bow boy put a heavy blow on Brown's neck, and also a severe facer; but they did not in the least tend to check the ardour of Brown. Both down, but Bunn undermost.

Eleventh.—Brown got away well from his opponent, and also *nobbed* him terribly for following him. A severe rally took place, but to the disadvantage of Bunn, who was hit

rown. "He will not last another round," said the *Gas*. "When we say No," replied Josh. "it will be a lucky minute for Brown."

Twelfth.—A sharp round, but in favour of the *Sprig*. Bunn down, and Brown fell on him.

Thirteenth.—It was evident to the ring that Bunn behaved like a very game man, and shewed a good knowledge of the science. He stopped in great style several blows, but his execution was not effective. Brown got a facer; but he soon returned the compliment, and sent the *Pink* down. "It's all your own Brown."

Fourteenth.—The face of Bunn was severely marked; but, undaunted, he came to the *scratch* like a hero. Brown put in a *nobber* without any return, and took this sort of liberty till the *Pink* was going down, when he planted a heavy hit, fell on him, and his legs came on his opponent's neck. The cries of "Foul!" and "Fair!" were again resumed by the spectators; "It is not handsome," &c.

Fifteenth.—Bunn went sharply up to his adversary, but his efforts were stopped with the utmost *sang-froid* by Brown. A pause, Brown again had decidedly the best of it; *nobbed* the *Pink* severely, till he fell on his back; Brown put in a hit as he was falling, and also fell on Bunn's body with his knees. The cries of "foul" and "fair" were now very loud; and Randall said they had won the battle from the foul conduct of his opponent;" and took him out of the ring. This increased the uproar; but Brown did not leave the ring or attempt to put on his clothes till the umpires and also the referee decided "that he had won the battle, and was entitled to the stakes." This occupied nineteen minutes and a half.

The *Sprig* was too *fresh* for Bunn, although the former did not weigh more than 8st. 1 lb. The *Bow boy* is upwards of thirty years of age; he behaved well; and did every thing in his power to win. The *Sprig* is an excellent boxer; well acquainted with the movements of the ring, and, for his weight, a hard hitter. The laws of boxing do not prevent a man from falling upon his antagonist: it may be viewed as unhand-

some conduct, and prove disagreeable to the feelings of the spectators; but it is not *unfair*: yet, we are free to state, that we do not like to see it: in fact, we wish no *closing*, no *hugging* to take place; and nothing else but fair science and manly hitting to be witnessed. If *umpires* and a *referee* are appointed to keep the *time*, and watch over the *conduct* of the combatants, surely, they are the only *judges* to give an opinion: and it is the duty of the *seconds* to *appeal* to them before they take their man out of the ring. Mr. Jackson was the stake-holder upon this occasion; and BROWN received the money from that gentleman the next morning. As BROWN is a good boxer, we hope, in future, he will avoid *falling* in the way which he did with *Bunn*, in order to prevent any murmurs, or expressions of disapprobation occurring amongst the spectators. Every thing that is generous and manly ought to characterise the feeling conduct of the British boxer.

The *Pink of Bow*, notwithstanding he had been twice defeated by *Brown* was *game* enough to have a THIRD trial: and the latter very politely *accommodated* him, for £25 aside; on Tuesday, May 21, 1822, near the Prince Regent, the Barge-House, in Essex, opposite Woolwich Warren. It was over in three quarters of an hour. BROWN had for his seconds *Spring* and *Shelton*, and *Bunn* was handled by *Tom Owen* and *Josh. Hudson*. The odds were decidedly against *Bunn* on setting-so, but in the middle of the fight, on hearing a *Swell* offer to bet 10 to 1, *Bunn* roared out, "I can fight half an hour longer yet." *Bunn* fought well, but BROWN was too young for him; and the *Pink of Bow* again *drooped* before the

hardy *Sprig of Myrtle*. BROWN was punished a good deal about the *nob*. This ought to settle the matter; indeed it was a great pity that Bunn had not been previously satisfied.

The *Sprig of Myrtle* was matched against Stockman the *lively kid*, for 25 sovereigns aside; this battle took place, on Tuesday, August 13, 1822, in the Green Lanes, near Hayes, in Middlesex, 13 miles from London.

At the appointed time for *peeling*, the *Sprig of Myrtle* was not to be found, and several bets were offered that he did not make his appearance at all; not from *fear*, but owing to some mistake respecting the information as to *the bit of turf*. After some delay had occurred on the *look out* for the *Sprig*, it was determined that the *minor coves* should commence the *amusement* of the day; when *Small* and *Green*, both *rumly togged* in white uppers, *shewed* in the ring, and threw up their *nob coverers* with great confidence. *Green* fighting *Small*, six sovereigns to nine. *Eales* and *Gipsy Cooper* seconded *Green*; and *Paddington Jones* and old *Dick Hall* for *Small*. Contrary to expectation this battle proved a very spirited one on both sides; *Small* in most of the rounds (twenty-three) took the lead, and with his left hand dealt out heavy *pepper* on *Green's nob*; the latter not only proved himself a *game* man, but he administered some severe *punishment* to his opponent. *Small* possessed the most science; and that feature won him the battle in 24 minutes.

Green and *Small* had scarcely quitted the ring, when a post chaise appeared in sight, which contained *Josh*.

Hudson and *BROWN*. The sight of the *Sprig* made all the amateurs alive again : and *BROWN* was received with loud clapping of hands. He jumped out of the vehicle and ran towards the ring, and in his eagerness to *shy his castor*, it went right over the ropes. He had a blue bird's-eye tied loosely round his *squeeze*, and a collar so high, that, to use the expression of an old sporting man, it was big enough to make a white waiscoat ; in fact, he was a *swell* milling *cove* in duodecimo ! The *Lively Kid* and the *Sprig* shook *mauleys* together, and immediately prepared for combat. *Eales* and *Tom Jones* handled the *Kid* ; and *Spring* and *Josh*. *Hudson* were for *BROWN*. The latter hero tied his *bit of blue* to the stakes ; and *Stockman*, with smiling confidence, covered it with his *yellowman*, à la Belcher. The odds had been in some few instances few days previous to the battle 2 to 1 on *BROWN* ; but 6 and 5 to 4 was the current betting at the commencement of the battle.

Round First.—On stripping, *Stockman*, if any thing, appeared the biggest *chap* of the two. After a short pause, occupied in viewing each others attitudes, *Stockman* endeavoured to plant a hit, but *Brown* got away. *Brown* also stopped a blow well. A short pause, *Stockman* rushed in, and a struggle took place at the ropes, when both went down.

Second.—Similar ; *Brown's* nose was a little tinged with *claret* ; struggling again till both down.

Third.—This was also a scrambling *pully-haully* round, and no execution done. It was nothing like fighting.

Fourth.—The *Sprig* acted entirely on the defensive, and got away. The *Lively Kid* was too much in a hurry to plant any heavy blows, and always finished the round by rushing in and endeavouring to have the best of the hugging. On *Brown's* struggling to obtain the throw, *Josh*.

Hudson roared out with the voice of a Stentor, "My *Spriggy*, what *are* you *arter*; fight, fight, why don't you *mill* instead of trying to throw your man."

Fifth to Seventh.—Brown shewed the value of experience, and in going down with his opponent, planted a good hit.

Eighth and Ninth.—The last was a well fought round. The *Lively Kid* met with a stopper to his rush on the *nob*, but he returned well to the *scratch*, and a good exchange of blows occurred, in which Stockman received a severe cut over one of his *ogles*, that produced the *claret*. Both down. The *Westminster boys* loudly shouted, thinking it looked a little like winning.—6 to 4 on Brown.

Tenth and Eleventh.—Short, but no *points* about these rounds.

Twelfth.—The *Sprig* made play, and, in his eagerness to hit, slipped down; but he instantly got up, and fought till both measured their lengths upon the grass.

Thirteenth.—Brown hit Stockman, who slipped down, but he jumped up again, and was for renewing the battle; however, the seconds of Brown considered it a round, and Brown sat down on Hudson's knee.

Fourteenth.—The *Sprig* went down, from a slight hit, on his knees, and the *Lively Kid* ran in to make the most of it; but he threw up his hands, amidst loud applause from all parts of the ring.

Fifteenth.—Both of the combatants did not appear in a hurry to go to work. In a struggle Stockman was thrown.

Sixteenth.—Fibbing each other at the ropes, till they finished the round by going down.

Seventeenth.—Some blows passed, when Brown hit his opponent slightly off his balance, and endeavoured to plant a hit, but he threw up his hands. "Foul," "fair," &c. as it suited the different partizans.

Eighteenth and last.—Some fighting in this round, and in a severe struggle for the throw, Stockman having put his finger into Brown's mouth, he challenged the latter with biting him, as he was falling down. Loud cries of "Foul, foul"—"Fair, fair."—A wrangle ensued. Brown's umpire (a stranger, it seems, and his first appearance in that cha-

racter) left the ring, and said he had lost it. Neither Stockman's umpire nor the referee saw the circumstance alluded to.

The ring was broken, when *Eales* threw up his hat and took the *Lively Kid* out of the ropes as the winning man. This event produced a prime *Babel-row*! and several expressions rather *unparliamentary* escaped from the lips of the betters towards each other as to winning, both sides claiming it. *Spring, Josh. Hudson*, and *BROWN*, remained in the ring, contending if it was not foul for a man to put his finger into another's mouth, it was an unmanly trick; but they would fight the battle out, and called upon the *Lively Kid* again to shew himself in the ring. This *Stockman* refused to do; when *BROWN* and his seconds left the ground, observing, they should insist upon having the battle-money. The right hand of *Stockman*, it was said, was *gone*, and the *bite* he complained of was but a very slight *scratch*. The amateurs separated quite out of *humour* with each other; and the merits of the dispute in question, was *chaffed* in the highest court of the *Fancy*, when it was decided as a *drawn* battle.

Since the above battle, *BROWN* has not appeared in the Prize Ring. The *Sprig of Myrtle*, however, has always been ready to make a fight; and likewise numerous challenges to several of the "light weights," at the Fives' Court; but he has not met with any *customers*. The *Sprig of Myrtle*, if not victorious, will prove himself a troublesome opponent.

OULD JOE NORTON,

THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

POOR JOE, having suddenly closed his career at the Fives' Court, his remains were consigned to the tomb, on Thursday, May 31, 1821. In his day, *Ould Joe* was a *striking* feature among the *Fancy*; and distinguished himself as a *good* man, about twenty years since, on Blackheath. In several skirmishes, and upon other minor occasions, NORTON also proved himself a smart active fellow. For several years previous to the Castle Tavern being a sporting house, the *Roe Buck*, in Holborn, kept by *Ould Joe*, was all the go; and which was *slangly* denominated the "*show-shop*," from the numerous eccentric and sporting characters who were daily and nightly in the habit of taking their *heavy*, blowing a *cloud*, "tipping the *whole nine*!" and anxious to meet at the above shop to "see a *bit of life*." The late *Jem Belcher*, when he first came to town, was frequently to be met with at NORTON's; and he was so great a favourite with poor *Ould Joe*, that at the top of his picture he placed a *Sprig of Myrtle*, in honour of his victory over *Gamble*. *Coudy* took it down in an angry moment; but he received a *nobber* for his temerity, and also refused to fight *Jem Belcher* for the *honour* of it, when NORTON

again put up the myrtle with redoubled satisfaction. The (*yellow-man*) BELCHER handkerchief, as it has long been termed, not only in the sporting but in the fashionable world, was the gift of poor *Ould Joe* to his favourite *Jem Belcher*, the former having bought a piece to distribute among his friends, in order to sport the colour of his hero. From misfortunes JOE at length was compelled to leave the *Roe Buck*; and the latter years of his life were some what *chequered*. In the character of a *second*, although JOE might not display so much *scientific talent* as many of the pugilists, yet his HUMANITY was conspicuous in the extreme; especially to the defeated man, whom he never left day or night till he recovered. The writer of this article, if it were necessary, could point out several instances. JOE was respectably connected; but relationship in London is little more than a name, and a poor man in the Metropolis may be said to have no relatives—POVERTY being of so forbidding an aspect. But in the Sporting World, poor *Ould JOE NORTON* had many good friends among the “Cutting-up tribe,” who, not only “blowed him out” at times, but *shoved* many a “bobstick” into his clie, to prevent want from staring him in the face. In fact, he was principally supported by those means. His office of *Master of the Ceremonies* at the Fives’ Court was more a post of HONOUR than of *profit*; but it gave him a sort of claim to *Benefits*, and in this respect, the “Swell Coachmen and Guards” were always liberal in taking tickets of NORTON. He was an interesting companion—full of anecdote—and for the last thirty-five years of his life, he could detail every

pugilistic event with considerable accuracy. He was polite and well behaved to all classes of society, and, in his place, a useful member of the Sporting World. His death, it is said, was occasioned by an apoplectic fit; on being picked up by *Harry Harmer* off the ground, he exclaimed, "I am all right now!" but those were the last words he ever uttered. It was the intention of several Members of the Sporting World to have given NORTON a respectable funeral, but this circumstance was prevented by one of his brothers, who undertook that office. *Poor Ould Joe* was about fifth-five years of age; he was fond of a *lark*—a great *penchant* for *milling*—and anxious to witness all sporting events; and it is not too much to observe that his sudden death has been lamented by numerous persons. It is true, poor *Ould Joe* had faults—but he that has *none*, let him throw the first stone.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The following was the evidence adduced:—R. Morley, a coachman, deposed, that, on Saturday morning, May 26, about nine o'clock, witness met NORTON in Smithfield Market, he was quite sober, and witness invited him to take a pint of porter and some chops. The deceased accepted the invitation, and they went to the house of Cyrus Davis to have them. They afterwards quitted the tap, and went to *Harry Harmer's*, the sign of the Plough, in Windmill-court, Smithfield, where they arrived about three o'clock; the deceased here drank two glasses of stout and some porter. He was sitting on the seat and became sick, when he fell off the seat. He was afterwards taken home to George-court, Snow-hill, where he was put to bed: and on the following morn-

ing, Sunday, he was found quite dead. Witness believed the deceased to be sober.

Harry Harmer deposed, that the deceased came to his house with the last witness; he corroborated what he stated as to what the deceased drank. The deceased dropped his pipe, and, in stooping for it, he became stupified. Witness thought at first that the deceased was intoxicated, and he sent him home. The deceased sometimes had benefits at the Fives' Court.

William Conner and *Cyrus Davis* gave evidence to a similar effect.

A Juryman asked the first witness whether the deceased had not been struck by *Hickman*, the *Gas-light Man*? Witness replied that he had, and the deceased complained of the effects of the blows, and said he would never leave *Gas*.

The Coroner was of opinion that the deceased died of apoplexy, and that the *Gas-light Man* would not be at all affected by the question, unless it could be proved that the blows given had caused his death. In the absence of such evidence, the Jury returned a verdict—Died by the Visitation of God.

JACK COOPER,

THE TREMENDOUS LITTLE GIPSY.

THE above hero of the *Bush-squad*, (who, from his mode of life, was always in *training*, and ready for a *match* or a *turn-up*, when either offered itself to his notice) entered the Prize Ring, on Tuesday, June 12, 1821, to make up a second fight, after *Hickman* had defeated *Oliver*, on Blindlow-heath, twenty-five miles from London, with a man of the name of *Dent*, for a Subscription Purse of £10. COOPER had, for his seconds, *Josh. Hudson* and *Teasdale*; and *Dent* was handled by *Harmer* and *Thurtell*. The slashing blows of the Gipsy in the first round reduced it to a certainty, although against weight, height, and length; and he won it in seven rounds, and in less than ten minutes. *Dent* was well known as an excellent setter-to, but it only adds to the numerous instances of the vast difference between *sparring* and fighting, with and without the *gloves*. The friends of *Dent* lost their *blunt*, in consequence of the latter being considered a good *sparrer*.

The friends of *O'Leary* were not satisfied with the result of the battle between him and COOPER, insisting that the Gipsy had "*given it in*" once or twice during the fight, to his seconds; and were, in consequence, determined *O'Leary* should have another trial.

The second battle took place on Tuesday, August 7, 1821, on Epsom Downs, for 25 gs. a-side. COOPER was seconded by *Shelton* and *Hickman*; O'Leary, by *Randall* and *Tom Jones*.

Round First.—O'Leary, too much on the bustle, hit short. Cooper, equally eager, hit at random, but the latter gave his opponent a severe fall.

Second.—The Gipsy endeavoured to do a great deal of mischief with his right hand, but his hits fell short. O'Leary again thrown.

Third.—Paddy showed considerable science in this round, and stopped the round hits of his adversary. The left-handed blows of O'Leary also told. The Gipsy, however, got the throw.

Fourth.—Cooper missed a tremendous blow at his opponent's nob; and O'Leary was equally at fault. In a struggle, O'Leary got the Gipsy down. (Thunders of applause.)

Fifth.—Both the combatants were rather the worse for their exertions. They had been out-fighting themselves. Both down.

Sixth to the Tenth.—These rounds were of little consequence; reciprocal as to punishment—Cooper and O'Leary being in a distressed state.

Eleventh.—The left hand of the Irishman had so repeatedly *nobbed* the Gipsy, that his head was in *chancery*; and his friends were rather on the *funk*. Both down, O'Leary undermost.

Twelfth to the Twenty-first.—The Gipsy lost the *claret* in profusion. In the last round, which was all fighting, and to the advantage of O'Leary, he received a tremendous fall, which almost shook him to pieces.

Twenty-second to the Twenty-fifth.—Paddy had so completely *bothered* his opponent, that he had now become decidedly the favourite.

Twenty-sixth.—Cooper again the worst of it—also thrown—and looked rather *blue* on the subject.

Twenty-seventh.—O'Leary now kept the lead; and the Gipsy had the worst of it. Two to one on *Paddy-whack*.

Twenty-eighth.—The Gipsy received a flush hit on his mouth, that set all his teeth a dancing. He was also thrown.

Twenty-ninth to Thirty-first.—At the commencement of the last round, O'Leary made play in good style, but he went down from a tremendous right-handed lunging hit of the Gipsy's on his head.

Thirty-second to the Thirty-eighth, and last.—The left peeper of the Gipsy was closed. Cooper hit his adversary a heavy blow on the temple, which finished the fight for the Gipsy.

OBSERVATIONS.—In consequence of the rapid change which took place in the betting, at Tattersall's, on Monday preceding the fight, it was six to four on the Gipsy; but, in the evening, at the Sporting-houses in London, it was six to four on *O'Leary*; and also on the ground, prior to the battle, the betting was decidedly in favour of the Irishman; an opinion was entertained that something wrong would be attempted. However, the conduct of the combatants throughout the battle totally removed this unfavourable opinion.* Yet, after all, it was but a puddling fight, as to any scientific movements. The *Gipsy* could only be viewed as a tremendous hitter; and *O'Leary* could not mill at all as a skilful boxer. The Hero of the Bush appeared to have had the "best of it" in point of training; but these travelling Coves are always rough and ready, and are scarcely ever in want of training.

* A report was in circulation, that the Gipsy had received Fifty Sovereigns, from Oliver, to lose the battle; but that he had given the money up to his backer, as a proof of his determination to the contrary; nay, more, that Cooper had requested his backer to bet the above sum on him. Respecting fighting men receiving money in any shape—More of this, anon.

O'Leary soon began to exhibit symptoms of piping; but it was more owing to the numerous heavy body blows he received from the left-hand of the *Gipsy*, in close combat, than bad condition. The *Gipsy* also adopted the *Gas-light Man's* mode of fighting, in some instances, feeling for the nob of his opponent with his left, and then administering severe punishment with his right-hand. One of the peepers of the *Gipsy* was closed; and he fought many rounds under great disadvantages. It was thought by several of the best judges, it was so much in favour of *O'Leary*, at times, during the battle, that he must win it. Something like a wrangle occurred, in consequence of the agitation displayed by the spectators when *O'Leary* received the stunning hit on his head, in crying out "time," two seconds before the half-minute had expired: when one of the umpires, in order to correct this ebullition of the Amateurs, observed, "it was not time." *Shelton*, in the confusion of the moment, thought "time," had been called by the umpires, and immediately threw up his hat in token of victory, and took his man away; but, on the mistake being explained to him, the *Gipsy* again appeared at the scratch, ready to renew the contest. However, *O'Leary* could not leave the knee of his second. It occupied an hour and eight minutes. We are sorry to state that the above blow proved fatal to *O'Leary*. He was taken off the ground in a state of stupor, to the Cock Inn, at Sutton, where he expired about nine o'clock; he was bled, and there was no want of medical aid, but it was all to no purpose, as the blow caused a rupture of one of the vessels of the brain.

Copy of the Letter signed by both the Umpires, at
Mr. Jackson's Rooms, Bond-street :

"We met on Friday last, at Mr. Jackson's, and decided that the battle-money should be given to Cooper, the Gipsy.

"JOHN SHELTON.

"Aug. 17, 1821.

"R. BUCKLE TEAST."

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—The umpires appointed to decide the issue of the late fight, between Cooper (the Gipsy) and the unfortunate O'Leary, having decided that Cooper is entitled to the battle-money, I am surprised to find that a few individuals—heavy losers by Cooper's honesty—decline paying the bets they have lost, in consequence of this decision. The decision of umpires has always been considered as final: and I am at a loss to know why such decision is not now to be so considered. Indeed, by all fair Sportsmen it is so considered (with the exception of a few individuals, who I suspect cannot pay), and every bet has, I believe, been paid. I have heard that an action has been brought by O'Leary's backers to recover back the battle-money paid over to Cooper. If this is true, the fact should be made public, and the name of O'Leary's backers known. I should also like to know the names of all the individuals who refuse to pay their losses on the fight, in order that I may not be led into making bets with such men. In my opinion, all the circumstances relative to the last fight should be fully investigated, and the authors of the late attempt on Cooper's honesty discovered. I am ready to give my mite to effect this object, whether it is done by defending the actions now brought, or in any other way; and, indeed, I cannot but think that every friend to the Ring will readily come forward to expose such disgraceful conduct. Hoping that every individual connected with these disgraceful proceedings may be fully exposed,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO AN HONEST MAN.

THE TRIAL.

JOHN COOPER was indicted at the Croydon Assizes, on Friday, August 31, 1821, for feloniously killing and slaying *Daniel O'Leary*, at Walton-on-the-hill, on the 7th of August last. The prisoner had been admitted to bail, and now surrendered to take his trial. Mr. Platt opened the case for the prosecution, and stated, that the fatal catastrophe which deprived the deceased of life, was in consequence of a prize-fight between him and the prisoner. As to the political expediency of encouraging prize fighting in this country, for the purpose of keeping up the courage of the common people, that could not enter into the present inquiry. The question was, whether the prisoner had killed the deceased in the pursuit of an unlawful purpose? He apprehended that meeting for the purpose of fighting a pitched battle was unlawful, and that if death ensued to either party, the survivor would be answerable in law for felonious homicide. In this particular case, undoubtedly, no malicious motives were attributable to the prisoner. On the 7th of August, the prisoner met the deceased, in pursuance of a previous challenge to fight, on Walton-down. Before they commenced fighting they shook hands and appeared friendly, and it must be admitted on all hands that the battle was extremely fair, according to the laws of Chivalry, which regulate the conduct of persons on such occasions. After fighting for some time, the deceased, *Daniel*

O'Leary, received a dreadful blow on the side of the head, which felled him to the ground, to rise no more. He was carried off the field in a senseless state, and shortly afterwards breathed his last. It was due to the prisoner to say, that no man could be more sorry for the fatal event than himself. In point of law, however, he was answerable for the consequences, and the Jury would dispose of the case as the facts seemed to them to warrant.

John Knight was present at the fight. The prisoner and the deceased shook hands with each other before they began the combat. It was a pitched battle. There were thousands of people there, of all ranks and conditions. The prisoner and the deceased were very good humoured with each other. They stood up a good while. The deceased received a violent blow on the side of the head under the ear, which staggered him. In the last round he received another blow in the same place, as he dropped. That was the end of the fight. The seconds took him up, and carried him off the ground. *Randall* was second to *O'Leary*, and *Shelton* to the prisoner.

Cross-examined by Mr. Curwood.—He had seen all the men before that time. He heard it said that it was a battle for money; but he did not know that of his own knowledge. Did not know of his own knowledge that the name of the deceased was *Daniel O'Leary*, but they called him so. It was a downright fair fight. The prisoner was very much punished. The deceased was carried to the Cock public-house at Sutton, and died there.

Mary Reeves, chambermaid of the Cock, at Sutton,

proved that the deceased died there, about half-past nine in the same evening that he was brought there.

Mr. J. R. Wallace, of Carshalton, surgeon, proved, that the deceased died of a rupture of a small blood-vessel on the brain, occasioned by the blow on the side of the head. This is always a dangerous place to receive a blow.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, said, he had fought with the deceased in consequence of a challenge received in the Fives' Court, and was extremely sorry for the fatal result.

Mr. Justice Burrough.—It is really scandalous conduct, and it is a disgrace to the country, that the better sort of people attend such brutal scenes. Every year these fights end in the death of a number of people. This sort of trial has happened twice before on the same circuit.

Mr. Curwood.—My Lord, the most civilised Romans encouraged these amusements. Even Cicero himself advocated them.

Mr. Justice Burrough.—I don't care for that, they were savages, and were very vicious.

Mr. Curwood.—Cicero was a virtuous man, and he praises the games of his country.

Mr. Justice Burrough.—If a man is attacked in hot blood, and he defends himself, the case is different: but where men go out to fight each other for amusement or profit, in cold blood, it is a most unlawful and disgraceful act. The Jury are bound to find the prisoner guilty, if they believe the evidence.

The Jury found the prisoner guilty of Manslaughter.

Mr. Justice Burrough addressed the prisoner:—

JOHN COOPER, you have been tried and found guilty of manslaughter. You know, and all persons of your description know, that these fights are unlawful, and generally take place for money, which makes the practice ten times worse. I do not think that this was a fair fight, because you struck the deceased twice upon a place, which you know is always very dangerous to strike a man upon. If you do not take more care of your conduct, the consequence will be, that some of you will be indicted for murder, and, if convicted, will most certainly be executed. Thinking that you were guilty of improper conduct in striking the man twice in a place which you knew as well as any man was dangerous, the sentence of the Court upon you is, that, for this offence, you be imprisoned for six calendar months in the County Gaol.

On quitting prison, COOPER became a considerable object of envy among the light weights, and a provincial boxer of the name of *Bishop Sharpe*, well known in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, by his repeated conquests, was matched against him for 75 guineas a-side. This battle was to have taken place on Tuesday, the 14th of May, 1822, and the amateurs started early in the morning to witness a good fight, as they had previously anticipated, between *Bishop Sharpe* and COOPER, both of the combatants possessing some *character* for *milling*. It was a most delightful day, and the Fancy mustered very strongly upon the occasion, it being the second regular *turn-out* in the season. The road was literally covered, from the barouche to the *tumbler*; and the

toddlers, in numbers, were on the dog-trot, puffing and blowing, with their coats on their arms, their *mugs* covered with perspiration, and their *nobs* and whole frames lost, at times, in clouds of dust, from the numerous carriages which were continually passing them; the burning rays of bright Sol, too, almost *frying* them like pancakes; and the continual use of their *fogles*, to obtain some small relief, kept the *marrow-bone coves* completely employed. Neither were the *swells* and their *tits* without their *troubles*. But the *game* of the Fancy is too good to mind *trifles*; and the sight of a *mill* places all previous obstacles in the shade. No *grumbling* occurred; indeed, the contrary was the fact, and every person expressed himself in raptures with the delightful prospects by which he was continually surrounded. But the county of Surrey is distinguishable for picturesque scenery. Addington-common at length appeared in sight, where the ring was made; but a whisper had gone forth for some miles on the road, that the *beaks* were out, and that no fight would take place in Surrey. The magistrates, on interfering, behaved in the most gentlemanly manner; and, after some little *parley* upon this occasion, Wimbledon-common was *named*, and the whole cavalcade instantly were in rapid motion. It afforded the inhabitants of Croydon, who were taken by surprise, lots of *gape seed*, to view the Fancy galloping through the town—the old and the young were all out at their doors or their windows—the shopkeepers left their customers in the lurch—the *barbatics* left off shaving—the dashing little *milliners' girls* put down their caps, and were on the look-

out—the *regulars* and *propriety folks* taking a squint on the sly behind their green blinds, to see what sort of beings the *milling* patrons were made of—the *slaveys* and *rainbows* left waiting on their masters at table, just to have a turn and off again—the *Bonifaces* grinning, in getting rid of oceans of heavy wet, to take the *dust* off the *chaffers* of the lads—the turnpike heroes having a glorious *nibble*, not caring a fig for *Cocker* as to returns—in short, business was at a complete *stand-still* in Croydon for *two hours*! The villages, and the little town of Wimbledon, were all taken by surprise; but, nevertheless, enjoying the fun, which the disturbance of a fight always occasions. The Fancy once more made another stand on Wimbledon-common; but another *beak*, equally as polite as the former, informed the Commander-in-Chief that no fight could take place on the Common. This interference created but little disappointment, as the ring had not been made. Putney-heath was now the place in view, and no time was to be lost; yet, long before this period, not only the *poor toddlers* were doubly distanced, but many of the *prads* had refused to answer the whip, and the inmates of the *heavy drags* were left behind. The ring was at last (four o'clock) formed on the Heath, on a most delightful spot, surrounded by trees; and which, altogether, had rather an interesting appearance; the Fancy all happiness, and only waiting to enjoy the anxious moment, to witness the men *peel*, and the *seconds* and bottle-holders prepare for the combat. COOPER, arm-in-arm with his backer and *Tom Belcher*, showed, and threw up his castor in the ring. He looked well altogether; perhaps rather too fat.

COOPER was dressed in a new dark green coat, with his drawers on, ready to commence the battle. He stayed in the ring about two minutes, then left it, and got into the post-chaise in which *Marshall*, the *Young Gas*, was seated. Where is *Bishop Sharpe*? was the general cry; and, after waiting a quarter of an hour, the Commander-in-Chief sent a gentleman, who had a fast mare, to inform *Sharpe* that the ring was made; but the gentleman did not meet with him. At twenty minutes past five o'clock, the *Gipsy* and his backer left the ground, when *Ward*, the new *Black Diamond*, threw up his hat in the ring, to fight "any body" for a purse; but no match being likely to be made, the stakes were pulled up, and Putney-heath was soon deserted by the Fancy: however, not without loud murmurings that they had been "ill-treated and humbugged by somebody!"

REMARKS.—It is asserted by one party, that *Bishop Sharpe* refused to fight at Wimbledon-common, but that he would fight any where in Kent. If he did so, he was wrong, culpably wrong. If he did not care for the amateurs of the London ring, who had trotted, on his account, through a burning sun and clouds of dust, upwards of fifty miles altogether, at an unnecessary expense, surely out of respect to the many numerous never-to-be-forgotten obligations that the fighting men are under to Mr. Jackson, he ought to have followed that gentleman, and the patrons of the milling corps, members of the P. C. that were with him, to Wimbledon; and, as things have since turned out, he must see his error, as the £75 might have been in his pocket. It is also asserted by the other party, that he

was *stalled-off* at Croydon, over a glass of wine, "that no fight would take place, even if he had followed the *Gipsy* from London to Cornwall, and that *Bishop Sharpe* was not in fault." In fact, it is ridiculous to name any *distance* in the articles; and it is equally disgusting for a fighting man to prefer one place to another. All that a brave man wants to do is, "*to fight*," and to have a *clear ring* and *fair play*. We hope we shall hear no more of this contemptible nonsense in future: the Ring itself is *fast going*, and will shortly be *gone* altogether, if the Fancy are to be treated in this way. The Benefits have already been complained of as too numerous. We have always been friends to the pugilists, because we are supporters of a national manly sport, that is of service to Old England, as a generous and warlike people, and we shall always continue to do so, while they do right and act bravely; but we boldly recommend to the amateurs, to *think* of those men who have not used them well, when the *bonnet* is off to take a ticket. It is now clear the *Gipsy* never intended to fight, and we shall prove it, before we have done. Bets were laid, two to one, at a sporting-house at the west-end of the town, on Tuesday morning last, that no fight would take place; and a Reporter, at the Fives' Court, was informed by a gentleman, intimately connected with the Prize Ring, and one of its most honourable and greatest supporters, in these words—"I am sorry that I did not see you before you set out, as I could have told you there would have been no fight." The naming of the place (*Addington-common*) in Surrey, if not done on purpose, was equally as improper

as any thing that occurred: to bring a man to fight in the same county, and within six or seven miles of Croydon, where he had been tried only eight months since for manslaughter; more especially after the Judge had made use of the following words to COOPER: "If you do not take more care of your conduct, the consequence will be that some of you will be indicted for murder; and, if convicted, will most certainly be executed." Besides, Mr. Jackson had previously received a letter from a Baronet near the spot, that no fight would be suffered to take place in Surrey. Now let the case speak for itself:—

Fives' Court.—At Tom Owen and Hudson's benefit, the next day, (Wednesday, May 15th,) Sharpe descended the stage, and said he would fight the *Gipsy* for the stakes that were down, anywhere after the parring was over. (*Great applause.*)

The *Gipsy*, in answer, said he would fight him for a purse of £25, or, if any person would back him.—*Query*, how had he lost his patrons in this short time?—He that had thrown his hat in the ring so jolly, but a few hours before. Some change in opinion at least must have taken place. The *Gipsy* was well known to be a tremendous hitter, and there was no *certainty* about *Bishop Sharpe* winning the battle. We think, at all events, it would have been a very *nice* thing; and if opinions were canvassed upon the subject, the majority would be in favour of the *Gipsy* proving the conqueror. But from this *nicety* about a few pounds, it is the general opinion of the persons in the Court, that it places the *game* of COOPER in a very *doubtful* point of view, and nothing else but a fight could remove it.

After some of the sets-to were over, the *Gipsy* again ascended the stage, and said he would fight *Sharpe* for £500, if he would come within *four pounds* of his weight. (*Loud disapprobation*, and “why don’t you fight him for the stakes that are down?” from several parts of the Court. “The stakes are drawn,” said *Tom Shelton*; “and if *Sharpe* will fight him at odds, another match shall be made: *Sharpe* is a stone heavier than the *Gipsy*.” *Tom Oliver* replied, “he never meant to fight.” “If you wish to fight, *Mr. Oliver*,” said *Shelton*, “I will fight you.”)

Bishop Sharpe, in answer to *Shelton*, who was standing close to the *Gipsy* on the stage, said, “he was not any thing like a stone heavier; but he would instantly double the stakes, and fight him that day, to-morrow, or in a fortnight.” (*Loud applause*).

The following Letter soon afterwards appeared in the Weekly Dispatch.—To the Editor.

SIR,—I should feel obliged by your inserting the following statement in your valuable paper of Sunday next.

The fight between Cooper, *alias* the Gipsy, and Bishop Sharpe, which was to have taken place on Tuesday, the 14th instant, at Addington, to meet at half-past twelve o’clock, was prevented by the following occurrences:—Sharpe was at the Cricketers (the house appointed to meet at) before his time, but was there informed that Cooper was gone to Wallington. Sharpe followed as fast as possible, and was ready to enter the ring, but, to his great surprise, heard that through the interference of some magistrate, or, I believe, some pretended magistrate, procured by Cooper’s party, he had gone off to Croydon; but, without seeing Sharpe or any of his friends, understood he would meet us there to decide where the fight should take place. Sharpe followed immediately, but Cooper was gone, but was informed by Mr. Spring (one of Cooper’s seconds), that Cooper had gone to Wimbledon-common, and Spring po-

sitively asserted, that it was useless for Sharpe to follow him, as there would be no fight that day. And, after a chase of about twenty-four miles, in which he could never overtake him, he was persuaded to follow him no farther.

A constant Reader, and a Friend to Truth,
Woolwich, 17th May, 1822. JOHN COOK.

"I hereby challenge Mr. Cooper to fight for 100 guineas, at any time he may appoint: the sooner, the better I shall like it. If this challenge is not accepted, I shall consider him a rank cur."

The mark of BISHOP ✕ SHARPE.

Some letters passed between COOPER and the following boxers—*Defoe*, *Harris*, and *Cy. Davis*; but they produced no battles. The *Gipsy*, however, met with a *troublesome* customer at a very short notice.

In consequence of the fights between *Acton* and *Ward*, and *Burke* and *Marshall*, at Moulsey-hurst, on Wednesday, June 12, 1822, not affording the usual sport, two countrymen offered themselves to the notice of the amateurs for a small purse, and actually *peeled*, ready to commence the battle, when *Scroggins* roared out, "Gentlemen, as you have had but little fun to-day, I will fight the *Gipsy*, and that will produce you plenty of sport." COOPER answered, "he was ready;" and both of these heroes prepared themselves to commence the

THIRD BATTLE.

Scroggins was seconded by *Harmer* and *Eales*; and *Abbot* and *Turner* were for the *Gipsy*: 6 and 7 to 4 on the latter.

First Round.—Previous to the *Gipsy* appearing at the scratch, he stooped down and wiped his hands upon the grass, and appeared quite confident of success. *Scroggins* looked as

fat as an ox fed with oil-cake, completely out of condition, with a stomach overcharged with oranges, ginger-beer, heavy wet, as antidotes to resist the heat of the day, not entertaining any idea of entering the Prize-Ring; but, nevertheless, he shook hands with his opponent as gay as a lark. Scroggins looked rather formidable, and the Gipsy was in no hurry to let fly. The *Old One* at length made a hit, the Gipsy got away; some exchanges took place, when Scroggins followed the Gipsy to the ropes, and such a *rally* took place as beggars description. It was hit for hit, ditto repeated, and ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till they both went down exhausted. Thunders of applause, and "*Scroggy is not to be disposed of as a matter of course.*"

Second.—The face of Scroggins was as red as the gills of a turkey-cock, from the blows he had received, and the exertions he had made: and the *nob* of the Gipsy was equally disordered. After a little sparring, they got into another rally, like the first round, when both went down, the Gipsy undermost. "*Bravo, Scroggins; the old boy has still a chance.*"

Third.—Jack had the best of this round, although he was sent out of the ropes, and the Gipsy fell upon him.

Fourth.—Scroggins missed some well-intended blows with his right-hand, which, if they had told, must have turned the battle in his favour. The Gipsy shewed great distress, also received a sharp hit on his *nob*, and was undermost in going down. The odds varied a little, and 5 to 4 on the Gipsy.

Fifth.—A well-contested round, and both on the ground.

Sixth.—Scroggins kept his word: he afforded great sport to the amateurs, and showed *game* of the first quality. He also threw the Gipsy in rather a singular manner.

Seventh.—This round was all fighting; and, as Scroggins was going down, in a most extraordinary manner he *floored* the Gipsy. Thunders of applause.

Eighth.—All *millng*, till both down. While Scroggins was on the knee of his second, he took hold of the bottle to drink.

Ninth.—The Gipsy had the worst of this round. Scroggins put in two severe *nobbers*, and, in struggling, gave his opponent a severe *cross-buttock*.

Tenth.—Scroggins was as good as his opponent; and an-

other severe rally took place at the ropes, till both down, Gipsy undermost.

Eleventh.—Scroggins again-cross-buttocked his adversary.

Twelfth.—The Gipsy was none the better for these falls, but youth must be served, and he soon shook off his distress, by comparison with Scroggins. Hard fighting: but the Gipsy undermost. The combatants were close together upon the knees of their seconds, when they were both laughing and talking to each other, and Scroggins was in the act of offering his hand to the Gipsy, when time was called.

Thirteenth.—Scroggins *nobbed* the Gipsy, and had the best of this round as to science; but then his blows were not effective, or the frame and face of the Gipsy too iron-like to show any impression. Both down.

Fourteenth.—The Gipsy missed two of his favourite slashing hits, that might have ended the battle, and also fell very heavily upon Scroggins. Two to one.

Fifteenth.—Symptoms appeared that Scroggins was getting weak, but nevertheless he rallied hit for hit, till he went down quite exhausted. Three to one.

Sixteenth.—Poor Jack, game to the last, came up to the scratch like nothing else but a good one, but was *floored* by a desperate hit. Four to one. "Don't let the old boy fight any more, he has shown himself a good trump; take him away; youth must win against a stale one."

Seventeenth, and last.—Jack, although in a tottering state, was determined to have another shy for it; but it was of no use, and, like other brave men, he was compelled to submit to the chance of war. He was sent down; when some of the amateurs interfered, and Scroggins was persuaded to resign the contest. It was over in twenty-five minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—It must be admitted, on all hands, it was a most gallant fight; and *Scroggins* rather raised himself than otherwise in the opinion of the amateurs. To use his own words, "he could not win, yet he was not *half licked*, but his *condition* was not equal to the task." The ear of the *Gipsy* was severely punished; in fact, in one round, in the middle of the

fight, he was nearly at a *stand-still*. A small collection was made for *Scroggins*. The *Gipsy* had the purse of £15, out of which, we understand, he generously gave *Scroggins* two sovereigns. *Scroggins* will always "show fight;" but he should recollect that a man cannot last for ever. The *ould one* certainly possesses a fine constitution, but he does not seem to care one pin about it. COOPER, before he quitted the ring, offered to fight *Burke* for £50 a-side, in six weeks.

Several months elapsed before the *Gipsy* was again called into action. He was matched with *Cabbage* for £25 a-side, to fight on Wednesday, June 29th, 1823: but COOPER forfeited to the Bristol hero. This *baulk* to the amateurs occasioned a great deal of *murmuring* among the betters, in fact, lots of "*blowing-up*." Such expressions as the following escaped the lips of the *angry* and *disappointed* ones:—"The thing must now be reduced to a *certainty*; i.e. if certain persons cannot win, no fighting will take place." To use an old sporting phrase, which is generally allowed when any mistake occurs, and which, perhaps, applies in the present instance, "to beg pardon, and drop it;" surely, then, every *backer* of a pugilist (or a horse) has a right to pay *forfeit*, (even in the Ring or at the Post,) if he prefer such a mode of proceeding, than to *risk* the *condition* of his man, if he thinks him not adequate to meet his opponent. *Character*, to a boxer who has never been defeated, is certainly of great weight, and the *Gipsy* has never yet lost a fight. We, however, certainly entertain an opinion, that if a *forfeit* had been intended by the backers of the *Gipsy*, out of *courtesy* to the Fancy, it

might as well have been made public at ten o'clock in the morning (if it could have been done) as at eight in the evening, in order to prevent the expense of hiring *drags*, &c. Several hundred persons were some miles on the road, before the fight was known to be "*actually off!*" and among the number the *Gipsy* and *Shelton*. It appears that the *illness* of the *Gipsy* was totally unknown to his *backers*, till *Shelton*, on the previous Monday afternoon, went down to see him. The latter found COOPER in a fever, occasioned by a severe cold; leeches on his temple, his head bound up, and altogether in a state unfit for fighting. Tom immediately left COOPER, took the stage, and arrived in London about eleven o'clock at night, too late to convey the above information to the backers of the *Gipsy*. *Shelton*, on Tuesday morning, was ordered to return to COOPER, and to take him across the country, to be near the scene of action, in case the *Gipsy* should get better in the mean time, if not, they would then *forfeit* on the ground. In the evening of Tuesday, the backers of COOPER made up their minds that he should not *fight*; but the *Gipsy* not receiving the information of the forfeit till twelve o'clock on the Wednesday, was the reason of his appearance on the road. COOPER wished to fight, notwithstanding his bad condition, but his *backers* were determined that he should not give a *chance* away! The amateurs had scarcely given orders, on Tuesday night, for their *drags* to be got in readiness, to start off early on Wednesday morning, to witness the above *mill*, on which great interest had been excited, as well as lots of *blunt* posted, when a letter was received by Tom

to 4. At one o'clock, COOPER, attended by *Spring* and *Shelton*, threw up his hat in the ring; and, in a few minutes afterwards, *Cabbage*, waited upon by *Belcher*, (*Richmond* had been previously engaged to undertake the office of second to *Cabbage*, but the man of colour, owing to the sudden indisposition of his patron, who was taken ill on the road, did not arrive in time to fulfil his engagement,) and *Harry Harmer*, repeated the above token of courage. *Cabbage* went up to COOPER laughing, shook hands with him, and hoped he was well.

First round.—Both the men on stripping appeared in fine condition, and, generally speaking, it was considered an equal match. Some little sparring occurred before any hits passed. *Cabbage* hit short with his right-hand. Cooper got away from another well-aimed blow; but some exchanges took place, and the Gipsy received a severe hit on the throat and went down.—“*Well done, Cabbage, that's the way to win it.*”

Second.—A short pause. Some sharp work between them; the Gipsy napped pepper, and, in a close, received a tremendous cross-buttocker. *Cabbage* also went down.

Third.—The Gipsy came up the scratch bleeding at the nose; *milling* on both sides, till Cooper went down from another cross-buttocker.

Fourth.—*Cabbage* had also the best of this round, and fibbed the Gipsy down. “*It's poundable,*” was the cry; and several persons offered 2 and 3 to 1 against Cooper.

Fifth.—Both of the combatants were not exactly *steady* enough to do severe execution; they ran at each other; when *Cabbage* missed a hit at his opponent's *nob*; and the Gipsy was equally *at fault* in return. In closing, *Cabbage* had the best of the throw, and Cooper received a rare hoist before he came to the ground.

Sixth.—The Gipsy now seemed eager to go to *work*; and with his left hand he planted so tremendous a blow on *Cabbage's* forehead, that it was distinctly heard all over the Ring. The Bristol boy soon *shook it off*; when he rushed in and gave

Cooper another cross-buttock, but he fell over him. Cabbage, although successful in his throws, did not turn them effectually to his advantage, like Randall or Tom Belcher would have done.

Seventh.—Cabbage had the best of the hitting in this round: but he was thrown by his opponent. “Bravo, Cooper;” from the *flash side*.

Eighth.—The Gipsy received so terrible a blow on his head, that his eyes positively rolled about in wild confusion; he also *napped* again, and was much distressed, till he went down. *Visible symptoms of funk*ing on the part of the Gipsy’s backers.

Ninth.—Reciprocal heavy *milling*, till Cooper went down.

Tenth.—Considerable punishment took place on both sides, and the Gipsy was cleanly knocked down. “It is as right as the day,” the backers of Cabbage observed, “the Bristol boy will win it in a canter.” The *mugs* of Cooper’s partisans were now almost as long as “Paterson’s Road Book,” as he appeared to be fast losing the battle.

Eleventh.—The Gipsy *fibbed* down at the ropes.

Twelfth.—Cabbage again took the lead, till his opponent went down.

Thirteenth.—At the ropes a great struggle took place, and both down.

Fourteenth.—The Gipsy made play, made a couple of good hits, when Cabbage slipped down.

Fifteenth.—Cooper had rather the best of the fighting; but he was in such a hurry, that he bored Cabbage down.

Sixteenth.—Some sharp blows passed between them, but *random* ones; the Gipsy got Cabbage down, and also fell heavily on him.

Seventeenth.—Cabbage came to the scratch smiling; but nothing of consequence was done in this round. They missed each other, till both down.

Eighteenth.—The Gipsy did not show his usual *gaiety*, he was *pip*ing, and seriously distressed. Cabbage *nobbed* Cooper, but the *mug* of the latter hero is made of such close-grained stuff, that punishment does not appear visible. Cabbage gave his opponent another cross buttocker.

Nineteenth.—Cabbage received a severe hit on his ear, which already was in a damaged state. At the ropes they pulled each other about till both down.

Twentieth.—The Gipsy had certainly the worst of the fight up to this period. He was terribly distressed, but he got the throw, and fell on Cabbage with all his weight. "Go it, Cooper, you have spoilt his wind." "My eye," said Shelton, "I would not have been *served* so for the Bank of England!"

Twenty-first.—The Gipsy had decidedly the best of this round; both down. "Cut away, Cooper: he can't last much longer." *Chaffing*, by way of encouragement to the Gipsy, from his backers.

Twenty-second.—The face of Cabbage looked confident in the extreme; his mind was strongly impressed victory was at hand, and that a few more rounds would accomplish for him that delightful sound to a pugilist and a general. He gave the Gipsy a *facers*; and also had the best at close quarters, till both down.

Twenty-third.—The Gipsy went down from a hit. "Go along, Cabbage, don't spare the *pepper*."

Twenty-fourth.—This was a severe round: hit for hit, and nothing light about them. Both went staggering away from each other; in closing both down.

Twenty-fifth.—Ditto, repeated on both sides; Cabbage, in going down, hit the Gipsy on his nose, who was likewise in the act of falling down, and produced lots of *claret*. "Brave, good little men," from all parts of the *ring*.

Twenty-sixth.—Both sides of the question had previously anticipated, from the *smashing* qualities possessed by the combatants, that the fight would not last above thirty-five minutes; and it must have been over in that time, if the pugilists had fought at *points*. It is true, both were *determined* enough; but, in their *haste*, numerous blows were thrown away. The feature was prominent in this round, till both were down.

Twenty-seventh.—Cabbage very gay, soon sent his opponent down. Loud shouting for the Bristol hero: and, "he must win it," was the general opinion of his backers. Indeed, high odds were still betted on him.

Twenty-eighth.—Sharp, but not fine fighting, although considerable mischief was meant on both sides. The Gipsy hit

down by a blow on the temple. The backers of Cooper looked very *blue*, and had almost made up their minds that the *transfer* suit must be their portion; and a part of the *Bristolians* thought themselves equally secure as to winning their *blunt*.

Twenty-ninth.—According to the old saying, that a battle is never lost till it is won; in this round Cabbage received an ugly throw, and he fell on his head so hard, as to leave an impression on the ground.

Thirtieth.—The nerves of the Bristol boy seemed a little shaken by the last tumble; but, nevertheless, he put a smile on the matter, and gaily met his opponent at the *scratch*. Cabbage in turn obtained the fall this round, and the Gipsy measured his length on the ground.

Thirty-first.—Cabbage napped a heavy blow on the side of his head, which swelled up like a nut; but, after a severe struggle, and hammering each other in a corner of the ring, the Gipsy fell out of the ropes.

Thirty-second.—This was a curious round; the Gipsy went down from a hit on his knee, but he instantly got upon his legs. Shelton told him to fight away, when Cabbage ran in and got Cooper down.

Thirty-third.—Cabbage went down in a struggle, and was undermost. The Bristol boy, in several instances, jumped up, without waiting for the assistance of his seconds. This sort of conduct may appear very gay and bold to the spectators; but there is no doubt it has been the means of losing the battle, in several instances.

Thirty-fourth.—A pause; caution on both sides; Cabbage at length planted a blow on the Gipsy's nose, the *claret* following it profusely; and he also finished the round, by giving his opponent a severe cross-buttocker.

Thirty-fifth.—This was a good round; but, at the close of it, in struggling to obtain the throw, the Gipsy challenged Cabbage with acting unfairly towards him, endeavouring to take hold of his thigh; and "*foul, foul*," "*fair, fair*," loudly resounded from all parts of the ring, and Spring immediately went up and appealed to the umpires upon the subject.

Thirty-sixth.—During the half-minute the men were sitting close together on the knees of their seconds, Cooper said

to Cabbage, "you have acted foul." The latter replied, "I have not, and it is far from my intention to do anything wrong, I assure you." On meeting at the scratch, some hard blows were exchanged, when Cabbage was sent down. "Go it, Cooper, never leave him now!"

Thirty-seventh.—The Gipsy had not recovered his weakness; and the general observations were, "It's anybody's battle." Cabbage received a tremendous blow just above the temple, and he went down; the *claret* profusely followed the blow. A tremendous shout from the backers of Cooper; and their *faces* began to assume a more cheerful appearance than heretofore.

Thirty-eighth.—This hit put the friends of the Gipsy rather in spirits; and he began to take the lead. Both down.

Thirty-ninth.—Cooper likewise seemed on better terms with himself, and he commenced fighting with great spirit. He planted a heavy hit on Cabbage's ear, that not only bothered him a little, but he went down bleeding.

Fortieth.—Cabbage was again sent down; and 3 to 1 was freely offered that the Gipsy would win.

Forty-first.—Cabbage was bored down by the Gipsy on his appearing at the scratch.

Forty-second.—This was a *milling* round: and several severe blows passed between them, till Cabbage was hit down.

Forty-third.—The Gipsy was fast recovering his wind, and did considerable execution in this round. Cabbage was hit down from a severe blow on his *listener*; and the odds changed against him; even 4 to 1 were offered.

Forty-fourth.—The *game* of Cabbage was as good as when he commenced the battle; but his right hand was gone. He also betrayed symptoms of distress; nevertheless he threw the Gipsy.

Forty-fifth.—In this round the Gipsy was applauded from all parts of the ring, on account of his manly conduct. After some sharp fighting on both sides, Cabbage staggered, and, being on the ropes in a defenceless state, Cooper walked to his seconds without administering a hit.

Forty-sixth.—The great fault of Cabbage appeared to be in leaning too far back, by which means he often missed his

opponent. He was also wrong in endeavouring to *out-fight* Cooper, when he might have done so much execution, if he had preferred *close quarters*.

Forty-seventh.—Cabbage came smiling to the scratch; and his confidence never left him. The Gipsy hit him down again by a blow near the ear. 5 to 1. The *Cabbages* now began to *droop* in turn, as it was evident the *chance* was against their hero; but principally on account of his hands being in a most pitiable state.

Forty-eighth.—We cannot pass over an occurrence which took place here, without expressing strong marks of censure on the author of it. During the time Cooper was sitting on the knee of his second, near the ropes, Bill Cropley offered him some advice *gratis*, as to the best motive of *finishing* Cabbage, within the hearing of the latter and Belcher. Tom remonstrated with Cropley on the impropriety of his conduct, when Cropley, forgetting himself in the heat of passion, would have struck him with a whip which he had in his hand, if he had not been prevented by a by-stander. Spring and Shelton also told Cropley, that if they, in the character of his seconds, could not give Cooper advice, they felt quite assured that he (Cropley) was not able. If fighting men thus break in the Ring, and set such an example to others, there is an end to every thing like fair play. This round was a scrambling one; but completely to the disadvantage of Cabbage.

Forty-ninth.—The Gipsy had now recovered his wind and his strength; and was much better, and more able to fight than when he commenced the battle. Cooper was determined not to lose any time, and, as soon as Cabbage appeared at the *scratch*, he attacked him right and left, until he got the *Bristol boy* down. — Any odds.

Fiftieth. Cabbage again came up to the mark with the most determined resolution, still entertaining an idea that he should win it. He, however, had no *chance*, and was almost *slaughtered* down; but he nevertheless contested every inch of ground with uncommon bravery.

Fifty-first and last.—Cabbage again fought like a man; but, when in close quarters, he received a sort of choking hit across his throat, from the inner part of the Gipsy's right arm, from which he went down quite stupified. When time was called, he got upon his legs; but in so distressed a state, that Belcher said he should not fight any more. The Gipsy,

with much generosity, went to Cabbage, and taking hold of his hand, said :—" You are a brave man, Cabbage, and I will give you £10 out of my money." It was over in an hour, all but a few seconds.

OBSERVATIONS.—*Cabbage* was *licked* against his will, and he was full of *grief* on the subject. To use his own words, he said, " he should never rest happy till he had had another trial with COOPER." To his *hands ALONE* he attributed his defeat. " If they had not *given way*," he said, " I could not have lost the battle." This reminds us of an anecdote of the late brave Russian General Suwarrow, who, in the presence of his army, ordered one of his drummers to flog his legs, " Because," said the General, " they have refused to perform a long day's march, according to my orders, and if we do not keep every part belonging to us under due *subordination*, we cannot expect a *chance* to obtain the victory." The youth and strength of the *Gipsy* brought him through the piece. It was a truly brave fight ; and the *Gipsy* did not win it without receiving some severe *punishment*. He is a round but a dangerous hitter ; but, after the great success he has met with in the Prize Ring, few of his weight would like to *tackle* with him. Neither is *Cabbage* a play-thing for any boxer. The latter arrived at the Castle Tavern, within a few hours after the battle, on Wednesday night ; and, although defeated, met with great encouragement for his bravery.

The hitherto "slashing, conquering *Gipsy*" was now doomed to meet with a reverse of fortune. He was defeated by *Bishop Sharpe*, in one hour and twenty-five minutes, on Epping Forest, June 17, 1823. COOPER

also lost a second battle with *Sharpe*, at Arpenden-common, August 5, 1823, in thirty-nine minutes: and on Blackheath, November 28, after fighting twenty-four minutes, a drawn battle occurred, owing to the interference of a constable; but it was tantamount to a defeat, as the *Gipsy* had not a shadow of chance, and could not have fought another round.

BOXING

BETWEEN TWO TRUMPS OF THE EAST!

A LITTLE FOR LOVE, SOMETHING FOR HONOUR, AND
TO NAP THE BLUNT.

All punish'd and penitent, down on the knee
I bend to thee, Peg, to avert an adieu;
Oh, let not thine eyes, love, look *black* upon me,
Because mine are forced to look *black* upon you.

THE ARGUMENT:

Natty Peg, the gaze of Leadenhall-street, and the peer of the frequenters of the *Blunt Magazine*, the heroine of the tale, was the darling object of both the heroes in question. *Tommy Moore*, who held a *titivation*, not under the Muses, but with the *Master of the Rolls*, felt a passion, hot as his oven, for this p-top creature of her circle. So much, indeed, did

Tommy feel, that he could not bear any cove, either *swell* or commoner, to cast an *ogle* at her "sweet body." (Shakspeare! hem!) *Moore* was struck all of a heap when he first discovered the *sneaking* kindness displayed by saucy *Joe Anderson* for *Peg*. *Anderson* belonged to the fraternity of *ticker-makers*, and was also a descendant of "John Anderson, my Joe." *Tommy*, on the score of gallantry, was determined to have a turn-up with *Joe Anderson*, if the latter did not, "when the office was given to him," relinquish all pretensions to the goddess of his idolatry. But *Joe Anderson* said as how he vould'n't at any price. A cat might look at a king; and, besides, if his *Peg* had no objection to become his *Pal* for life, he would make her his wife. This answer was explicit enough; nay, too much so for *Tommy Moore*. He burnt with fury! Business was all *up* with him. The oven was neglected, the dough went without kneading, and the loaves were parched up to a cinder; in fact, *Tommy* was quite *abroad*; and nothing else but an appeal to arms would subdue his agitated feelings. O this love!—*Joe* observed, "this challenge met his *idears* wastly, except fighting for nothing." "Vy, you don't call *Peg* nothing, do you? Vell, never mind, I'll make *summut* of you. I'll spoil your time-making, blow me!" replied *Tommy*. *Joe* urged, "he did not mean any offence to the *voman*; but he would make a match for three of the king's pictures a-side, as he should then be able to treat *Peg* with a prime scarf." The heroes met by appointment at Brooke's *lush-crib*, the Three Herrings, in Cree-Church-lane, Leadenhall-street, on Monday evening, June 2, 1823, to

decide their fate ; and it was agreed between them to *show* at peep o'day the next morning, behind the London-hospital, Whitechapel-road. *Peg* (after the manner of the damsels of *olden* times) also acquiesced to surrender her "lily-vite" mauley to the vinner. Master Jack Whitney, one of the *clargy*, was selected as the stakeholder ; and Jemmy Boulton, in order that nothing like a *brush* might take place as to *pedigree*, another of the "*We weep*" tribe, was chosen to fill the important office on this occasion. (Hercules in miniature.) H. Gideon and Sims were seconds for *Tommy Moore* ; and Jack Barnett and Sam Taylor officiated for *Anderson*.

First Round.—Richard was never more "eager for the fray," than the alacrity displayed by Tommy and Joe in *peeling* ; and they came up to the *scratch* full of "love and glory." Tommy nobbed his opponent, hoping he should soon be able to take the *conceit* out of Anderson as to *Peg*. Anderson, however, returned cleverly, and also drew poor Tommy's *cork*, which cooled him a little. Both down, Anderson undermost. The "*TATLER squad*" observed it was a good commencement on the part of Joe, and also showed the *TIME of day!* to his *nob*.

Second.—Moore napped a *shaker* in his *bread-basket*, and heavy work occurred till the round was over. Both down. "Good again !" cried the *Ticker* coves.

Third.—Tommy had a *batch* of good luck in this round ; Anderson received a *muzzler*, and was also thrown. "That's one for *Peg*," cried Tommy, laughingly. The *flowery* up-all-night boys were now grinning in turn ; and not a *dead* man to be found amongst the party.

Fourth and Fifth.—Moore, with as much ardour as the love-sick ROMEO in scaling the garden walls to converse with his JULIET, and equally high in chivalric notions as DON QUIXOTTE in search of his *Del Toboso*, went to *work* with Joey. The lookers-on had the best of it, notwithstanding fault was found with Tommy for hitting with his open hand. In finishing the round, Anderson experienced a severe fall.

Sixth.—Tommy stood up like a game-cock, and a sharp

rally ensued, in which he received such a tremendous hit as to set all his *ivories* a dancing, and he fell down like a log of wood. "Oh my knee," cried an East-ender, and "that's a nice one for my Peg, I don't think, my Tommy," *chaffed* Joe. 3 to 2 on Anderson.

Seventh, eighth, and ninth.—Tommy as good as Joe, and *millling* away for natty Peg, till their *feelings* were overcome, and both went down quite exhausted. "Bravo," from the spectators, "they are both brave fellows!"

Tenth and eleventh.—Joe, by a flush hit, darkened one of Tommy's *peepers*, exclaiming, "Peg will never marry a blind one, my Tommy." A rare shout for Joey; and the *Ticker* people up in their stirrups as to betting. Anderson had the best of it till the eleventh round, in which the baker turned the scales, and almost made the *Ticker*-maker insensible to time, by planting a *tearer* under his left *listener*. The *claret* flowed profusely. "Good night to Peg for Joey—you can't win her now," said Tommy, with a smile.

Eighteenth to twenty-seventh.—Nothing particular occurred till this round. Anderson planted so heavy a *conker*, that Tommy put up his hands to feel for his head. Moore kept fighting till both down.

Twenty-eighth to thirty-fourth.—The *Ticker*-maker *napped* considerable *punishment* on his upper works, and he was also *floored* by a tremendous blow. "I cannot lose thee now, my pretty Peg; a few more rounds and you must be mine," said Tommy, rather exultingly.

Thirty-fifth to sixtieth.—In all these rounds Peg appeared to be as safe to Tom, as if they had left the Altar with the *forney* on her finger, to join the revels at the banquet. But cruel fate again turned the scales in favour of Joey. The latter came to the scratch determined to win, and fought like a hero. His right-handed hits he planted thick and three-fold on Tommy's *bread-basket*, till Moore had not the ghost of a *whiff* left, and went down as if done up. 5 to 3, but no takers; and Joe's *pals* cheered him, "that natty Peg must soon be Mrs. Anderson." "Yes!" replied Joe, "she'll be mine now. It's St. Paul's clock to a Bartlemy-fair *dummy*!"

Sixty-first, and last.—Tommy, notwithstanding the chance was against him, so much did the fascinating charms of Peg

inspire him with fresh ardour to obtain conquest, that he staggered up to the scratch to show fight ; but it was of no use—a finishing hit on Tommy's nob floored him, and when time was called, he was insensible to it. Peg lost to him for ever, and his three sovereigns also in the possession of his rival.

Now I'm *floor'd*, I shall calm recline,
O bear my *pluck* to my Peggy dear !
Tell her I fought to *cut a shine*,
But no more *chaff*, I feel so *kevere* !

The battle continued one hour and thirty-four minutes, and two such *prime* PLAY-FELLOWS have not been opposed to each other for a long time. But then—"who occasioned a ten years' siege?"—A WOMAN!!!

PHILIP SAMPSON,

THE ORIGINAL BIRMINGHAM YOUTH.

SAMPSON, out of luck, out of spirits, and out of humour with himself, left the metropolis, early in 1822, for Birmingham, fully determined in his mind to give up prize-fighting altogether, and to stick to business ; owing, it is said, that PHILIP could not bear the reflection of having been twice defeated by *Josh. Hudson*, conquered by *Martin*, and, worst of all, his battle with *Aby Belasco* had been given against him. SAMPSON had also surrendered to *Gybletts*; and had likewise been beaten by *Abbot*. But he soon broke through his resolution, on receiving a challenge from one of his townsmen, of the name of *Hall*; in this

instance the smiles of victory again deserted him. SAMPSON now felt convinced that he had commenced pugilist too early in life; and, notwithstanding the numerous disappointments he had experienced, before he entirely gave up his darling propensity to milling, resolved to wait a few months, and rigidly adhere to the advantages of *training*. This decision had the desired effect. He lost sight of his *youth*, and became a man. To try his luck in London once more was the object in view; and SAMPSON, on his arrival in town, immediately solicited another trial of skill with *Hall*. The latter boxer acceded to PHILIP's request, without the slightest hesitation; and a match for £25 a-side was the result. The battle was fought on Wednesday, March 19, 1823, at Moulsey-hurst, immediately after the ring was quitted by *Arthur Matthewson* and *Israel Belasco*. *Hall* was waited upon by *Josh. Hudson* and a *chyam* from Birmingham: and SAMPSON by *Spring* and *Ward*. 6 to 4 on *Hall*.

First round.—On shaking hands, Hall ran at his opponent like a mad bull. Sampson got out of the way of his fury, but put in so severe a blow on Hall's nob, that he lost his legs in a twinkling. *Halloo! What's the matter! Sampson will win it!*

Second.—Hall seemed furious beyond all bounds at the above circumstance; he ran after Sampson, pelting away, without any regard to science; it is presumed, under the idea of reducing Sampson's strength. In a short rally at the ropes, Sampson put in a right-handed hit on his opponent's left eye, after the tremendous manner of "*a Sampson*," and Hall fell down like a log. On the second's picking up the latter, he was as stiff as a piece of wood, and completely *insensible* to what was passing. The battle of course was at an end. A medical man immediately stepped into the ring and bled him, and also paid to Hall every other humane attention requisite; but several minutes occurred before anything like a return of

sensibility could be discerned; and he was driven off in a coach nearly in a state of stupor, accompanied by the doctor.

Hall, not the *John*, but the *mad, Bull Fighter*, to the great surprise, yet most pleasant to the feelings of the amateurs, who sincerely deplore any accident, and some serious consequences were apprehended for the safety of *Hall*, appeared at the Castle Tavern as early as eight o'clock in the evening. It appears that the recollection of *Hall* did not return to him till after he had been twice bled, and the space of twenty-five minutes had elapsed, and then his ideas were in a very confused state, so tremendous were the effects of the blow on his frame. *Hall* informed the company he did not feel himself any the worse for it, except the sore state of his arm, rendered so by the instruments of the surgeon. The latter thought *Hall* in fine condition, but that he had trained a little too much on wine.

It was evident now to the amateurs that *SAMPSON* altogether was an improved man; and the above little *slice* of fortune increased his confidence so much that he returned to Birmingham with all the honours of war; and shortly afterwards the following letters appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Birmingham, Jan. 10, 1823.

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of writing this letter, to ask you the favour of inserting in your valuable sporting paper, that if Belasco can get backed to fight me for fifty guineas a-side, I will fight him, and to name his own time, provided he will meet me at Warwick to fight; and you will also please to insert, that it must not be "one of his own people" that puts his money down. Your complying with the above, will much oblige your obedient servant,

P. SAMPSON.

N. B. If he refuses to fight, please to observe, that I will fight any eleven stone man, if they will meet me at Warwick.

SIR,—Had Sampson challenged me in the terms which one brave man usually addresses another, I should have contented myself with accepting his offer to meet me in the Prize Ring, at Warwick, for £50 a-side, within one or two months; as, however, he has been pleased to give vent to his impertinence in his letter of the 12th, by refusing to make the match with one of "our people," I feel myself called upon to state, that I consider it no disgrace to belong to a community which can boast of a Mendoza and a Dutch Sam, and ranks among its members of the present day, gentlemen in the Sporting World, not less remarkable for their honourable and gentlemanlike conduct, than for their liberality to men in the Prize Ring. To accommodate, however, Sampson's scruples, as I am very desirous of having this same Mr. Sampson a *second* time for a *customer*, my friends consent to waive all ceremony; and a gentleman, who is not one of "our people," will back me for £50, or any other sum that Sampson's friends will come forward with. As, however, I do not believe that *he* can get backed for fifty *farthings*, I shall not make any preparation until at least half the money is down in some respectable person's hands; and for this purpose I will meet any person to make a deposit at Mr. Randall's, the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane, on Saturday evening next, at nine o'clock. This is giving him time enough, and we shall then see whether this same Mr. Sampson *really means fighting*, and will come up to the *scratch*; or whether he has made your columns the mere vehicles of his idle boasting and vulgar insolence.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Jan. 17, 1823.

ABRAHAM BELASCO.

One fight in the prize-ring, a sharp encounter in a room, two battles with the gloves, and a smart *turn-up*, at the Coach and Horses, at Ilford, did not *satisfy* the above boxers, which was the best man? Therefore, to put an end to this sort of *jealousy* between them, a match was made, and the following articles were agreed to:—



ABY BELASCO.

London, Published by C. VIRTUE, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row,
Bath Street Bristol, and Vincent Street, Liverpool. 4

"Castle Tavern, Holborn, June 19, 1823.

"Philip Sampson agrees to fight Abraham Belasco for £100 a-side, on Tuesday, the 19th of August. To be a fair stand-up fight. Half-minute time. In a twenty-four feet ring. Mr. Jackson to name the place. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be appointed on the ground. Ten pounds a-side are now deposited in the hands of the President of the Daffy Club. A further deposit of £40 to be made good on Thursday, July 3, at Mr. Benjamin Howard's Coffee House, St. James's Place, Houndsditch; another deposit of £25 a-side to be made good at the same house, on Thursday, July 17; and the remaining £25 a-side to be made good at Mr. Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Tuesday, the 5th of August. The various sums of money to be made good between the hours of eight and eleven o'clock in the evening; if not, the deposit-money to be forfeited.

"Witnessed, P. E.

J. S.

"Signed, P. SAMPSON,
A. BELASCO."

On the above articles being completed, SAMPSON ordered a couple of glasses of red port, and handed one of them over to his opponent, "wishing the best man might win." "I hope so," replied *Belasco*.

On Tuesday, the 19th of August, they met on Crawley-downs, in Sussex. The *prudent* part of the FANCY, or, at least, those amateurs who have any feelings for their *prads*, and who entertain an opinion that 66 or 70 miles is *rather too much* for any horse in one day, toddled gently along on the afternoon, to "blow a cloud" on the road with a *pal* in the evening, have a little bit of *chaff* with the *yokels*, and to enjoy the pleasure of *snoozing* in the country. Riddlesdown, Reigate, and East Grinstead received no injury from such determination; and the *Bonifaces* at all these places had the best of it by a few pounds. A good and extensive ring was formed on Crawley-downs; but the GREAT (*rich*) CREATURES from the *West* were wanting, as to the fashion of the thing: but this defi-

ciency of *swells* was made up by the *lots of trumps* from the East; and the *Sheenies*, good and bad, rich and poor, high and low, with the *SHARPS* and *flats* from all quarters of the town, filled up the scene, and made for those persons who are fond of searching after it—an abundance of *character*. SAMPSON arrived on the ground in slap-up style, enveloped in a military cloak; and *Belasco* trotted over the turf in tip-top trim; so much did the backers on both sides attempt to do the thing in style. At a few minutes past one o'clock, SAMPSON threw his white topper into the ring, and then entered the ropes, decorated with a crimson fogle round his *daffy* passage, followed by *Josh. Hudson* and *Ben Burn*. *Belasco* soon showed himself, and *doffed* his beaver within the ropes very coolly, with a yellow-man round his *squeeze*. *Peter Crawley*, as nice as a new pin, and *Richmond*, togged after the manner of a Corinthian of the first brilliancy, also made their bows to the spectators, as his attendants. Both of the pugilists were applauded by their respective parties on entering the ring. The colours were tied to the stakes. *Belasco* said to *Josh.*, “Now let us have a quiet fight, be it which way it will.” The seconds all concurred in this request; and it is but justice to state, that we never saw a *mill* better conducted on the whole, and where the seconds behaved so fair and liberal towards each other. *Crawley* and *Richmond* exerted themselves for *Belasco*; and *Hudson* and *Burn* were equally attentive to SAMPSON. On setting-to, 5 to 4 on *Belasco*.

First Round.—Sampson, on throwing off his *togs*, looked as fine as a star; the hitherto appellation of the Birmingham

Youth was now at an end ; the *gristle* had become BONE, and Sampson, in point of fact, by comparison, was almost a SAMPSON. He could not be in better condition, and he confidently told all his friends he should win, and nothing else. Belasco was also a picture of a man in fine health: his bust a perfect anatomical treat, together with his black nob, penetrating eye, and mosaic countenance, rendered the Jew an interesting object in this ballet of action. Confidence sat on his brow: he was cool, collected, and likewise anticipated receiving the shouts of victory. Upon shaking hands, it was the general opinion that Sampson would have attempted to *slaughter* Belasco, in order to win *off-hand*, as a long fight might prove dangerous to him. But not so—Sampson was cautious in the extreme. Belasco placed his hands very high, convinced the spectators he was an *adept* in the science, and appeared armed at all points, against the *slashing* blows of his adversary. Considerable dodging occurred, and several slight offers were made on both sides; but neither of them was to be deceived by the *feints* of the other. Belasco's left hand told slightly on Sampson's body, without experiencing any return—it was soon repeated. Both eyeing each other for a short period, when Sampson put down his hands and rubbed them on his drawers. Sampson still cautious. The left hand of Belasco again told slightly on his antagonist's body. A pause. Both of the combatants attempted to hit, but their blows fell short. (*Four minutes had elapsed.*) Sampson at length made himself up for mischief, and let fly at the Jew's nob with tremendous force; but Belasco stopped it in the most skilful style. (*"Beautiful! bravo!"*) Sampson again tried it on, when an exchange of blows occurred, and Belasco's right eye received a little damage. The Jew got away cleverly from another well-aimed nobber; and, in closing at the ropes, Belasco had the best of the *fibbing*, till Sampson went down on his back, and his opponent upon him. Applause on both sides. The *Sheenies* said "It was all right," and the *Brums* observed "nothing was the matter."

Second.—Sampson hit the Jew in the body, but Belasco soon afterwards put in a sharp facer, and followed his opponent, to do some mischief. Counter-hitting and *nobbers* were the result, a short rally followed, and the left eye of Sampson received a touch. In closing, both down, Sampson undermost. "First blood," exclaimed Josh., "look at the top of Belasco's nose." The *claret* was just *peeping*, as it were, between his ogles.

Third.—The fine science displayed by Belasco, in stopping the heavy hits of his opponent, was the admiration of the spectators. The Jew went sharply towards his antagonist, when, after an exchange of blows, Sampson went down.

Fourth.—This was a pretty round, and fine fighting on both sides was conspicuous. In struggling at the ropes, Sampson went down rather awkwardly, and Belasco being in the act of hitting, struck his opponent on the nob. "Foul! foul!" by the Sampsonites; "Fair, fair!" by the *Sheenies*. The referee said, "Nothing wrong had occurred; but he felt afraid that he had consented to take upon himself a very difficult situation, as the opposite parties did not appear to be on the true principles of prize-fighting terms with each other. However, he had not one farthing upon the fight; and he should do his duty, if called to decide."

Fifth.—This round was decidedly in favour of Belasco. He not only got away from a *nobber* that might have proved his *quietus*, but, in turn, he gave Sampson so heavy a hit on his head, that the latter turned round from the force of it, and went a yard or two away; but he soon returned to fight. In closing at the ropes, pepper was used between them, till both went down, Belasco undermost. The latter was much applauded, and, up to this period of the fight, continued the favourite.

Sixth.—The Jew was also the hero in this round. Sampson appeared rather distressed; Belasco proved himself a more troublesome customer than his opponent had anticipated, and he was likewise very difficult to be got at. Some blows were exchanged till they closed at the ropes, when ultimately the Jew had the best of it, and planted a blow on Sampson's nob, as he was going down. The *Sheenies* now seemed to think things were going on as well as they could wish them; and that Belasco, although he might have his work to do, yet, in the event, could not lose it.

Seventh.—Sampson was on the look-out to put in a *slogger* on the nob of the Jew, but the science of the latter prevented him. In fact, Sampson, although rather passionate in his mind towards his opponent, which he let escape him now and then in words, nevertheless was cool in his conduct. The *leariness* of the Jew, and the firmness of his guard, pointed out most clearly to Sampson that he must be very careful to avoid committing any mistakes, when opposed to

so accomplished a boxer as Belasco, and that accounts, in a great measure, for the Birmingham hero altering his hitherto *smashing* mode of fighting. The Jew stopped well; and, after an exchange of blows, Belasco very dexterously planted a heavy body hit about an inch and a half below the *mark*, which sent Sampson down on his latter end. A great burst of applause from the partisans of Belasco; and who now, without fear or hesitation, offered £10 to £5.—100 to 50—2 to 1 all over the ring.—“It’s as right as the day! *Aby*, feel for his vind next time.”

Eighth.—Sampson, however, did not appear a great deal the worse for his *floorer*, but came up to the scratch instantly at the call of time. This was a well-fought round on both sides; but the fine science displayed by Belasco extorted applause from all parts of the ring. He planted a body blow with his left hand, and protected his head so finely with his right, as to stop a well-meant heavy hit. Counter-hitting, but Sampson’s blows were the most severe, from his length; till, in closing at the ropes, the Jew fibbed Sampson down, and fell upon him.

Ninth.—Sampson went in quickly to do *mischief*, but Belasco made, as usual, some excellent stops. The Jew, in making a body blow, hit rather low. “What do you call that?” said Sampson. In closing, Sampson went down.

Tenth.—This round was against Belasco. The Jew stopped delightfully at the commencement, but in counter-hitting Belasco received a terrific blow in the middle of his head, which almost knocked it off his shoulders; but he returned to the attack as game as “a Chicken!” and, in closing at the ropes, he had the best of it while hanging upon them, until Sampson, by a desperate effort, extricated himself, and, strange to say, placed the Jew in his former situation, and fibbed Belasco severely till he went down, bleeding profusely and quite exhausted. The *mugs* of the *Brums*, which had hitherto been very solid and grave, now assumed a smile, and “Sampson for ever!” was the cry.

Eleventh.—The face of Belasco exhibited *punishment*; and Sampson had also the lead in this round, but he determined not to give a chance away, and in closing he went down in the best manner he could. Murmuring from the *Sheenies*.

Twelfth.—Belasco endeavoured to plant a hit, but Sampson got away. In closing, Sampson again went down.

Thirteenth.—The Jew put in a heavy body blow ; but one of Sampson's hard hits met Belasco in the middle of his head. The battle was now alive, all parties getting highly interested, and doubts and fears expressed on both sides. The Jew, full of *game*, tried to get the lead, obtained it, and Sampson went down.

Fourteenth.—The length and height of Sampson enabled him to stand over his opponent, added to his excellent knowledge of boxing and increased strength, rendered him no easy opponent for Belasco to contend against. The Jew was a little irritated in this round, from the expressions of Sampson, while they were sparring together, who observed, "I have got you now, Belasco, and I'll not only lick you, but drive your Jew brother out of Birmingham." "Be quiet," said Josh, "fight, and don't talk so." "You can't do neither," replied Belasco, "but you are an illiberal fellow." "Keep your temper," urged Crawley, "let no animosity prevail." Belasco ran in and planted two hits ; and, in closing, Sampson went down in the best way he could, and received a hit in consequence, which occasioned the cries of "foul and fair !"

Fifteenth.—Belasco displayed very superior skill in stopping two blows, but in counter-hitting he received such a tremendous blow near his temple, that he fell out of the ropes on his head quite stunned. "It is all up," was the cry, and "10 to 1 he does not fight again !" The *Sheenies* were now alarmed ; and none but the *gamest* of the *GAME* would ever have come again. Belasco might have left off with honour.

Sixteenth.—No sailor "three sheets in the wind" appeared more *groggy* at the scratch when time was called. In fact, Belasco did not know where he was—his eyes had lost their wonted fire ; and it really was a pity to see him now opposed to a fine, strong young man, like Sampson. The latter, very cautious, did not make play, and the Jew had none the worst of the round. Both down, but Sampson undermost.—6 to 4 on Sampson.

Seventeenth.—Belasco, recovered a little, fought like a brave man, till he was hit down.

Eighteenth.—The Jew seemed better—he exchanged hits, and was again sent down. 2 to 1 on Sampson.

Nineteenth.—Against Belasco—but he held up his arms well. "You have only," said Josh. to Sampson, "to give

one for Old Mr. Tom's, and the battle is your own." "Don't you be too fast," replied Belasco, "he has not won it yet."

Twentieth.—The Jew had recovered considerably; and although he had the worst of it, Sampson thought it was best to fight cautiously. Belasco made play with great spirit; but, in counter-hitting, he received another severe blow on his head, which sent him out of the ropes. If he had not been a truly game man, when time was called, he would not have paid any attention to it. 3 to 1.

Twenty-first.—The Jew endeavoured that "his people" should have no reason to complain, and commenced fighting, although distressed; and the result of the round was, that Sampson received a hit, and went down on his knees. "Bravo, Belasco, you are a game fellow," from the Christians, "but you are overmatched."

Twenty-second.—The finish of this round was in favour of Belasco, and he fibbed Sampson down. "It is anybody's battle now," cried an old sporting character; "a good hit would be likely to decide it either way." "I'll lay 40 to 10," said Tom Oliver, "Sampson wins!" "Stake," said a gentleman from Houndsditch, "and I will take it."

Twenty-third.—The face of Belasco was now piteous, and his right eye swelled prodigiously; but he came to the scratch, determined to dispute every inch of ground while anything of a chance remained to obtain victory. "A little one for Mother Melson," said Josh. "and the battle is at an end." Sampson saw that conquest was within his grasp, and he was determined to win it without any risk; and he accordingly let Belasco commence fighting before he offered to return a hit. The Jew went down from a severe blow, quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away; he ought not to be suffered to come again." "I am not licked yet," said Belasco.

Twenty-fourth and last.—It was evident the battle must be soon over; but Belasco answered the call of time like a man. The Jew was too distressed now to protect himself as he ought, and he received a tremendous hit in the middle of his face, that *floored* him slap on his back. He was picked up by his seconds; but in a complete state of stupor. When the half minute had elapsed, Belasco remained insensible, and Sampson, of course, was declared the winner. It was over in 42 minutes.

REMARKS.—SAMPSON, in appearance, retired from

the contest with scarcely a mark upon his face; he is altogether an improved man; his temper in the ring is better; his *bones* are firmer set, and his fighting eminently superior to the style he exhibited in his battles with *Martin*, *Gybletts*, and *Abbot*. We think that he ought to have won the fight in question; but, nevertheless, we think it confers a degree of *honour* upon his milling talents, in conquering so accomplished and scientific a boxer as *Belasco* proved himself to be. *SAMPSON* is now a match for any 12 stone man on the list. To speak of the Jew as he deserves, or of one brave man that has surrendered to another, it is thus:—It is true *Belasco* has been defeated, but he stands higher in the estimation of the *FANCY* than he ever did, and let no more *slurs* be thrown upon him as to “a white feather!” He had to contend against height, length, and weight, added to which, *SAMPSON* was also a good fighter, and a high-couraged man. The battle is now over, and we hope that *SAMPSON* and *Belasco* will shake hands, and be friends the remainder of their lives. They have no occasion to be ashamed of each other as opponents. *Belasco*, to any boxer near his weight, will be a dangerous customer. We were exceedingly sorry that not *one shilling* was collected for the losing man on the ground; but there is always time enough for the amateurs to show their liberality to a brave fallen man. His “own people” did remember him in the day of trouble! and they may likewise bear in mind, that if they lost their *blunt*, they did not lose their *milling* CHARACTER. *Aby Belasco* has not disgraced them. The Jew was brought

into the ring in the most spirited style, but we applaud most the *feeling* manner he was supported out of it. Every attention that HUMANITY could suggest was paid to *Belasco*; a medical man, of his own persuasion, brought down from London solely for that purpose, had the care of him. We could, if necessary, mention a list of names that were foremost on this occasion; but when we state that *Harry Moss* was at the head of the party, we feel assured the Sporting World will know how to appreciate what is due to feeling, generosity, and gentlemanly conduct. The weight of SAMPSON, with his clothes on, was said to be not more than 12st. 3lb.; in height, 5 feet 10½ inches. *Belasco*, in his clothes, 11st. 6lb.; in height, 5 feet 7 inches.

THE

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

THOMAS WINTER (SPRING).

SPRING, on *Tom Cribb's* retiring from the field, considered himself as the CHAMPION; and, soon after his conquest over *Oliver*, in order that it might not afterwards be brought against him he had left the Prize Ring on the *sly*, offered, by public advertisement, March 25, 1821, a challenge to all Eugland for three

months. This challenge not having been accepted by any boxer, although he offered to fight *Neat* for £500 a-side, on August 19, nearly five months after the first period stated, he entered into articles of agreement of a more *tender* kind, and made a *match* for life, with a young lady of most respectable character and connexions in life, in Herefordshire. He then commenced proprietor of the Weymouth Arms Tavern, in Weymouth Street, Portman-Square. SPRING's opening dinner took place on Thursday, the 6th of December, 1821. The *swells* mustered numerous round *Mr. Jackson*, who presided upon this occasion; and 140 persons sat down to a prime dinner, served up in excellent style, by SPRING in person. Some *rum chaunts* were well *thrown off*; and the evening was dedicated to harmony and good-fellowship. We believe it was by far the greatest number of persons that ever dined together on a similar occasion. The healths of several of the patrons of *milling* were drunk with thunders of applause; as were those of the President and Vice-President (*Mr. Sant*). The latter gentleman, in returning thanks, facetiously observed, "it was a *plant* upon him by an old friend, in order that he might address the company, as he (*Mr. Sant*) was thought to be fond of speaking." *Mr. Jackson*, in reply, said "It was no *plant*; it proceeded from himself; he had given his health as a token, not only of his own esteem, but as a public compliment he thought him highly deserving of, and entitled to, from the Sporting World."—(*Loud applause.*) *Mr. Gulley, Cribb, Eales, Holt*, and *Scroggins*, also dined at SPRING's. It is a

fine room, well furnished and lighted up, and, upon the whole, exhibited a most lively PICTURE OF THE FANCY; but nothing in the *milling* way occurred, except *flooring* a *turkey*, getting the best of a *custard*, drawing the *claret*, giving a *one-two* to an aitch-bone, *punishing* a *GOOSE* (Johnny Raw,) and *retreating* from Mr. Lushington's knock-down arguments; and although no great deal of *science* was exhibited, yet it must be allowed there was a good deal of *stopping*. It was observed by a wag cracking a nut, that the *Hero* of the *Weymouth Arms* possessed a rare union of qualities—*SPRING* and *Winter* in the same person.

After the *milling* was over on Wednesday, June 12th, 1822, when the *Swells* were taking their wine, the great match was made, between *SPRING* and *Neat*, subject to the following articles:—

“*Red Lion, Hampton, June 12th, 1822.*

“Mr. Elliott, on the part of Thomas Spring, and Thomas Belcher, on the part of William Neat, have deposited £50 a-side, to make a match upon the following terms:—W. Neat agrees to fight T. Spring on Tuesday, the 26th of November next, for a stake of £600 (£300 a-side) in a 24-feet ring, half-minute time. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson, within 40 miles of London, on the Bristol road, and the umpires to be chosen on the ground. The second deposit, upon the above conditions, £100 a-side, to be made at T. Spring's, Weymouth Arms, Weymouth-street, on the 12th of July, between the hours of four and eight o'clock. The deposit to be forfeited by the defaulter. The remainder of the stakes to be made good at T. Belcher's the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 12th of November. Mr. W. S. has received, and is answerable for, the deposit of £100.”

On the 12th of November, according to the articles, a sporting dinner took place, at Belcher's, to make the whole of the stakes good between *Neat* and

SPRING. The Chairman called upon the backers of the above pugilists to put down the money. Belcher, on the part of *Neat*, completed the stakes of £200; but Mr. Elliott, the backer of SPRING, did not appear, when the Chairman reluctantly declared the deposit down, £150, to be forfeited to *Neat*.

At a sporting dinner at the One Tun, on the Friday following, November 16th, SPRING informed the company that he would have attended at the Castle Tavern on the day appointed; but his backer wished him not to leave the country on any account, as he might take cold; Mr. Elliott asserting he would make it all right. He (SPRING) was now ready to make a new match for £200 a-side for the 10th of December.

HARRY HOLT'S OPENING DINNER, at the Golden-cross, Cross-lane, Long-acre, on Friday, November 22d, 1822, had to boast not only of numerous, but high support from the Fancy. The dinner was *slap-up*; wine that made all the *dummies* eloquent; and a *dessert* that kept all the *ivories* in motion. It was a *character* thing altogether; no *copies*, but all *originals*, were at their posts; lots of *performers*, yet no *actors*, were present: NATURE, without art, appeared; and the *dramatis personæ* was filled up with *striking* personages, many of their *hits* telling without a *blow*. The President (on this occasion, a gentleman, highly and deservedly distinguished by his manly and liberal qualities in the sporting world, by his patronage of brave men in defeat, and likewise to the heroes in conquest) had for his deputy, the able assistance of the Commander-in-Chief: and a Noble Earl also took his seat at the festive board. The *chaunts* were *prime* ones;

the *rolling* one, when the *kiddy* style was in vogue, given by the Commissary-General (Bill Gibbons) produced great laughter and applause. "Whitsun Tuesday," by the P. of the D. C.; the "Trotting Horse," the "Scouts of the City," &c. were also, from the *naïveté* with which they were sung, highly relished by the company, till the time for business had arrived, when every *listener* was occupied respecting a new match between SPRING and Neat. The President informed Mr. Belcher, that if the stakeholder of the £150 was *indemnified*, the forfeiture of that sum by the backer of SPRING (Mr. Elliott) would be given up to Neat. Mr. Belcher replied, he should be *indemnified*. The President then observed, that the sporting world in general were anxious to have it decided which was the best man between SPRING and Neat; and that the former could be backed for £200 a-side to fight in the course of a fortnight. Mr. Belcher, in reply, stated, that Neat, since the match had been broken off, had conducted himself more like a bird out of a cage than any thing else; he had dashed at every thing; the "*gay circling glass*" had been continually up to his mouth; and the result was, he could not answer for his *condition*; and he would not make the match so soon as a fortnight: it ought to be, at least, a month. Neat had left London for Bristol, and he had no doubt, from his gay disposition, was playing the same sort of *game* there; but he would write to him immediately, and whatever answer Neat returned, as to time, he would then make a fight. Belcher did not mean to give a *chance* away!

SPRING addressed the meeting, and said, he was cer-

tain that *Neat* was in as good condition as himself. He had *fretted* considerably on the match being off: and added to his participation of "Life in London" since his *training* had been so abruptly brought to an end, it might be fairly stated that he was on a *par* with his opponent! But to show how anxious he was for a fight, and that the sporting world should decide which was the best man, he would extend the time to next Tuesday *three weeks*: that was meeting Mr. *Belcher* half way. (*Loud cheers: and "Well said, manly," &c. from all parts of the room.*) Not a day after that time would he agree to fight *Neat*; he should then quit the prize-ring for ever, to attend to his family and business, in order to make up for his loss of time and great expenses which he had been involved in, owing (unfortunately for himself) to the *desertion* of his backer, when so many gentlemen who were present at that meeting, had they been acquainted with the above circumstances, would have stepped forward to have made the match.

IMPROMPTU.—(FROM THE BRISTOL JOURNAL.)

Bristol stakes are complete,
 Ten to one on our NEAT;
 Done, Sir—cries a cockney—remember,
 (But this, by the way,
 I would beg leave to say)
 Don't expect to find *Spring* in November.

IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

For *tip-top* on the list,
 To obtain by his fist,
 In *Country or Town*, "remember!"

Your *chaffing* is NEAT,
But beware of *defeat*,
If you *like* to meet SPRING in *December*.

Then pray "*cease* your *funning*,"
A *truce* to your PUNNING,
Till we see them both stripped in the Ring;
View BILL's "*blows so gay*;"
See TOM "*break away*,"
To make a *long* WINTER in SPRING !

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

FIVES COURT.—This place was well attended on Thursday, November 28, 1822, in order to give the *game* BOB PURCELL a *turn*; or, in the phrase of the Ring, to put BOB once more on his *pins*, who had been nearly *floored* by a long and severe fit of illness.—Carter and SPRING ascended the stage together; but the latter pugilist addressed the spectators, previously to his setting-to nearly in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I feel much disappointment in the battle being *off* between me and *Neat*.—I hope he will get the forfeit of £150. He is most certainly entitled to it. It was no fault of mine the match did not take place; and to *show* that I meant fighting, I gave a week, then a fortnight, longer to Mr. *Neat* than I first intended, and am now ready to make the match for £200 a-side."—(*Bravo!* and applause.) Mr. *Belcher* observed, "Gentlemen, I am here for *Neat*; and all I can say is this—if any gentleman will *indemnify* me for the £150, I will make a match immediately; but on no other account." SPRING, in reply, stated, "that it could not be expected he should *indemnify* Mr. *Belcher*, but he was ready to put down any sum

required immediately." ("Bravo!—that looks like fighting.") He, however, would not make a match after that day—he had lost too much time already; and he was determined to follow his business in future, and to take his leave of the prize-ring; therefore the match must be made now or never."—(Applause, and "very fair," from all parts of the Court.) The set-to between SPRING and *Carter* proved attractive and good.

Three months elapsed in idle reports respecting another match between SPRING and *Neat*, when the following paragraph appeared in a well-known Paper, addressed to the Fancy, which set the matter in dispute at rest :—

The great match, so "long-looked for," is made at last; and nothing else but *fighting*, so the *Judges* assert, is now meant on both sides. The stakes, although heavy, are nothing by comparison to the honour of the Championship, which this battle will decide. The Bristolians *book it*, that the name of *Neat* will, nay *must*, be enrolled among the former distinguished Champions—the *Game Chicken*, *Tom Cribb*, and *Jem Belcher*. "Stop a bit—not quite so fast," *chaff* the Boys of Herefordshire, of which county SPRING is a native; "let us have a *try* for it first; we are not *licked* yet, nor shall we be in a hurry; and what is more, we don't mean to be *licked* at all, but turn over a *new leaf*."—"I am sorry for the *yokels*," exclaims a real gamester, who does not, for the *sport* of the thing, care who wins or loses, so that his own *blunt* is not made *transferable*; "why, one blow from *Neat* can win the battle at any time; and every body knows that SPRING

can't make a *dent* in a pound of butter." The variety of opinions *broached*, and the *slum* this match has already given rise to—I beg pardon, the *Table-Talk*—would produce without any *gammon*, three or four essays for Mr. Hazlitt's next volume; certainly swell out fifteen or sixteen pages in the *New Monthly*, if the contributor does not get *abroad*, or *run out of wind* on the subject; and also afford, no doubt, a nice *slice* for a new sketch for the pencil of Geoffrey Crayon, if he could but *catch a likeness*. The *Hermit in London* too, "I'll bet a guinea to a shilling," cries a paper-hanger. "O fie; young man, hermits never bet," exclaimed a grave gentleman. "Well then, be it so; but my meaning is, that the Hermit might not throw his time away in getting rid of the *Recluse* for only one *darkey* to mix with the *Commentators* on *milling*, if he can but muster up enough *pluck* to take his *daffy*, sport his *steamer*, and toss off the *heavy*." But to the eminent D'Israeli, what an *inexhaustible mine* for his next edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*: such *rich* bits! "No! *bonnes bouches*," whispers a *Classic* hid in the corner. "Thankee, good Sir, a nod is as good as a wink to a novice! you ought not to have interrupted me, as I was about *chaffing* that, if the really elegant D'Israeli could not procure more *autographs* of great men, he might, if he liked it so best, obtain some most intelligible marks from the *Fancy* that would not only set his *imagination* on the alert in a twinkling, but take some time before they were completely *obliterated* from his *composition*. Prove quite a *treat*, if not an invaluable *source* to the prolific Sir Walter; and who knows but a new novel

might be the result, and leave poor *Peveril of the Peak* to do the best he can for himself in getting off the shelves of the book-worms. Furnish likewise a nearer argument for the muse of Mr. Lockhart than translating the Spanish bull-fight of Ganzul, by a little trip to Moulsey. Billy Moncrieffie too might not only receive 'advice gratis,' but procure an original outline for an opera for the Fancy, without *beggar-ing* or looking *green* on the subject; and also prevent him from consulting the *glazier*, without he preferred *borrowing* some more *lights*. And for Pierce Egan's *bunch of fives*—"Pray don't mention that fellow, who has kept all the Charleys *awake* for the last twelve months," exclaimed a regular family going-to-bed-sort-of-a-man, "he's too *flash*—positively made up of nothing else but *slang*. Why, Sir, it is, I assure you, admitted on all hands that his last work is not only too *Grose*, but he expects (what Pierce calls) a *tip* of *nine bob* for it. Such *cant* is really shocking."—Leave off your damnable faces and begin," said a stage-struck hero, and a smatterer of Shakspeare, who looked round the table for applause. "That phrase is too long," cries a *Commoner* from Willow-vaik; "if you wants to hear the Articles between SPRING and Neat read, I'll show you how to make yourself *understoodable*: for instance (holding his *chiv* in his *morley*), behold, my Covey, I suits the *haction* to the *vord*—*cut it !*" The following articles were then agreed to:—

"Castle Tavern, Holborn, Wednesday, March 12, 1822.

"William Neat agrees to fight Thomas Spring for £200 a-side, in a 24-feet ring, half-minute time. To be a fair stand-up fight; to take place on Tuesday, the 20th day of May. The money to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson,

The place and distance from London to be left entirely to Mr. Jackson. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be named on the ground. Fifty pounds a-side is now deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Fifty pounds a-side more to be deposited on Monday, the 31st of March, at Mr. Belcher's, Castle Tavern; and the remainder of the stakes of £100 a-side to be completed on Monday, the 5th of May, also at Mr. Belcher's. The above stakes to be put down between the hours of eight and eleven o'clock on each evening. The above deposit or deposits, to be forfeited, in case of either party not appearing on the specified evenings to make the money good."

"T. Belcher" signed on the part of W. Neat; and a well-known gentleman Amateur for T. Spring.

"Witness, P. E."

SIR,—In consequence of a paragraph in a *Sunday* paper purporting to come from Mr. Neat, wherein he states, on seeing a statement in the *Traveller* newspaper the preceding week, that I wished to increase the stakes that we are to contend for, on the 20th of May; and that he, Mr. Neat, wished to make it for £100 a-side more. I only wish to inform Mr. Neat, that I know nothing of the statement alluded to in the *Traveller*; but he cannot forget that when I had the pleasure of seeing him at Mr. Belcher's, I then gave him his choice of the amount we should contend for; providing the sum was not less than £200, or more than £500 a-side. Then why did not Mr. Neat state the amount he wished to fight for? It was his choice to make it for £200, or at least his representative, Mr. Belcher, and not mine or my friends, for they would have made it for £500 as soon as £200, or any part thereof, agreeable to each party. It is a circumstance that rarely occurs, when once a match is made, that the stakes are increased afterwards; but there is one statement in the paragraph alluded to, wherein Mr. Neat says, that he should wish the £100 that he and I am about to bet, should be placed in the hands of some respectable person. Now, for this hint I feel particularly obliged to Mr. Neat, for fear I should have forgot that circumstance; but yet it is not likely, I could have forgotten the treatment I received when I was in Bristol, and first matched with Mr. Neat. We then had only £50 a-side down; and that £50 by right became forfeited to me. On receiving a letter from the then stakeholders, requesting my attendance in Bristol, together with

my friend Cribb to receive the forfeit-money, we left London; but, on our arrival in Bristol, judge our surprise, when we had to wait four or five days, and each day assailed from certain parties with that kind of language which I should have shuddered to have heard used towards Mr. Neat when he came to London. We were at last obliged to leave that town, which boasts of sending into the London ring a Chicken, a Belcher, a Gully, and a Cribb, with only half the forfeit, viz. £25 instead of £50. Mark the difference! Since the above circumstance occurred, it has been my misfortune to forfeit £150 to Mr. Neat! he of course received the whole amount, or at least Mr. Belcher did for him, from the London stakeholder. Could Bristol boast of such a stakeholder, their countrymen would not have to blush for his conduct; and after receiving the immense forfeit of £150, they would not pay the petty sum of £25 due to me, on account of the forfeit on the first match between us. I only wish to inform Mr. Neat, that I shall be most happy to meet his wishes in betting him the £100; and also, if it meets with his approbation, we will put down the other sum the night the whole of the stakes are made good, and deposit it in the hands of that gentleman who so kindly condescends to be our stakeholder; in which, I am sure, Mr. Editor, you and the sporting world will agree with me, that a more honourable man does not exist.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will pardon me for occupying so much room in your valuable paper, and

I remain your's, together with Mr. Neat's,

Very humble Servant,

March 29, 1823.

T. (WINTER) SPRING.

This great match was nearly prevented by the following circumstance:—SPRING went into training at Brighton, and who was also accompanied by *Tom Shelton*, the latter being under articles to fight *Josh Hudson*.

On Friday, April 4, 1823, a fight took place on the Downs, beyond the Race-hill, between *Daniel Watts* and *James Smith*, the one a bricklayer's labourer, the other a sawyer, and both residing in this place. An immense course of spectators, as many we understood as 3000

or 4000, assembled on the ground, which was just without the boundaries of the parish of Brighton, and in that of Ovingdean.

The match between *Watts* and *Smith* had been made about a week previously, for the trifling sum of one pound; in pursuance of which, on the above day, the combatants met, and a ring being formed, they stripped and set-to shortly before four o'clock, first shaking hands. They both fought desperately, and a great number of rounds took place; the contest lasted an hour and ten minutes, at the end of which time *Smith* received a violent blow on the left side of the neck, that laid him on the ground in a state of insensibility, from which it was found impossible to recover him. He was bled without delay by a veterinary surgeon who happened to be on the ground; and, on examination, it appeared that the blow was on the carotid artery; but as *Smith* appeared unrelieved by the bleeding, he was put into a fly and conveyed home to his lodgings in Suffolk-place. For some time previously to the conclusion of the fight, we are informed that he was getting the advantage of his opponent, and had offered to stake twenty-shillings to five on his eventual success. After being carried home he was attended by Mr. Blaker and Mr. Tabois, under whose care he seemed to revive a little, although it was evident that he still remained in a state of extreme danger; and on Saturday morning about four o'clock he expired.

On being apprised of what had taken place, Sir *David Scott*, on Friday night, issued his warrant for the apprehension of *Watts*, who was forthwith taken

into custody, and who sustained very serious injury. On the following morning, in consequence of information that *SPRING* and *Shelton*, the celebrated pugilists, had borne an active part in the fight, they were also taken up, and brought before Sir *David Scott* at a special sitting held at the New Inn. Considerable difficulty was experienced in procuring evidence, every one being anxious to conceal that he had been present; but at length several persons were found whose testimony was in substance as follows:— That there was a person on horseback keeping the ring, and that *SPRING* and *Shelton*, on foot, assisted with whips in their hands to keep the people back, and one man said that he remembered *SPRING* particularly, for the very satisfactory reason that he struck him soundly and knocked him down at the moment when great anxiety was felt to give air to the deceased, who was then lying on the ground; and it was further proved that *SPRING* had also a watch in his hand during the whole of the fight. On the strength of this evidence Sir *David Scott* considered them to be accessaries, as having both acted in the capacity of ring-keepers, and one of them in that of time-keeper, and therefore ordered them to find bail, to keep the peace for twelve months. They both urged that they had come from London only on Tuesday or Wednesday, and that the match was made up several days before, so that they were totally ignorant of it until after their arrival at Brighton; and *Shelton* also said, that in London, on occasions of this sort, when proceedings are taken against the principals, the umpires are never affected; but Sir *David* cut this argu-

ment short, by saying that he could not consent to be guided by the practice or decisions of other magistrates on any case that might come before him. They were unable to find bail, and were kept for a few days, at a public-house in custody of one of the head-boroughs.

SPRING had for some time past been in training on the Downs for the grand fight which was to take place between him and *Neat* in May, and respecting which intense expectation and interest had been excited in the sporting world, as it was to decide the Championship, and which had been already put aside several times.

Towards the close of the sitting, *Peter Hayward*, a flyman, well known at the Bench, was brought up as the person who kept the ring on horseback; he was bound over himself in £30 and two sureties in £10 each for his good behaviour for twelve months. Two other men, named *Hazledean* and *Sherwood*, acted as bottle-holder to *Smith*, and the other as *Watts'* second; they were both ordered to find bail for twelve months in the same amount as had been given by *Hayward*.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

On Monday, April 7, 1823, an inquisition was taken at the Lord Nelson, in Russell-street, before G. Gwynne Esq. Coroner, on the body of the unfortunate *Smith*. The Jury viewed the corpse. The blow received by the deceased, on the carotid artery, was, from the appearance of the part, a tremendous

one; but, with the exception of a cut in the left check, it does not seem that he sustained any other serious injury; the chest and body being perfectly free from bruise.

George Hope, of Rock-mews, in St. James's Street, Brighton, stated that understanding there was to be a fight on Friday last, between two persons with their fists, on the Downs, near the Race-hill, and in the parish of Ovingdean, he went there in company with a body of people. The fight commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon. Their names were *James Smith* (the deceased) and *Daniel Watts*. After they had been fighting about an hour and ten minutes, during which time they fought in the usual manner in which men do on such occasions, the deceased received a violent blow from the said *Daniel Watts* on the left side of the neck, and which was given by the right hand of the latter. The deceased immediately fell to the ground, but not violently, although he was senseless, and incapable of being roused; and at the end of about two minutes, witness, who practises at Brighton as veterinary surgeon, took about three-fourths of a pint (or 12 oz.) of blood from his arm, and which was procured with great difficulty. Witness was informed he died the next morning about four o'clock. The deceased persevered in the conflict from his own choice, as it seemed to witness, no one appearing to persuade him to do so. Each had a second, but witness does not know the name of either of them. When the deceased left the Downs, he was in a perfectly insensible state. Witness saw them shake hands previously to en-

gaging ; and believes the fight to have been a trial of manhood and science in the art of fighting, and that there was not any previous malice existing between the parties.

Mr. James Alfred Tabois, of Brighthelmstone, surgeon, stated that on Friday evening last he was called in, together with Mr. Blaker, to attend the deceased. He was at that time in a state of insensibility from the effects of a severe blow on the left carotid artery, which obstructed the circulation, and was the cause of the rupture of a vessel in the head, producing an extravasation of blood, and consequent death. On opening the head, about two ounces of blood were found between the *dura* and *pia mater*, and also a quantity of extravasated blood in the base of the *cranium*. There was no doubt the injury occasioned by the blow and fall was the cause of death.

Abraham Smith, brother to the deceased, being sworn, said, that he lived with the deceased at No. 3, Suffolk-place, and is a sawyer, as was the deceased also ; was told by deceased on the Thursday morning before his death, that he engaged to fight *Daniel Watts* for a pound note ; he said the money was down, and told him the fight was to take place on the Friday following. Deceased had but a slight acquaintance with *Watts*, and witness believes he had no malice against deceased. Deceased requested witness to go to the fight, which he did ; deceased went up to the mill in a carriage, with whom he does not know ; both had seconds, but does not know their names. Thought it was all fair play, and that it was a trial of strength and manhood between the parties ; they

fought about one hour and ten minutes. Was present during the whole of the fight; saw the blow given which caused the death of the deceased—it was on the left side of the neck; the deceased did not fall instantly, but his head dropped on one side, and, in a few moments, he fell senseless to the ground, and so remained until taken from the hill.

John Chowne, landlord of the Crown and Sceptre, Richmond Hill, said, that *Smith* (the deceased) and *Watts* met at his house by accident on Saturday, the 22d of March; they were in a parlour, *Watts* was sitting there with others when *Smith* came in between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. The deceased was rather in liquor, and making a noise in the house, and witness threatened to turn him out. Witness saw *Watts* give the deceased a common blow on the neck, but not a violent one, and the deceased fell to the ground.

The Coroner then proceeded to sum up the evidence which had been adduced, explaining the law as it applied to the case in question; and the Jury, after shortly deliberating together, returned a verdict of “Manslaughter against *Daniel Watts*.”

SPRING and *Shelton*, after being in custody for a week, in default of procuring the bail required of them, were liberated by Sir *David Scott*, on entering into their own recognizances, £100 each, to be of good behaviour for 12 months.

SPORTING DINNERS.—*Tom Cribb* had a jolly party on Monday, 5th of May, 1822; and so had *Tom*

Belcher. *SPRING* was *Cribb's* hero; and *Neat*, the attractive man at the Castle Tavern. Harmony was the leading feature of both houses, although *MILLING* was the subject. The stakes were made good for £200 a-side; and are now deposited in the hands of Mr. JACKSON. *SPRING*, in the course of the evening, made his bow to the company; he was well received, and his health drank with great spirit and liberality. The same compliment was also paid to *Neat*, notwithstanding his absence. Mr. *Belcher* gave up £15 to *SPRING*; respecting *Neat's* forfeit at Bristol, therefore all disputes concerning money matters were settled. *SPRING* offered to bet £100, according to *Neat's* challenge; but *Belcher* said, "he had no authority to put down any money then; however, on the morning of fighting, *Neat* should bet him the £100." "No!" replied *SPRING*, "I am ready to bet the £100 now; but I shall have something else to do on the morning of fighting." Both of the combatants were extremely *fond* of the match, and both *SPRING* and *Neat* displayed the highest confidence in the event. Even betting was about the state of the thing. *SPRING*, within the last few days, *got up* for *choice*. At Bristol, the *odds* were highly upon *Neat*.

The above pugilistic contest excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the numerous sporting circles in the Kingdom, in consequence of the repeated disappointments the FANCY had experienced by forfeitures and other unexpected circumstances. Great doubts were also expressed up to the last moment, and several bets were likewise laid that no fight would take place between *SPRING* and *Neat*. Within a few days

too of the appointed time, some of the *Beaks* of the counties of Berks, Wilts, and Somerset, discovered much *bad taste* by issuing their *Fakements* to prevent an exhibition of this branch of the "FINE ARTS" being exhibited at any of the places alluded to: and the above *face painters* were compelled, contrary to their love of good manners, to *brush off sans ceremonie*. The FANCY were thus at *fault* and full of *grief*, to ascertain the *right road*. Mr. JACKSON'S *chateau*, at Pimlico, was literally besieged by the CORINTHIANS on the Saturday previous to the fight, May 17, 1823; and the whole of the *darkey*, his knocker was continually in motion, so great was the anxiety, and inquiries after the *mill*. It was more like the fate of two nations contending for glory than a mere prize-battle between two of the best natured, harmless fellows in the kingdom. Pierce Egan's 'Tiny Crib' had also lots of the above *Cheap-side* customers on this occasion; and the *coves* of the sporting *lush-cribs* were likewise *bored* to death. Although the *kids* obtained their answers for nothing the "DON'T KNOW" gave more offence than satisfaction. At length the mist was dispelled; the *offic* given for Weyhill, Hampshire, and the *mugs* of the amateurs indicated "all happiness." The inns were immediately *scoured* for places by the stage-coaches and at peep of day, on Monday morning, the road from Gloucester, Newbury, Winchester, Bristol, Southampton, London, &c. were covered with vehicles of every description filled with amateurs, rattling along to arrive in time at the scene of action. By five o'clock in the afternoon not a bed could be procured at Andover, although a sovereign per head was offered

for a *snooze*. The *floor-ing* system was obliged to be adopted by the hitherto *down-y* ones, and a *carpet* was considered as a great luxury to envelope their sporting frames. The principal taverns at Andover were filled with persons of the highest quality in the kingdom; and both men and *prads* were obliged to put up with any shelter that could be got for them. The little towns and villages contiguous to Andover were equally overflowing with company; and the *Bonifaces*, to keep in *character* with this fighting scene, proved themselves such "good ones," as to *hit* their customers so very hard, that must prevent their *coming* again at the *nailing* scatch. Thousands of *kids* were on the road all night. The Mayor and Corporation of Andover, it seems, were *ear-wigged* by a few *cant-ing* Beaks to spoil the sport of the amateurs; which inevitably must have done the town a great injury respecting *blunt* matters. But it wouldn't G, and the *gents* alluded to possessed too much generosity to *punish* the peaceable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who have to pay their rents, and raise their taxes, by depriving them of making a "little bit of money" in an honest way, when such a *chance* might never occur again in Hampshire. Hinckley-down, the situation where the battle took place, was delightfully picturesque. A hill at the back of the field formed an Amphitheatre, not unlike Epsom-races, and upwards of thirty thousand spectators had a fine view of the fight, and amongst them numerous well-dressed females. So many *swells* were never before seen round the ring; which, under the superintendence of Mr. JACKSON, was excellent. At one o'clock, Tues-

day, May 20, 1823, *Neat*, arm-in-arm with his backer, Mr. *Harrison*, and *Belcher*, followed by *Harmer*, threw up his hat in the ring, amidst thunders of applause. About ten minutes afterwards, *SPRING*, with his backer, Mr. *Sant* and *Painter*, appeared, *Cribb* waiting for them. *SPRING* very coolly walked up to the ropes, and dropped his beaver within them. He then shook hands with *Neat*, saying, "I hope you are well." "I am very well, thank you, I hope you are," was the reply of *Neat*. *SPRING* was rather the favourite, for choice, on the ground, and rather the best in condition. The colours, an orange-yellow for *Neat*, were tied to the stakes by *Belcher*; the blue, for *SPRING* placed over them by *Tom Cribb*. Previous to the commencement of the battle, Mr. *JACKSON* entered the Ring, and thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I have to inform you, that no persons but the Umpires and Referee can be stationed close to the ropes; I have, therefore, to request that every gentleman will retire to some distance from the Ring; and also, if necessity requires it, to give me your assistance to keep the ground clear, to prevent confusion, and to have a fair fight. I have refused to be Referee, that I may walk about and attend to the Ring." (*Bravo and applause.*) This address had the desired effect—the gentlemen retired to their places, the good consequences of which were, that every individual had an uninterrupted view of the fight, and not the slightest disorder occurred.

First round.—Every thing being arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, the office was given for *peeling*. The interesting moment had now arrived; all doubts and fears as to a fight

were at an end ; and the aspiring daring ambition of Spring to obtain the Championship was about to be put to the test. The hands had also been crossed and shaken together in token that no animosity existed between the parties :—Glory hovered over their heads—Victory was alike in view ; and the heroes wooing her smiles were stripped for action. HEREFORDSHIRE bidding high for the Prize ; but BRISTOL making sure of winning it. To describe the intense interest portrayed by this vast assemblage on Neat and Spring placing themselves in attitude is impossible. The sight was beautiful. Something after the generosity of courage displayed by those celebrated Heroes of Antiquity, AJAX and HECTOR :—

Hector ! approach my arm, and singly know
 What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;
 No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
 I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war,
 To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
 And bear thick battles on my sounding shield.
 But OPEN be our FIGHT, and bold each blow,
 I STEAL no CONQUEST from a NOBLE foe.

Spring was as fine as a star ; as strong as an ox ; light and active as a deer ; and confident as a lion. His *condition* was *tip-top* ; and, in truth, he could not have been better. Spring weighed 13st. 3lb. The person of Neat was equally an object of admiration : his partisans were highly delighted with his appearance, and his *frame* was pronounced to have fully answered the good effects of *training*. Indeed, two finer young men could not have been opposed to each other ; or a more equal match made : Neat having slightly the advantage in weight over his rival. Spring, cool, collected, firm, and confident, appeared at the *scratch* to meet his renowned and formidable opponent, who had obtained so much notoriety by his conquest over the late terrific Gas-light-man. Neat, equally confident—nay more, if his countenance bespoke his

mind, thinking it *presumption* for any boxer on the list to dispute his right to the enviable title of Champion, showed at the *mark* ready to dismiss his adversary by one hit for the temerity he had thus shown. A long pause of two minutes occurred in looking at each other—dodging about for two minutes longer. Spring let fly with his left hand, but no mischief was done. Neat missed the body of his opponent with his right hand. Another long pause. Neat aimed a tremendous blow with his right hand, which Spring stopped in great style. (*Applause from all parts of the ring.*)—A pause. Neat again attempted his favourite slaughtering hit, which Spring parried, smiling and nodding at his opponent—(*Loud shouts of approbation from the spectators.*)—Spring put down his hands, but Neat did not avail himself of this chance. Spring immediately made himself up in one of the finest attitudes for administering *punishment* ever witnessed, and endeavoured to plant a hit with his right hand, which Neat stopped in the most scientific manner.—(*The Bristolians shouting in turn, "Bravo Neat! and, in fact, applause from all parts of the ring."*) Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand. Spring now went to *work*, some blows were exchanged, but Spring's hits were so severe on his opponent's *nob* that he turned round.—(*What do you think of that 'ere for light hitting?*" a Cockney cove observed to a Bristol man who sat close to him.)—They followed each other over the ring, when Spring, in retreating from some well-meant heavy blows, got into a corner close against the stake, feeling with his heel whereabouts he was situated.—(*"Now's the time," says Tom Belcher*) but the defensive position of Spring was so excellent, that he was not to be got at without great danger to Neat; which the latter perceiving, did not go near enough to do any thing like terrific execution. Spring fought his way out *à la Randall*; a close ensued, when Neat had nearly got Spring off his legs; but in struggling for the throw, Spring, with the utmost dexterity, turned Neat over in his arms, sent him on the ground, falling upon him. Between nine and ten minutes had elapsed.—The *chaff-cutters* from the *long town* were now roaring with delight—"Spring for ever—for any thing, he can fight for a day and a night into the bargain."—Seven to four for Herefordshire.

Second.—The superiority displayed by Spring in the preceding round rather *alarmed* the backers of Neat. They did not expect it. The "lady's maid fighter," as he had been libelled—the "china-man," as he had been designated—the

"light tapper," as he had been termed, thus to set at defiance the slaughtering hitter Neat; nay more, to turn the scales, and take the lead of him, operated rather different from a favourable *omen* to their feelings. A long pause occurred between the combatants. Spring stood as firm as a rock, Neat not being able to get at him. The latter, however, endeavoured to plant a hit, but it fell short. Both of the men now made themselves up for *mischief*, and counter hits passed between them. Spring's right hand put in so severe a blow over Neat's eye, that the *claret* followed it instantly. Spring exclaimed, "First blood, Neat." This *touch* confused the Bristol hero a little; but he tried to give his opponent a heavy blow, which fell short; and Spring, in return, gave him so sharp a *nobber*, that Neat *looked round*, and was nearly going down.—(*Disapprobation.*)—The latter collected himself together, and showed fight; when Spring fought his way into a close, fibbed Neat with the utmost ease, and sent him down. The applause here was like a roar of artillery. Two to one, and "Neat has no chance—it's all up with him." Spring, while sitting on his second's knee, observed to Painter, smiling, "*It is as right as the day; I would not take £100 to £1, and stand it—he can't hit me in a week.*"

Third.—The only *chance* now left to save a transfer of the Bristolians' *blunt* to the Metropolitan *kids*, it should seem, was one of those *silencing* hits by which Neat had acquired his *milling* fame, or rather of *steam-engine* power, to be planted on the *nob* of Spring, so as to *spoil* his science, *reduce* his confidence, and ultimately to take the *fight* out of him! All the *peepers* of the backers of Neat were on the stretch, in anxious expectation to see the *slogger* put in, which was to relieve their fears, and produce a change in their favour. *Shyness* on both sides. Spring endeavoured to plant a heavy right handed hit, which Neat stopped cleverly. (*Great applause, and "well done Neat."*) The latter *smiled at this success, and Spring also observed, "well stopped!"* Rather a long pause. The toes of the combatants were close together, and Spring not to be *gammoned* off his guard. Some blows were at length exchanged, and Spring received so heavy a hit on his kidneys, that his face for the instant bespoke great pain, and his arms also dropped a little. But, in closing, Spring had decidedly the advantage; and in going down, Neat undermost. The SPRINGERS were now as gay as larks; offering to back young WINTER to any amount.

Fourth.—Neat, instead of going up and fighting at the head of his opponent, where, at least, he might have had a *chance* of planting some of his tremendous blows, he never showed any signs of *going in* to fight. Standing off to a superior, fine scienced boxer like Spring, almost reduced it to a certainty, that in the event he must be *beaten*. In his character as a *smashing* puglist, his feature ought to have been to have attempted to *smash* his leary opponent. He could not get an opening at his length to put in any effective blows; in fact, he could not break through the guard of Spring. Neat endeavoured to plant a severe blow, which Spring stopped with the utmost ease. (*Great applause; and "You'll break his heart, Tom, if you go on that way."*) Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand.—(*Laughing, and "It's of no use!" from the crowd.*) A short rally near the ropes, in which Spring had the best of it, and, in struggling for the throw, Neat experienced a tremendous fall, added to the whole weight of Spring on his body. (*Shouting like thunder from a body of thirty thousand persons all expressing their approbation*) The Tattersalites were now laughing with glee that all their heavy bets were secure; the CORINTHIANS praising the science displayed by Spring; the Herefordshire "souls" priding themselves on their countryman; the Cocknies on the right side of the question, forgetting the expenses of their journey, and the *nailing* of the inns, the pretty "petticoat visitors," who were on the hills enjoying the manly scene waving their handkerchiefs, intimating, "that none but the brave deserve the fair!" In short, every thing bore the aspect of "happiness" amidst this vast conglomeration of people, saving the *indexes* of the Bristolians, whose *mugs* exhibited a sort of *rainbow* appearance, but *blue* was the predominant colour.

Fifth.—Owing to the severe fall which Neat experienced in the last round, he attributes losing the fight. Neat informed Belcher (while sitting on Harmer's knee) that his arm was broken; but it was previously evident to every disinterested spectator, that Neat had not a shadow of chance—his nose bleeding and his face punished. Neat made another stop, when some blows were exchanged, and a slight rally took place, and Neat broke away. The latter gave Spring a hit, and was going down, but he resumed his attitude. (*Disapprobation.*) Spring, to make all safe, was in no hurry to go to work, and another pause ensued. Neat, as he was in the act of falling, received a hit, when Spring added another one

on his back. The umpires called out to Belcher, and told him, "It was a stand-up fight; and Neat must take care what he was about." "I assure you, gentlemen," replied Mr. Jackson, "Neat received a blow." Here Martin offered, in a very loud manner, that he would bet £1,000 to £100 on Spring. During this round, Belcher came to the extremity of the ropes, and in a low tone of voice told Mr. Jackson, Neat's arm was broken. "I perceive it," replied Mr. J. "but I shall not notice it to the other side."

Sixth.—Neat hit short at Spring's body with his left hand; holding his right in a very different position from the mode when the battle commenced. The Bristol hero was *piping*; and his tongue rapidly passing in and out of his mouth, betraying symptoms of great *distress*. Neat, however, gave a *bodier* to his opponent; and he also made a good stop. But in a rally he received several blows, and ultimately went down.

Seventh.—Spring was as fresh as if he had not been fighting; and although it was now a guinea to a shilling, and no chance of losing, yet Spring was as careful as if he had had a giant before him. The latter got away from a blow.—"We can fight for a week in that manner," said Belcher.—"Yes," replied Painter; "but we have got the general." Neat received a severe hit on his head, and he fell down on his knees. The shouts for joy from the partisans of Spring, and the roars of approbation from the spectators in general, beggared description.

Eighth and last.—Neat endeavoured to plant a heavy blow on the body of Spring, but the latter jumped away as light as a cork. A pause. Spring was satisfied he had won the battle; and, therefore, determined not to give his opponent the slightest chance towards obtaining victory. Spring put in a hit on Neat's face; and when the latter returned he again got away. In an exchange of blows, Neat was hit down. When time was called, Neat got up and shook hands with Spring, and said his arm was broken, and he could not fight any more.

The battle was at an end in thirty-seven minutes.

REMARKS.—The amateurs, generally, pronounced the above contest a bad battle. We must admit there was certainly a different sort of *colouring* visible in the

fights between *Gully* and *Gregson*, and *Cribb* and *Molineux*: to witness two big ones opposed to each other for upwards of half an hour, and no *mischief* done, after riding nearly seventy miles, was not likely to give satisfaction to the admirers of downright MILLING. But the *torrent* of opinion was so strong in favour of *Neat*, both in Bristol and London previous to the fight, on account of his *tremendous* hitting, as to carry away like a flood all kind of *calculation* on the subject. SPRING was to have been *smashed*; SMASHED; and nothing else but SMASHED!!! ONE hit was to have *spoilt* the *science* of SPRING: TWO were to have taken the *fight* completely out of him! and the THIRD to have operated as a *coup de grace*. Yes! and so they would, if *chastling* over some *heavy*, *light blue*, or *black ink*, could have done it. Then why did not *Neat* *smash* SPRING as he did the *Gas*? We will endeavour to answer the question for the fallen *Neat*: because he had a man of his own size and weight opposed to him. He likewise found out he had a boxer of superior talent to himself pitted against him: one that was armed at all points; and not to be diverted or *frightened* from his purpose. His blows were not only *stopped*; and all his efforts to break through the guard of his antagonist were rendered of no avail. It was owing to the above circumstances that made the fighting of *Neat* appear so *defective* in the eyes of his friends and backers. He was “out-generalled;” and the fine fighting of SPRING “laughed to scorn” all the “talked of tremendous hitting of his opponent. In truth, *Neat* could not plant a single effective hit. In the fourth round, *Neat* asserts his arm received a serious injury,

and one of the small bones was broken. We are sorry, very sorry, for this accident; but we have no hesitation in asserting, that SPRING had won the battle before it occurred. SPRING has also removed the *libel* from his character, that he could not make a *dent* in a pound of butter! It cannot be denied that SPRING very soon made a *hole* in his opponent's head, and, from the conduct of the latter, it should seem that "one pill was a dose." To *give* punishment and to *avoid* being hit, is deemed the *triumph* of the art of boxing. *Randall* was distinguished for this peculiar trait in all his battles. SPRING adopted the same mode, and by so doing he did not disgrace his character as a boxer; on the contrary, he showed himself a safe man to back, and reduced *success* to a certainty. SPRING called on *Neat* after the battle, whom he found in bed, and his arm put to rights by a surgeon. The latter said, "I am not beaten, but I lost the battle by the accident." SPRING very generously made *Neat* a present of ten pounds. SPRING arrived in town on Wednesday night, but he did not sport the *colours* of his adversary, until after he had quitted the town of Andover, and received the shouts and smiles attendant on victory from the populace in all the towns through which he passed. He had a slight black mark on his left eye; and his arm in a sling, one of the bones of his right hand having received an injury.

The abrupt conclusion of the battle produced sensations among the backers of *Neat* not easily to be described; and such coarse expressions were uttered by the *disappointed ones* that we cannot give place to

them in BOXIANA. The *Bristolians* were outrageous in the extreme; a few of them positively acted like madmen; others were dejected, chap-fallen, with *mugs* as long as an arm, and countenances full of *grief*. *Neat* was thought to be *invulnerable* by his countrymen, and also by the majority of sporting people throughout the kingdom, but a few silly persons in their paroxysms of rage and disappointment have pronounced the above event a \times .

The nature of *bad news* infects the *teller*,
When it concerns the *fool* or *COWARD*!

We pledge our reputation that it was no such thing: and we defy any individual to prove it a \times . Our work is open to every person, and he or they may depend upon a clear stage and fair play. *But we must have names*; no attacks in the *dark*. We feel anxious for the honour of the Ring; and no exertions on our part shall be wanting to preserve it. *Tom Belcher* and *Neat* both courted inquiry on the subject, and they are entitled to justice when imputations are levelled at their characters. It was nearly the expressed opinion of the spectators at the fight, that if *Neat* had possessed *FOUR* arms instead of *two*, he never could have conquered *SPRING*. But if any thing has been done *wrong* on either side the question, and it can be proved, we hope, for the benefit of the sporting world, that those persons who have made the *assertions* it was a \times will have the *courage* to come forward on the present occasion, and put the matter in so clear a point of view as to remove the slightest imputation on the subject. Prize-fighting was at a very low ebb

before the above fight ; but the battle between *SPRING* and *Neat*, it was thought might tend to restore it to its pristine national honour.

Wert thou as pure as snow, or chaste as ice,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

The Editor of the *Bristol Gazette* made the following remarks on the above battle:—"9.—Here, —publish it not in Gath, tell it not among the *Philistines* ; when time was called, *Neat* walked up, and instead of clenched fist, stretched out his hand to *SPRING*—"all up."—The Londoners shouted—the Bristolians looked glum:—not the recollection of former victories by all the *Pearces* and *Cribbs*, and *Gullys*, and *Belchers*, could for a moment revive them ; every man looked at his neighbour with an inquiring eye—"what does it all mean."—At last, a report ran that *Neat* had broken his arm in a fall.—"Pshaw, all my eye." Mr. Jackson, the Commander-in-Chief, went round with a hat for a collection for the loser ; he confirmed the report of the broken arm ; whether this was the fact or not remains to be proved ; this, however, was evident that he neither fought with his accustomed courage nor skill. The battle had lasted but thirty-seven minutes ; neither of the men were otherwise hurt. *Neat* never attempted once to get into his man ; when *SPRING* was at the ropes, he did not follow him as he might have done ; he was all on the *shy*, and fell once with the shadow of a blow. *SPRING* relied chiefly, there is no doubt, upon his superior wrestling, and was always eager for the hug ; but *Neat* either had not quickness to keep

him off, or wanted courage to strike.—The sparring of SPRING was much admired, but if *Neat* had had recourse to the smashing which he practised on *Hickman*, SPRING's science might have been puzzled. It is supposed that more money was lost by the Bristol boys than at any fight on record. The Londoners went chaffing home in fine style, whilst the return of the Bristol cavalcade was more like that of a long country funeral."

SPRING has won nine battles; and only *lost* in his second fight with *Painter*. We understand, it was the intention of SPRING to "tie up prize-milling" and attend to business; but we have heard several fighting-men make so many *promises* in that respect, and afterwards, when it suited their purpose, *break* them with the utmost *sang-froid*, that, in future, we shall pay no attention to such assertions. It is the opinion of some of the best and oldest admirers of pugilism, and among them, Sir Thomas Apprece, that the battle between SPRING and *Neat* was a fine display of science; and also, that SPRING can beat any thing on the present list of public men; and he likewise is well deserving to be matched against any man in England, with the greatest *chance* of winning.

On the first deposit of £50 being made good at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, towards the above match, SPRING offered to take *Tom Belcher* £100 to £20, that he drew the *first* blood; also that *Neat* did not *knock* him down during the battle; and, ultimately, he should win the fight. "So much do I care," said

SPRING, "for the hard hitting of *Neat*!" These events were all verified by SPRING.

Mr. JACKSON collected for the losing man, on the ground, £47:19:0. The night previous to the battle, SPRING, in company with his backer, walked from Andover to take a view of the ground on which the battle was to take place, when SPRING observed "it was so beautiful a spot, that no man could grumble to be well *licked* upon it."

The newspaper reports respecting Mr. Sant, the backer of SPRING, having won £7,000 on the event is completely erroneous; also that Mr. *Gully* had realised £10,000. Mr. G. did not win more than £100. It is true that Mr. *J. Bland* picked up a tidy stake; but it is false that *Belcher* lost a large sum of money upon the battle: *Tom* is too good a judge to risk too much of his *blunt*. So much for correct newspaper information out of the Fancy.

Painter left his house, at Norwich, on purpose to perform the office of *second* to SPRING, it being a particular request of the latter boxer. *Painter* is as fat as an alderman, but he looks as healthy as a rose.

The wags of the Fancy, at the conclusion of the battle, proposed that the town of *Andover*, in future, should have the letter H *Neat*-ly added to it, to stand thus—HAND *over*! in allusion to the great transfer of *blunt* on the above occasion. No doubt, proper attention will be paid to this alteration in the next edition of Paterson's Road Book. The late celebrated Horne Tooke, we are sure, would not have quarrelled with so clear a *derivation*.

Randall, Josh Hudson, Holt, Cooper, the Gipsy, Carter, Scroggins, Eales, and Brown, gave their assistance towards keeping a good ring. *Ould Caleb Baldwin* was also on the ground.

TO THE EDITOR.—My wife and myself will be much obliged by thy insertion in thy valuable paper of a few words, contradicting the absurd story copied from a Bath and Cheltenham paper, of her having interfered to prevent the late battle between *Spring* and *Neat*; the whole of which is without the slightest foundation in truth or probability.

I am, respectfully, &c.

JOSEPH FRY.

St. Mildred's Court, 22d 5th Month, 1823.

In reply to the about *chaunt*, we have only to state, that a fine old lady of the Society of Friends, (we do not know her name), with a couple of her daughters, came in their carriage to the Angel, at Marlborough, during the time *Neat* was in training. The two daughters remained in the carriage, at the door, while the old lady made her way into the Angel. She ascended the stairs, and found *Belcher* in a room, sitting by himself, *Neat* having retired to change his clothes. *Tom* thought the lady had mistaken the apartment in the above Inn, till she addressed him, "Thy name is *Belcher*, is it not, friend?" "Yes, madam," was the reply. *Tom* was in hopes to get rid of the lady before *Neat* returned; but she waited till the Bristol hero made his appearance. "I understand, friend *Neat*, thou art about fighting a prize-battle. Dost thou not know it is very sinful? Be advised, friend, and give it up." *Neat* urged that he was bound in honour, and, that if he gave it up, he

was likely to lose £500 by it. "What is £500 in comparison with thy poor soul? Think of that, friend. Give it up, I beg of thee; and I will see if the £500 cannot be raised for thee." After an expostulation of nearly two hours, impressed upon *Neat* with tears, the old lady retired without obtaining the desired effect. The Bristol hero, by way of consolation, thanked the old lady for the interest and kindness she had taken in his fate, and promised her that he would not fight any more.

The Bath *Herald* said:—"The interest excited by the above battle, in this city, surpassed any thing of the kind ever before known. At the earliest dawn on Tuesday morning, every horse and every vehicle were in a course of requisition, and though the distance was full forty-five miles, hundreds of our natives from the lofty baronet, in his splendid barouche, to the humble knight of the cleaver on his ragged trotting pony, repaired to the spot which has thus become classic ground. In the evening the streets were thronged with an anxious multitude, assembled to catch the first tidings of the important event, and great was the dismay of the backers at long odds when it was announced.

It is utterly impossible to describe the anxiety which prevailed in the Metropolis to learn the event of the battle on Tuesday evening, May 20, 1823. Belcher's house was like a fair; Randall's crowded to suffocation; Holt's not room for a pin; Harmer's overflowing; Shelton's like a mob; Eales overstocked; and Tom Cribb's out-and-out with bang-up visitors. Both ends of the town, East and West, were equally alive

and profited by the subject ; and Hampshire has not had such a *turn* for nibbling the *blunt*, since the days when *Humphries* and *Mendoza* fought at Odiham. Thus has *good* been derived by thousands of persons not in any way connected with the event. Then why attempt to stop one of our oldest, noblest, and most generous of national sports. Several wagers were won in London after eight o'clock at night on *SPRING*—so high did *Neat* stand in the estimation of public opinion.

To the Editor of a Sporting Paper.

SIR,—I have been favoured this day with a letter received by Mr. Jackson, and transmitted by the latter gentleman to me. A correct copy of which I have enclosed, and by inserting the same in your valuable paper of Sunday next, I shall consider it an obligation, and I beg leave further to state, that the enclosed letter, and the certificate in your possession from that superior surgeon, Mr. Cline, will, in some measure, remove that foul slander which has been unjustly heaped upon my character—and inform my friends and the Sporting World in general, that my only desire is, the speedy recovery of my arm to enable me once more to enter into the ring with the great Champion of England.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
 Castle Tavern, May, 28, 1823. WM. NEAT.

Andover, May 26, 1823.

SIR,—Having seen an account in the papers, that there is to be a full meeting at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday, and that Neat is to show himself to the Fancy,—I have taken the liberty of troubling you with this, knowing your established fame as the important Director, &c. &c. of the above place ; I wish, through your assistance, to remove the stigma that is cast on Mr. Neat, owing to the many false reports that are in circulation relative to his accident. Now, Sir, I am the humble individual who rendered him the first assistance, and discovered the fracture. My opinion was borne out by several surgeons who attended Mr. Neat during his stay in this

place, the morning after the accident. The tension and inflammation was so great, that twelve leeches were applied to his arm. I hope, Sir, you will give every publicity to this; in so doing, you will oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD R. PERRY, Surgeon, &c.

To Mr. Jackson, Grosvenor-place.

Bristol, May 22, 1823.

SIR,—By the last fight, on Tuesday, I may have been minus £150 or thereabouts, not one penny of which I will pay till the doubts are fully cleared up to the satisfaction of his Bristol friends. Never did a man so disgrace himself as *Bill*, by not going into his man on the second round, when he had him in his power at the stakes. When did *Neat* break his arm? In what round? This fight is a dirty transaction—it cannot but be thought so; and little as I am inclined to think you participate in it still it will be necessary for you to give us an account in one of the papers, with your signature, of the cause of the loss of the battle—*Neat* no more had occasion to go to bed than myself. I much fear it will be impossible you can publish an account honourable to yourself, and that silence will be the only way in which this letter will be answered, if so the only method we have of pursuing will be to publish it—may I be disappointed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BAILEY.

I candidly confess, I no more think *Neat* broke his arm than you did yourself.—Did *Gulley* see *Neat* before the fight?
Mr. Thomas Belcher, *Castle-Tavern, Holborn.*

Castle-Tavern, Holborn, May 23, 1823.

Mr. Thomas Bailey,

SIR,—I received a letter this morning from you, dated Bristol; but as you don't say where, I think it best to answer it through a paper read by all sporting gentlemen. I won't disgrace myself by answering questions, which I consider to be an unfair attack on both myself and *Neat*, who from an accident unfortunately lost the battle. Whether you pay your debts or not, must be settled between yourself and the winners: I have lost my money, and shall pay it, and so will every man of honour—but you may do as you please.

Your humble servant,

T. BELCHER.

The soreness of the Bristolians at the result of the late fight is pretty manifest in the following extracts :—

(From the *Bristol Mirror*.)—“ It is a fact that on the above day two men, named *Neat* and *SPRING*, met near Andover; that they hugged and tumbled about the grass for about thirty minutes, and that upwards of twenty thousand fools, blackguards, and pick-pockets were present, admiring and applauding their hugs and tumbles, but every thing else published in the account (that of a Bristol cotemporary) is downright falsehood. There was no blood shed—there were no “dreadful onsets”—no tremendous blows. In a word, nobody was hurt—the whole affair was a *hoax*.”

It then gives the copy of a hand bill stuck about Bristol, headed—“*TWENTY GUINEAS REWARD*,” reciting that the toll-gates to Bristol from Andover had been scandalously defrauded by a certain *SET*, called the Bristol *Fancy*: any person giving information as to the said “villains” to be entitled to the reward from any of the toll-collectors. It concludes with a “N. B.” that “Many of them were recognised by the great length of their phizzes and their distorted countenances, particularly the steel and blue apron tribe.”

(From the *Bristol Gazette*.)—“*THE LATE SPARRING MATCH*.—As our Bristol readers are no doubt pretty well tired of the late *pretended* fight, we shall drop the subject, after adjoining the following extracts from the pen of a celebrated *fancy* writer (*PIERCE EGAN*) who has again shown his capacity to

make a *purse* out of a sow's ear ; or, in other words, to create, like other *fanciful* writers, a great deal out of nothing. A stranger who should read the account in the London papers might imagine that the above was a contest worthy of record ; whereas it was no more than the hugging and scratching of two overgrown school boys. It is some *consolation*, however, to the Bristol heroes of the fist that the *arm* of one of the combatants appears really to have been *broken* ; some say in the fourth or fifth round, whilst others say, from the system of fighting exhibited, that it must have been in the *first*, as there was evidently no *fighting* afterwards.

To the Editor of a Sporting Paper.

SIR,—The extracts from the Bristol papers with which you favoured your readers last Sunday are really very amusing, and considering the way in which *the Reporter and the Principal of the fight* have behaved very temperate—why could not Mr. Egan, instead of the straight forward, impartial account which he gave, through the medium of your paper, to the public, have given one with a little more of the diaculum in it ? Surely truth might have been sacrificed for once, to please the Bristolians ; and why could not Spring forget his backers, give up his cautious style of fighting, and get well malleted, to please the gentlemen to whom he is under so many obligations. To be serious, Sir ; when little Gas (little he was by comparison) got beat by Neat was there all this crying and whining ? Did not the Londoners tip their blunt without a single murmur ?—Were not thousands handed over to the Bristolians without hesitation ?—Why should there be all this sickening stuff about crosses, sparring exhibitions, &c. ? Pray, Sir, give a little bit of advice to these would-be Sportsmen ; tell them that they must expect to lose as well as win, and that when the former is the case, they should follow the example of the principal backer of Neat, a gentleman whose character as a Sportsman well accords with the rank he holds in society. What was his answer when applied to by Spring's backer, Mr. S. ?—"Your man outfought us, and we

had not a chance from the beginning." Let them follow this generous and handsome line of conduct, and cease grumbling like a parcel of lubberly schoolboys who have lost their marbles.

June 14, 1823.

A LONDONER.

FIVES COURT.

Tom Shelton took his benefit at this place on Thursday, May 22, 1823, and the Court overflowed at an early hour. The attraction of the day was to get a peep at *SPRING*, who had been previously advertised to *show* upon this occasion. The sets-to in general were *nobish*; and both head-work and handy touches were all the go! The *White-headed Boy* and *Spencer* were up to each other; *Randall* and *Scroggins* fly to all the movements on the board; and *Belcher* and *Shelton* proved themselves to be *downy* ones! This set-to was by far better to look at than the recent great fight at *Hinckley-Downs*. It was fine *science* united with severe *milling* on both sides. *Shelton*, by a well-timed hit under the ear, *floored* the great Master of the Art of Sparring in a twinkling. "Oh, oh!" says *Belcher*, "I understand you now.—Good-night to light play! But I'll soon be with you, never fear!" The attitudes of both the men were picture for an artist. *Belcher's* *one-two* had the desired effect; he also put in some *nobbers*; and ultimately finished the round decidedly in his favour. *Shelton* bowed as a signal to take off the gloves. "No, no!" from the spectators, "It is too good to put an end to it yet; we must have another round!" The request was complied with; and the additional round proved quite a treat. *Belcher* never *showed off* in finer style; and *Shelton's* good

knowledge of fighting proved him a rival of no mean stamp. *Belcher*, however, determined not to remain long in *debt* with his friend *Shelton*, he therefore went to *work*, and not only *paid* off the *principal*, but he discharged the *favour* he had received with *interest*. They both retired from the stage amidst thunders of applause. The general cry now was, "SPRING, SPRING!" The latter hero, modestly bearing his "blushing honours" thick upon him, ascended the stage. He was cheered from all parts of the Court; when SPRING addressed the Amateurs in the following terms:—"Gentlemen, I return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have done me to-day, and I hope my future conduct will equally merit your kind attention. I promised to set-to with *Shelton*; but having met with an accident (*his hand was tied up with a handkerchief*) I trust you'll excuse me; at all other times you will find me willing and ready to obey your commands." *Shelton* returned thanks; and *Belcher* likewise informed the audience that his benefit took place on Tuesday, May 27, when *Neat* would be present, in order to convince the Amateurs that his arm was *broken* in the fight with SPRING. The latter received from Mr. Jackson the £200 of the battle-money as the reward of victory. Mr. J. also publicly declared, for the satisfaction of the *Sporting World*, that in company with two eminent surgeons he had seen *Neat*, and the above two gentlemen of the faculty had pronounced the small bone of his arm to have been broken.

SPRING'S SILVER CUP.—This handsome piece of plate was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey, and

Co. silversmiths, of the Strand ; and which was presented to SPRING, at Hereford, with the following inscription engraven upon it :—

1823.

To THOMAS WINTER,
Of Founhope, in the County of Hereford,
This Cup was presented,
By his Countrymen of the Land of Cyder,
In Token of their Esteem for the Manliness and Science,
Which in many severe Contests in the Pugilistic Ring,
Under the name of
SPRING,
Raised him to the proud distinction of
The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

The above inscription is surrounded by a handsome device of apples, &c. at the bottom of which, is the representation of two game-cocks at the close of a battle, one standing over the other. On the other side of the cup is a view of the P. R. with two pugilists in attitudes. Upon the top, or lid, of the cup is a cyder barrel placed on a stand. The inside is gilt ; and it is large enough to hold a gallon of "Nectar divine." It has also two elegantly chased handles ; and a fluted pedestal. Upon the whole, it has a very handsome appearance, and reflects great credit on the taste and workmanship displayed by Messrs. Grayhurst and Co.

During the time SPRING and *Cribb* were on a sparring tour through the principal towns in England, he met with the Irish Champion *Jack Langan*, when the following correspondence took place between them:—

To Mr. Spring, Town-Hall-Tavern, Manchester.

SIR,—As you have taken on yourself the title of Champion of England you are of course open to Fight any Man provided he can get backed for what is considered in the London Ring a Handsome Stake I have now to inform you, that some Gentlemen of Manchester will back me to fight you for one hundred Sovereigns aside. To any other person I might have made some kind of apology for this Rough invitation, but I am confident you will take it as it is meant. that is in the way of Business, the Bearer Mr. Reynolds will make any appointment convenient to yourself, for putting down Some money to make the Match.

I am Sir Your Hble Servt

JOHN LANGAN.

Running Horses Salford, Sept. 29, 1823.

Mr. Langan Running Horse Salford

To Mr. Langan—Sir—haveing some 3 months ago recivd a calling from you in Ireland for £100 which if I had thoate at som worth my notice I should have answered that with out waiting for a repetecion and should serve this in the same way but soposeing you do not understand what silant contempersans therefore I wish to inform you that I do not think it worth my notice tho it may answer your purpase as it may ease the feelings of some sholl boy to say in company (I have challenged the champion of *England* and he dare not fight me) this may appear very pleasing to your feelings if you are very welcom to them, but before I close I wish to inform you that I Will meate you half way between london and Manchester and fight you for £500 aside and stake £100 eney time you may thinke proper and if your friends think I can win £100 they will not hesetate to back you for 100 aside if this wos to eney other gentlemen but Mr. Langan I should make some apolegy for addressing him in a monner but I think it is not nasesory as it is in his way Bisness.

Yours &c.

T. WINTER—SPRING.

Mr. T. Spring, Town-Hall-Tavern, Manchester.

SIR,—When the brave the manly Cribb made you a present the Championship of England you promised in the Face the world to imitate his praisworthy conduct in the Prize

Ring. But that Promise you have not fulfilled, for Crit never Sneer'd at a £100 customer or told him that he treat his Offer with contempt Recollect the Title you hold was but a gift for which you never fought I would advise you to Keep this in mind, for it will check that vanity with which you are so terribly bloated a vanity without the least foundation Except it is for beating the Grey Headed Old String or winning the Made up Fight with Tom Oliver Or is it your being well drubed by the One armed Cripple Ned Painter Out of complement to the county we are in I will not Mention the particulars of the Great girl Fight between you and Jack Carter With respect to Neat you rose nothing from that victory all you could gain by that Fight was money But it appears by your answer to my Challenge that Money is the God you worship What Fame had he acquired he certainly Managed to beat Tom Oliver after Repeatedly giving up in the course of the Battle and he gallantly beat the Cripple Light Man a Man not within 3 Stone of his own weight and it is well known the Gas Man received a £1000 for Losing the Battle Is it for beating the prince of curs who gave up without a Mark or Losing One Drop of Blood in his fight with you that you call yourself *Champion* My Friends in this County will Back Me against any one you Ever fought for the Sum of £100 to £80. I would never have Thought it worth my while to bring back to your Memory Days long past out that you Seem to Forget yourself But look back on Mr. Spring and you may Remember the time when you, a native in your Native Country could not get Friends to back you for £50 a-side I am an Irishman a Stranger in this Country: my Circle of my Friends very limited but they have in my opinion Come handsomely forward in Backing me for the sum I have offered Permit me to say that in my Opinion you Display a Great Deal of the Cur in thus naming a Stake which you must be confident I cannot Raise but all the World must know the true Reason for any other pug that Meant Fighting would think it a good Stake The Son of your Host has circulated a Report that if I could not get Backed For £500 a-side It would not Suit your purpose to Go into Training and that you say you will Give me a good Milling For love believe Me you Could not have a More accommodating Customer than Myself Money to Me is the Least consideration only Name the Place and I will Find Me your humble servant, you or me must be Champion. & should it fall to my lot I give you my Word I

never Refuse any Man in the World a Trial that can get backed for £100 You will oblige me by naming when you will give me this promised Drubbing and never fear but I will attnthe appointment—An answer as soon as possible will oblige

Your Hble Servt

JOHN LANGAN.

Sept. 30th, 1823. *Running Horses, Salford.*

IRELAND v. ENGLAND.

(*From the Stockport Advertiser.*)

Our publishing last week the *classical* correspondence between Langan and SPRING, seems to have produced a good deal of ire from Mr. SPRING, and he has in consequence addressed the following letter by handbill to Mr. Langan, which has been strictly copied:—

SIR,—I should not have condescended to have answered your letter, had I not have been in a STRANGE TOWN, in which I owe to the public my best thanks for their liberal support, while I have had the honour to appear before them—the following statement of facts will I hope, satisfy every liberal mind; and place you in that situation, which your conduct towards me justly merits.

On perusing the *Stockport Advertiser* this morning, dated October 3d, I was rather *surprised* at finding an article headed “Correspondence between the Champion of Ireland (Langan) and the Champion of England (Spring) which the Editor observes he give *Verbatim Etliteratim*? My Orthography may, perhaps, be questionable; but, certainly I am not the Dunce his GARBLED statement would make me appear, as it is not exactly essential for a FIGHTING MAN to be a *Classical Scholar*. He, in the first place, states “We herewith give the Correspondence between these two Champions, as promised in our last.” I should be glad to be informed how the Editor of the *Stockport Advertiser* could make such a promise last week, when at the time of that paper going to press, it was not even known in Manchester, that I should have the honour of visiting it; but allowing him every credit for his WONDERFUL FORESIGHT, I shall proceed to ANSWER MR. LANGAN’S last LETTER, as my answer to his former is already before the public.

I should wish to inform Mr. Langan, that if he pursues the line of conduct he has adopted, he will soon lose that estimation with Englishmen, which he seems so desirous of attaining; I can assure him, *blackguardism* never Arrived at the Top of the TREE, in what he terms our LINE OF BUSINESS. I will pass over the manner in which he states I obtained the title I now hold, to that wherein he observes 'I forget when I could not get BACKED for £50.' I beg leave to inform MR. LANGAN, that he has been led into an error on that subject; for I never saw the day but I could raise that sum without troubling strangers for it.

If I could not, I feel assured Mr. Langan ought to be the *last man* to mention such a circumstance; for I never ran away, and left a Wife and Family to WANT the means of Existence!—No: GOD forbid I ever should or should any other ENGLISHMAN! But I wish to let Mr. Langan understand that he is the first man that ever DARED to call me a CUR; I will leave that to all England to decide for me—as I feel assured, any one that ever saw me FIGHT, will do me the Justice to say, I do not deserve that epithet.

Mr. LANGAN should listen to the advice of his tutor with CAUTION! or he may repent it. Pray what was the reason of the said tutor visiting Manchester, without a coat to his back, or a shilling in his pocket, if he had always done right? If my recollection does not fail me, his tutor fought the same day that I beat the *Grey Headed Old Stringer*. I have fought eight battles since, seven of which I have won; he has not fought one in the LONDON RING since; what is the reason? Why this: who was it that made poor West-Country DICK lose his fight with DAVID HUDSON, and which was ultimately the cause of his being sent out of the LONDON RING, let Mr. LANGAN reflect on this and judge for himself. Now Sir I am coming to the point;—You say I am a CUR, because I name £500 as my sum to fight for; a sum well known to you and your friends before you challenged me. You well knew I would not fight for £100, or you would not have dared to have challenged me, nor would your tutor have advised you to it.

But I wish for the Public to judge for themselves; you know my sum was £500; you challenged me for £100 and to show you I wish to be accommodating, I now inform you, Mr. LANGAN, that I will meet you half way, namely, you raise £200 and I will sink £200; that is making £300 a-side. Now we shall see who is the CUR; but I should wish to in-

form Mr. LANGAN and the WORLD, that I shall not consider this Binding on my part, longer than I am in Manchester, if the MATCH is not made before I LEAVE, which will be on THURSDAY NEXT, I shall then consider myself at my FULL PRICE AGAIN. I remain, &c.

Manchester Oct. 3.

T. WINTER (SPRING.)

On Thursday, October 23, 1823, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, *Belcher*, on the part of *Langan*, deposited £50 towards making a match for £300 a-side with SPRING. On the articles being completed, SPRING offered £100 to £80 p.p. that he won the battle. Monday, December 1, the backers of the above one "Big Ones" dined together at the Castle Tavern, Holborn; but neither SPRING nor *Langan* showed upon the occasion. However, when *time* was called by the President of the D. C. the BLUNT was ready at the *scratch*. Some little difference of opinion took place as to the *meaning* of the articles:—"THOMAS WINTER SPRING agrees to fight *John Langan* for three hundred pounds a-side. A fair stand-up fight—half-minute time to be allowed between each and every round, in a 24-foot ring. The fight to take place on the seventh day of January, 1824. Fifty pounds a-side are now deposited in the hands of Mr. H. One hundred and fifty pounds a-side to be made good at Mr. *Belcher's*, Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the first Monday in December, &c." The *Ould Champion* (*Tom Cribb*), who attended on the part of his boy, SPRING, said that he had only one hundred pounds to put down; while, on the behalf of *Langan*, *Belcher* insisted that the *Spirit* of the Articles required £150, and he was ready to put down £150

for *Langan*. The dispute in question was fairly discussed by the meeting; and the President decided in favour of the majority—that if £100 a-side were put down, the articles would be complied with. The *Ould Champion* rose with some warmth, and said, “He was not particular, and if the other party wished it, he would make the £300 a-side good immediately; or he would increase the match between *Langan* and *SPRING* for 1000 guineas. He (*Tom Cribb*) was quite certain that *Langan* meant fighting, and if the latter wished to increase the stakes, he and his party had an opportunity of doing it.”

On Thursday, January 1, 1824, the whole of the stakes, of Six Hundred Sovereigns, were made good over a Sporting Dinner at *Tom Cribb's*. When time was called, *Belcher* showed at the mark on the part of *Langan*, and put down £150. *Cribb* also, for his boy *SPRING*, instantly fobbed out £150. At the head of the table, before the President, was placed the *Ould Champion's* silver cup, and *SPRING's* cup was also seen before the Deputy-President. The *John Bull Fighter* was present, and, by way of keeping the game alive, offered to give two guineas to fight *Langan*, let him win or lose, for £200 a-side; and likewise, that he would take ten guineas for £200 a-side with *SPRING*. The true courage of *Josh Hudson* was greatly admired, and loudly applauded. The dinner was good, the wines were excellent, and the company separated well pleased with their evening's entertainment. *SPRING* was decidedly the favourite at two to one; two and a half to one was also betted; and in one instance £300 to £100 was laid. In consequence of

Langan being a complete stranger to the Sporting World, the amateurs, generally, were inclined to *bet* the odds instead of *taking* them.

Wednesday, January 7, 1824. Often and *often* as it has fallen to our lot to portray the road and place of fighting, we feel no hesitation in saying to describe the late scene at Worcester is impossible. It was grand and imposing beyond all former precedent. Upwards of thirty thousand persons were present—nay, several calculators upon the subject have declared, to the best of their belief, that not less than fifty thousand people were assembled together on this millling occasion. It was a union of all ranks, from the *brilliant* of the highest class in the circle of CORINTHIANS, down to the *Dusty Bob* gradation in society; and even a *shade* or two below that. Lots of the UPPER HOUSE; the LOWER house, and the *flash* house. Proprietors of splendid parks and demesnes; inmates from proud and lofty mansions; groups from the most respectable dwellings; thousands from the peaceable cot—and myriads of *coves* from no houses at all; in a word, it was a *conglomeration* of the *Fancy*. Where were you Mr. Hazlett? What food for the imagination did it exhibit? Peers, M.P.'s, Yokels of every cast; Cocknies and *Sheenies*, throwing "*away* *their propertish*" without a sigh that it cost so much *onish* to witness the Grand Mill. The roads in every direction round Worcester beggared all description. The adventures at the inns would furnish subjects for twenty farces, and the company in general in the city of Worcester of so masquerade a *character* that it defies the pen; and even the celebrated pencil of a

George Cruikshank would be at fault to give the richness of its effect. The grand stand was filled to an overflow in every part, with two additional wings of scaffolds erected for the occasion. Ten shillings each were paid for the admission for each person. The masts of the vessels in the river Severn, which flowed close behind, moored on each side of the stand, were overloaded with persons; and even temporary scaffolds about two stories high, outside of the waggons, were filled by anxious spectators, regardless of danger, so great was the public curiosity excited by this event. It was a beautiful sight, indeed. Let the reader picture to himself a spacious amphitheatre, encircled by waggons, an outer roped-ring within for the *Padders* and *bluntless* lads, who stood up to their knees in mud. What is termed the P. C. Ring was raised about two feet from the ground, covered over with dry turf and a cart-load of saw-dust dispersed all over it. The race-course was so intolerably bad and full of *sluts* that all the scavengers and *mud-larks* from the Metropolis could not have cleaned it in a week. Outside the waggons the ground displayed one complete sheet of water; and several lads, who were jolly enough to save a few yards of ground by jumping over ditches, measured their lengths in the water, receiving a complete *ducking*, to the no small amusement of the country girls, who were putting the *blush* upon the *Cocknies* astray, by their loud laughter.—What was not curiosity do? Here the *Swells* were seen sitting down in the *mud* with as much *sang froid* as if they were lolling on a sofa *tête-à-tête*, with some attractive lovely, fair damsel. Not a place could be obtained

the stand after ten o'clock. The city of Worcester was full of gaiety early in the day; the streets were filled with the arrival of coaches and four-post chaises, mails, and vehicles of every description, blowing of horns, and the bells ringing, in short it was a perfect jubilee to the inhabitants. SPRING rode through the town in a slap-up set-out and four (Colonel Berkeley's) about twelve o'clock. The postilions were in red, and every thing corresponding in *tip-top* style. He arrived on the ground by half-past twelve, amidst the shouts of the spectators, and drove close up to the ropes in a post-chaise. He threw his hat into the ring accompanied by *Tom Cribb* and *Ned Painter*. He was dressed remarkably genteel. At this period all was anxious expectation and on the *look-out* for *Angan*, but a *quarter* of an hour had elapsed and no *Angan*; *half* an hour gone and no Paddy; *three quarters* over, and still no Irish Champion in sight. SPRING pulled out his watch, and said, "It is time." In the midst of the hour, waiting for the arrival of *Angan*, the right wing belonging to the stand gave way, and fifteen hundred persons, at least, were all thrown one upon another. It was an awful moment. To give any thing like an outline of the feelings displayed by the spectators baffles every attempt.—Hundreds were in tears, loudly exclaiming, "I have lost my brother—a dear friend." It was afflicting to behold every thing to behold a Noble Lord frantic with agony, as he had the moment before placed his name on the scaffold as a place of safety. SPRING turned pale, and said, "how sorry I am for this accident." In a few minutes cheerfulness was restored,

it being ascertained that nothing material had occurred, excepting a few contusions, and some of the persons limping away from the spot. "Thank God," ejaculated SPRING; "I would not have had it happened while I was fighting for a hundred thousand pounds!" The *John Bull* boxer had now become impatient, exclaimed, "This is strange! where's my man?" "I'll bet ten to one," says a *swell*, "he don't mean to come at all." "I'll take it, Sir," said an Irishman, "a thousand times over." "No," was the reply—"meant I would *take* it." The *blunt* or stakes would certainly have been claimed by SPRING; but no *precise* time was specified in the articles; "it was, as the lawyers say, a *day* in law, meaning any time within the day:" the *time* had not been mentioned in *black and white*. Nearly an hour had transpired when several voices sung out from the stand, "*Josh Hudson, Josh Hudson, Langan* wishes to see you." The *John Bull* Fighter bolted towards the place like lightning, and in a few minutes afterwards, shouts rending the air proclaimed the approach of the *Irish Champion*. He did not, like most of the other boxers, throw his *cast* up in the air, but, in the most *modest* way possible, *leaned* over the ropes and *laid* it down. He immediately went up and shook hands with SPRING. The latter with great good nature and manliness, said, "I hope you are well, *Langan*." "Very well, my boy, and we'll soon talk to each other in another way." The men now stripped, when *Reynolds* went up to SPRING and said, "I understand you have got a bone on and whalebone in it, if you persist in fighting such a belt, I shall put one on *Langan*." SPRING

plied, (*showing a belt such as are worn by gentlemen when riding,*) I have always fought in this, and shall now." "Then," replied Reynolds, (*putting on a large belt, crossed in various parts with a hard substance,*) "Langan shall fight in this." "No you won't," said Cribb—"it is not a fair thing." "Never mind," urged SPRING, "I'll take it off," which he did immediately. Josh Hudson and Tom Reynolds were the seconds for Langan, and the Irish Champion declared he was ready to go to work. The colours were tied to the stakes; and singular to state, *Black* for Langan, which he took off his neck; and *Blue* for SPRING. "This is new," said Josh; "but, nevertheless, the emblem is correct as to *milling* (*laughing*), it is *black* and *blue*, and I'll take one hundred to one we shall see such colours upon their mugs before it is over." The time was kept by Lord Deerhurst and a sporting Baronet; and Colonel Berkeley acted as the referee. Two and a half, and three to one on SPRING.

First round.—On stripping the *bust* of Langan was much admired for its anatomical beauty; his arms also were peculiarly fine and athletic; and his *nob* looked like a fighting one. His legs were thin; his knees very small, and his loins extremely deficient as to strength. It was evident he had been reduced too much in *training*. Langan did not exceed twelve stone four pounds in weight. The Irish Champion was nearly two inches shorter than his opponent. Spring was in fine *condition*; cool and confident, and more than a stone heavier than his adversary. On placing themselves in attitude, the advantages in point of person were decisively manifest on the side of the English Champion, to every unbiassed spectator. The combatants kept at a *respectable* distance from each other; but both on the look-out for an opening. Spring at length made a hit which Langan stopped with skill. The Champion slowly advanced, and Langan kept retreating backwards till he was near the stake at the corner of the ring. At this in-

stant the position of Langan was not only fine, but formidable; and Spring did not view it with contempt. The latter let fly right and left, and Langan's left *ogle* received a slight touch. Spring got away from a heavy body blow. A pause. An exchange of blows, but no mischief done; yet Langan broke ground well. Another pause. Langan again in the corner smiling, in a position armed at all points; Spring's eye measuring his opponent, but hesitating to go in. Langan endeavoured to plant a body blow with his left hand, when Spring jumped away as light as a cork. Here Langan put his thumb to his nose by way of derision as to the powers of Spring. The latter stopped Langan's left hand. "Fight away, Jack," said Josh Hudson, "he can't hurt nobody." Some blows were exchanged rather sharply; when the John Bull Fighter and Tom Reynolds exclaimed "*first blood!*" "No," replied Spring.—"Yes," urged Hudson, "it is on your lip." A long pause. Langan made a good stop with his right hand. Some hits passed between the combatants, when they closed, and a severe struggle occurred to obtain the throw; both down, but Langan uppermost. This round occupied eight minutes.—"This battle will not be over in half an hour," said a good judge.

Second.—It was seen in this early stage of the battle, that Langan would require a quantity of *milking*, and heavy work, too, to take the fight out of him. Spring was very cautious and appeared as if determined not to receive any of Paddy's *clumsy* thumps. A long pause. Langan hit Spring with his left hand on the body. The latter planted a tremendous face on the top of Langan's nose that produced the *claret*; but the Irishman shook it off like the late Gas-light-man. Good science displayed on both sides. After a long pause Spring put down his hands. The English Champion appeared to have made up his mind not to be *hit*; but to be liberal in the extreme to *give* and not to *take*. Langan again displayed great skill in stopping. (At this juncture the left wing, or temporary scaffold erected for the accommodation of the spectators, gave way with a tremendous crash, and upwards of one thousand persons, from the height of thirty feet, were precipitated one upon the other in one dreadful confused mass. The countenance of Spring, whose face was towards the accident, underwent that sort of sensation which did honour to his feelings and to his heart—he appeared sick with affliction at the circumstance, put up his hands, indicating his *mind* was perplexed whether

he should quit the ring or proceed with the battle.) Langan received a heavy blow on his left eye ; and both went down in a close.

Third.—Both cautious. Spring put down his hands. Langan tried his left hand twice ; but Spring jumped away.—“Take care of your plum-pudding, boy,” said Josh ; “he’s coming.” In closing, Langan went down.

Fourth.—The slightest offer on the part of Langan to make a hit never escaped the leary eye of Spring, and the latter got away with the utmost dexterity and ease ; Langan followed his opponent to the ropes ; but Spring stopped a leary hit. In closing at the corner of the ropes, both went down, but Langan uppermost.

Fifth.—This was a short round. The Irish Champion run in, hit Spring, and also bored him down. “You have got the great man down, at all events,” said Josh.

Sixth.—Langan’s left peeper was nearly closed ; but in struggling for the throw Spring went down heavily on his head.

Seventh.—Twenty-five minutes had elapsed, and nothing like *mischief* to either of the combatants had taken place. A long pause. Langan made two good stops, when he run in, and by dint of strength he got Spring on the ropes ; a severe struggle took place till both down. The spectators were now getting close to the ropes ; and the whips were hard at work to keep the space allotted to the boxers.

Eighth.—Langan received a *nobber* without giving any return. Another tedious pause. Spring, as lively as an eel, jumped backwards from a hit. Pause the second. The attitudes of the men were considered peculiarly fine at this instant. Langan appeared formidable. The English Champion put in two facers left and right. Langan could not reach the body of Spring effectually ; the left hand of the latter could not get home. In struggling for the throw, Langan was undermost.

Ninth.—The *science* and *patience* displayed by Spring rendered him a truly troublesome, nay a very *tiresome* customer to Langan. The Irish Champion threw Spring in good style.

Tenth.—Spring waiting at his leisure for Langan to commence hitting. Langan however was not to be *gammoned* to go in, without something like a chance offering itself. Spring put in a slight *nobber* ; which produced an exchange of blows.

A very long pause. Langan's left hand touched the body of his opponent. This was a tedious round. In struggling at the ropes, both down, but Spring uppermost.

Eleventh.—Without the Irish Champion *run in*, he could not make a hit to a certainty. Both down, Langan undermost.

Twelfth.—Spring got away from almost every blow aimed at him. In closing, Spring was thrown heavily.

Thirteenth.—Langan came up to the scratch smiling, and said, "You see I am always ready." Spring jumped two yards back from a body blow. An exchange of hits, but no mischief. Spring was again thrown.

Fourteenth.—In all the preceding rounds, though Langan had received several *nobbers*, he was not in the slightest degree reduced as to courage. On the contrary he was as *gay* as a lark. Langan observed to Spring, "my boy, I can fight for a week." "Yes," said Josh, "for a month, if you get no heavier blows than you have received already. I'm sure it is not safe to the Champion, his honours are *shaking*, if not upon the *go*." Langan was thrown.

Fifteenth.—Langan's nose was *pinked* a little, and his left eye swelled up. In closing, both down.

Sixteenth.—The length of Spring enabled him to make a hit without any return. The caution manifested by the English Champion perfectly satisfied the spectators that he meant to *give* but not to *take*. Langan by strength alone got his opponent down.

Seventeenth.—After looking at each other for some time, Langan bored in. At the ropes both were down. Spring undermost.

Eighteenth.—This was a tedious round. Nothing done. Both down.

Nineteenth.—"Go to work, Spring," from several of the spectators. "All in good time," replied Tom. "Never fear," said Langan, "I am ready for any thing." An exchange of blows; but the combatants were out of distance. Both down.

Twentieth.—Langan could not reach Spring effectively at the scratch; he therefore bored in. At the ropes, Spring tried the weaving system, till both were upon the ground.

Twenty-first.—Langan threw Spring out of the ropes; and with much jocularly and good nature observed, laying hold of Spring's arm, "If I sent you down, I have a right to pick you up!" "Bravo; what a strange fellow!"

Twenty-second.—Both down, Spring uppermost.

Twenty-third.—Langan stopped several blows skilfully; but he was not tall enough for his opponent. In closing, Spring went down heavily, and Langan upon him.

Twenty-fourth.—Napoleon or Wellington could not have displayed more caution as to *moves* upon the board than Spring and Langan in this battle. Spring put in a body hit. In closing, both down.

Twenty-fifth.—Spring was undermost in the *fall*.

Twenty-sixth.—This was a good round, by comparison, with several of the preceding sets-to. Langan again put out his strength, and Spring was undermost on the ground.

Twenty-seventh.—The Irish Champion ran his opponent completely down.

Twenty-eighth.—One hour and fourteen minutes had elapsed; and the Irish Champion still as good as gold. Langan took the lead rather in this round. He planted a couple of hits, and also threw Spring.

Twenty-ninth.—Langan, it was thought, had decidedly the best of this round also. He hit Spring; and, in closing, a severe struggle took place; but ultimately Langan threw Spring over the ropes. "Bravo, Langan."

Thirtieth.—Of no consequence. Both down.

Thirty-first.—In this round, Spring was thrown upon his head. "How well the Irishman *throws*," was the remark.

Thirty-second.—In several of the preceding rounds Spring planted some facers; but they were not heavy enough to take the pluck out of Langan. "How bad Spring fights to day," was the observation of an old backer of the English Champion. This was not the fact; Spring appeared to fight with more caution than usual; the blows of Langan were to be avoided at all events, if the battle was to be made perfectly safe to Spring. The *truth*, the whole TRUTH, and nothing else but the TRUTH, was, that Langan's right hand was dangerous in the extreme, and a well-directed blow at a proper distance, either planted on the *mark*, or on the *nob*, might have

reduced the *science* of Spring so effectively, as to have given the odds on the part of Langan. He reminded us of the late Tom Hickman, who treated the abilities of Geo. Cooper as "trifles light as air," when first matched against that accomplished pugilist. Langan had the most perfect indifference as to the powers of Spring; and he told all his friends—"I am little, it is true; there is nothing of me in person; but I have a heart in my body—I can *bate* him I'm sure—well only see now." The conduct of Langan in all of the above rounds verified these remarks. Langan napt a *facier*; but Spring was undermost in the fall.

Thirty-third.—The left hand of the Irish Champion told on his opponent's body. Several blows passed between them, and Langan also put in a hit on the side of Spring's head. Both down, Langan undermost.

Thirty-fourth.—Langan went sharply up to Spring, but he received a *nobber* and went down.

Thirty-fifth.—The Irish Champion as fresh as a daisy appeared at the scratch. In closing at the ropes, Spring endeavoured to *fib* his opponent, till both went down.

Thirty-sixth.—If Spring did not please the multitude by his *smashing* qualities, his backers expressed themselves well pleased with the caution he displayed. Lots of *blunt*, as to long odds, had been sported upon the English Champion; but his friends began to *funk* a little, somewhat apprehensive from the strength and *throwing* of Langan, that ultimately he might *tire* out Spring. Some exchanges; but both down.

Thirty-seventh.—Langan hit Spring, but it was slightly. On the whole this might be termed a *milling* round. In closing, a desperate struggle took place, but Spring was undermost.

Thirty-eighth.—This was also an excellent fighting round. Langan laughed at Spring, saying "You have done nothing yet;" "all in good time," replied Spring, "I shall do it at last." Langan planted two heavy blows on the side of Spring's head; but the Irishman wanted length to do severe mischief. Both of the combatants fell down, and Cribb in the bustle likewise was on the ground.

Thirty-ninth.—Spring gave his opponent a *noser*: when a few hits passed between them, till both went down.

Fortieth.—Langan received another *nobber* ; but he did not care about it. Both down.

Forty-first.—This was a tedious round ; neither of the combatants would go to work for some time. In closing, Spring obtained the fall and was uppermost.

Forty-second.—Langan kept trying his left hand in order to *punish* Spring's body ; but the latter got away so cleverly, that the blows of the Irish Champion were not effective. Spring undermost in the throw.

Forty-third.—A desperate trial of strength on the part of Langan to obtain the fall, which the Irish Champion ultimately accomplished, Spring being undermost.

Forty-fourth.—Langan planted two body blows with his left hand. Langan was thrown ; and Spring fell down upon his knees.

Forty-fifth.—Spring cautious, and Langan full of spirits. Most of the fighting men exclaimed, " He is the best Irishman ever seen in the ring. He is the gamest man alive ! " Here Martin observed to a Corinthian of the first brilliancy, and a high sporting character, " What a pity it is that the backers of Langan had no more judgement than to place him in opposition to Spring in his first battle in the prize-ring. I feel quite confident that if Langan had fought a man near his own size and weight in the P. R. whereby he might have gained the knowledge and mode of London fighting, in all probability he would in time have become the CHAMPION. If that plan had been adopted, I really think he would in time have defeated any pugilist on the list ; he is one of the most extraordinary *game* men I ever saw." Spring had the best of this round, and Langan was *fibbed* down at the ropes.

Forty-sixth.—Langan made a hit. An exchange of blows, but the Irish Champion slipped and went down.

Forty-seventh.—The ring was getting worse every round. In closing both down.

Forty-eighth.—The men had not room for their exertions, The spectators were close upon the combatants, and the utmost disorder prevailed. In closing, Langan threw Spring.

Forty-ninth.—Some severe struggling took place between them, the English Champion *fibbing* Langan till he went down.

Fiftieth.—No idea, by the best judges upon the subject, had been previously entertained that Langan would turn out half so good a man, except a few who were admitted to visit him, and the character also given of Langan by Reynolds. The Irishman said to amateurs about an hour or two before the battle commenced, so little did he think of the talents of Spring as a boxer, “that he was ready to enter into a contract with him for seven years, and to fight him several hours every day.” The face of Spring did not exhibit the slightest mark of *punishment*, but the left hand of Langan had told now and then upon his body. The English Champion appeared getting weak from the *struggles* he had had with Langan, and also from several heavy falls. Both down.

Fifty-first.—The rounds were now short—the crowd pressing upon the men at every step they took. Spring received a heavy hit on the side of his head. In closing, both went down.

Fifty-second.—Close quarters. — An exchange of blows, and both again down.

Fifty-third.—Langan hit Spring, and also got him down.

Fifty-fourth.—The English Champion had no room now to jump away from his antagonist. Spring, in closing, fibbed Langan down.

Fifty-fifth.—Struggling for the throw, but Langan undermost.

Fifty-sixth.—The outer roped ring had been for the last hour in the greatest disorder. The constables’ long poles were useless; the whips of the fighting men were of no avail; and the mob was now close up to the ring. Indeed the men would have been more at their ease in a *saw-pit*. The true picture of it was reduced to the resemblance of a *turn-up* in the streets of London; the combatants had not *three yards* either way to exhibit their tactics. Spring put in the most hits on the nob of his opponent; but the strength of Langan in getting Spring down surprised every one present. Both down.

Fifty-seventh.—Spring received a severe fall, and Langan upon him.

Fifty-eighth.—So much disorder now prevailed, that it was difficult for those persons who were placed only at a few yards distance from the ring to see the fight. Langan on the ground and undermost.

Fifty-ninth.—Spring had not room to display much science, but he endeavoured to hit Langan, as the latter *rushed* in at times. Spring had the worst of the throw in being undermost.

Sixtieth.—“What a prime fellow this Langan has proved himself to be. Where are the three and two to one *now*? It is not decidedly safe to the Champion!” and a variety of other remarks escaped from the lips of the best judges of boxing upon the ground. The space at this period was so much reduced that the combatants were fighting in a crowd, and in danger of receiving blows from whips and sticks. Cribb, at this instant, was so pressed upon by the crowd, that, in a violent rage, he declared he would give a *floorer* to any person who stood in his way. “Here’s a pretty go!” said Tom, “a set of fellows with books and pencils in their hands, pretending to be Reporters. A parcel of imposters! I don’t care! I’ll hit any body.” One of the Unpires, a noble Lord, was hit with a prime bit of shillelah by a rough *Patlander*, who was attempting to get a little space for Langan, and when informed that he was behaving rude to a nobleman, “Devil may care,” says Pat, “all I want is fair play for JACK LANGAN. There is no difference *here*: lords are no better than commoners. Faith! I can’t distinguish them one from another, at all, at all! I only know that the strongest man has the best of it, although I have not got a *dry thread* about me.” Langan run in and gave Spring a blow on the head; but, in struggling for the throw, the Irish Champion was undermost.

Sixty-first.—When time was called, “here we are,” said Langan. Spring had only time to make a hit, when Langan bored in; but Spring again had the best of the throw, Langan being undermost.

Sixty-second.—Nothing. Langan bored Spring down.

Sixty-third.—Spring had decidedly the best of this round. He made several hits; and Langan received an ugly throw.

Sixty-fourth.—“Go to work,” Erin go bragh! Spring has no hits left in him. You must win it,” said Josh. Langan followed this advice, and some sharp work was the result. Spring could not retreat. Fighting till both down.

Sixty-fifth.—“Go in Jack.” said Josh, “as you did the last time, and you will soon *spoil* his fine science. O, how I should like to have this champion, as they call him, for a customer. Langan, I could lick him to the greatest certainty in

the world; and so can you, Erin go bragh!" "By Jasus!" replied Langan, "you are a fine fellow, and here goes!" Langan rushed in, and had his blow told, which was aimed with his right hand, it might have materially turned the battle in his favour. Instead of alighting on the nose of Spring, it touched slightly on the side of his head. In closing, the struggle to obtain the throw was violent in the extreme on both sides, but Langan got it, Spring came down on his back, and Langan on him, that the breath of the Champion was nearly shaken out of his body. Spring was picked up by Cribb in a weak state, and while sitting on his knee spit blood, and also looked extremely pale. Here two or three persons hallooed out six to four on Langan, but the confusion was so great, no betting could be made.

Sixty-sixth.—In this round the English Champion put in a tremendous nobber, and also fibbed Langan down. "That's a settler," said a by-stander. "Indeed it is not," replied Paddy. "Spring will not settle his account this time. By the powers, I have got a good *balance* to give him yet." (*Laughing*). "Where's Jack Randall," says Josh, "here's a countryman for you! He's an honour to Old Ireland. Go along, Erin go bragh! Spring's tired of it. He can't hit a dent in a pound of butter." "Well done Josh," said Spring, smiling, "chaff away. I'll give you all you can do, except *winning*." "We can't lose it," replied the John Bull fighter.

Sixty-seventh.—Spring was still cautious: he would not give a chance away. Both down.

Sixty-eighth.—Langan's left hand told on Spring's body; but the Irish Champion received a *nobber* for it. Langan seemed as if determined to have Spring down at all events. The struggle for the throw was severely contested, and Langan got Spring undermost.

Sixty-ninth.—Short; a hit or two passed, when both were down.

Seventieth.—Langan's face looked the worse for the battle: but his eye retained all its fire and animation; the other *peeper* had nearly been darkened for an hour and a half. "I am sure," said Josh, "that Langan has made a contract with Spring for seven years; and this is a prime specimen of one of his fighting days." Both of the men were getting weak, but Langan always got up when time was called, saying, "I am ready!" In the throw Langan was uppermost.

Seventy-first.—The ring was now in one complete jostle, and the rank of the swell was lost sight of, opposed to the hardihood and strength of the commoners, with whips and sticks in their hands. Yet some of the sharpest rounds were now fought. Spring received another severe fall, and was undermost.

Seventy-second.—The general opinion in the small mob, the 24 foot ring, (which was nothing else but a crowd,) appeared to be, that Spring would *win*, but nevertheless, the countenances of Spring's backers indicated it was not quite safe. Spring had no room to get away; indeed, it was one of the most shameful things that the writer of this article ever witnessed, and Colonel Berkeley, the Referee, said, "I am so disgusted with the treatment I have experienced, that I will give up the watch.—Here is no ring. It is impossible to stand still half a second without being assailed with a cut from a whip or a blow from a stick; and no good done either." In no fight whatever was there such a scene of confusion in the space allotted for the men to fight. The battle was now little more than pulling and hauling; and in closing, both down. During the time Spring was on Painter's knee, Sampson, Oliver, and Israel Belasco were giving advice. "Hallo!" said Josh, "do you call this fair play! How many seconds is Spring to have;" and, snatching a whip out of a by-stander's hand, with the strength of a lion, endeavoured, regardless of any person before him, to whip out the ring, followed by Oliver. Not a single person present in the above mob but received numerous blows, and was in great danger of having his nobc ut to pieces. "Only give us a chance," cried Josh, "and we can't lose it." Nothing foul appeared to be attempted on the part of Spring or on the side of Langan.—The constables and their long poles were all mixed in the mob struggling for breath; the fighting men hoarse with calling out "clear the ring," and *dead beat* from the exertions they had made. Nothing less than a company of the Horse Guards could have made out a ring at this period, so closely jammed together were all the spectators.

Seventy-third.—The courage, confidence, and good spirits displayed by Langan excited the admiration of every beholder. He was too short in the arms for Spring; he could not reach his head without rushing in to *mill*. Langan left his second's knee rather weak; in closing, he was fibbed severely

by Spring, who was well assured he had not a minute to lose. The English Champion was cool, felt his situation, and his knowledge and experience in the prize-ring gave him the advantage when the *nicety* of the thing was required.

Seventy-fourth.—On Langan placing himself in attitude, "Go and fight," said Cribb to Spring; when the Champion went to work without delay, and Langan received a heavy blow in the middle of his head, and went down. "Twenty to one," said a swell, "he'll not come again!"

Seventy-fifth.—The Irish Champion appeared rather the worse for the last round, and on his appearing at the scratch Spring commenced the attack, when Langan returned with great spirit; but Spring had decidedly the best, and Langan was fibbed down, his face covered with claret. "Take the brave fellow away." "I will not be taken away—who dare say so?" urged Langan.

Seventy-sixth.—Spring was now determined to lose no time, and again went to work; but Langan showed fight, and he likewise struggled to obtain the throw: both down. "Take him away!" Langan's head rested on his second's shoulder till time was called. The *Springites* roared out—"It's now as right as the day. Ten pounds to a crown the battle is over in five minutes."

Seventy-seventh and last.—Langan came up quite *groggy*, but still full of pluck. Spring now administered heavy punishment with both his hands, and Langan fell down quite exhausted. Reynolds had great difficulty in getting him off the ground.—Langan was in a state of stupor, and his eye closed. Several gentlemen said, "do not let the brave fellow fight any more;" Reynolds, take him away. It is impossible he can meet Spring any more at the *scratch*;" and when time was called, Langan was insensible to it—and Josh Hudson *gave in* for him. In about half a minute after this circumstance had occurred, Langan opened his eyes, still sitting on the knee of his second: when he was told the fight was over, he said "his second had no right to give in for him. He could fight forty more rounds." "Don't leave the ring, Spring," several persons cried out. Cribb told Langan, "the battle was over;" and Painter observed, "don't let so good a man be killed, he does not know at the present moment what he is talking about!" The umpire was asked for his de-

cision, who said, "Langan did not come to fight when time was called; and therefore he had lost the battle, according to the rules of pugilism." Upon this answer, and decision of the umpire, Spring left the ring, amidst the shouts of the populace, Langan roaring out "I am not beaten—clear out the ring—I can fight for four hours." In the course of a few minutes, he left the ring; and as he approached the Grand Stand, he was received with thunders of applause, and jumped over some ropes in his way with great agility. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-nine minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—In the first place *Josh Hudson* is entitled to great praise, for the exertions he displayed in *seconding Langan*; also to *Tom Reynolds*, who never lost sight of the interest of his man. Under all the circumstances of the case *Langan* must be pronounced a pugilist of a superior quality. Time and experience will do great things for him: he has got nothing but good *stuff* about him: and his heart is in the right place. It was, in our humble opinion, positively no match, that is to say, by *comparison*. It is, however, true *SPRING* won the stakes, but his great admirers declared, without hesitation, that he had not increased his *fame* by this victory. The *caution* of *SPRING* does not please the lovers of *down-right milling*; although they like to pocket the *blunt* by his victories. *Langan* has raised himself high indeed in the estimation of the supporters of the P. R. Unknown to all the amateurs—a perfect stranger to the boxers, and a rough uncultivated commoner (and a hot-headed Irishman in the bargain), to stand forth and select the most accomplished pugilist on the list (and the Champion of England too) for his first customer in the P. C. ropes; and to contend with the said Champion for TWO HOURS and TWENTY-

NINE MINUTES, and then declare, in a minute afterwards, that he was so LITTLE HURT he could fight FORTY MORE ROUNDS, is a VOLUME of praise in itself.

At the conclusion of the fight, *Cribb* said to *Langan*, "you are a brave man, indeed;" "I never saw a better," echoed *Painter*. Even betting occurred several times in the fight for small sums; and 6 to 4 offered for light bets after they had been fighting for two hours, on *Langan*, by his warm hearted countrymen.

The following Correspondence took place between Messrs. LANGAN, SPRING, REYNOLDS, JOSH HUDSON, and CRIBB, upon the result of the preceding Battle.

White Horse, Silon-street, Worcester, Jan. 8, 1824.

Mr. Belcher,—Dear Sir,—Unacquainted with the laws of English ring-fighting, I look up to you, as the person that made the match, to see me righted. The last hour of the fight the ring was nearly filled with persons that treated me in a manner that will throw disgrace on the English ring. At the conclusion of the last rounds my seconds thought proper to say, I should fight no more: this I objected to; and on Cribb asking me if I would fight any more, I told him repeatedly I was ready and willing. Spring then wanted to shake hands, but I told him not till I was better satisfied. Cribb then thought proper to take his man out of the ring. I remained in it and claimed the battle, which I think is mine by the laws of fighting. I was ready to fight, the time was not expired, and I acknowledge no person's right to give in the battle for me. I had as much the best of it as he had; for, admitting that I was most punished about the head, he was worse in the body. I could have continued the battle half an hour longer, and in that time would have agreed to receive half a dozen more kicks from his partisans. Molineux's treatment was fair play in comparison to mine; but I cannot believe that the gentlemen of the Pugilistic Club will allow this infamous action to pass without redress. I make no apology for asking

you to call on Mr. Jackson to see justice done, for I am a stranger very ill used; and that I am confident is sufficient apology with you for this trouble. You will oblige by answering this as soon as possible.

I am, your humble servant,
JOHN LANGAN.

SIR,—I at first intended to have let Mr. Langan's letter, inserted in your last, pass unnoticed; but I am advised, that silence would be an admission of some part of its contents. He commences with stating, that "in the last hour of the fight, the ring was nearly filled with persons who treated him in a manner disgraceful to an English ring." For my own part, I regret the accident which threw an immense mass of spectators within the ring, which was equally or more injurious to me than to Langan, as I prefer room to fight; and from the pressure of the people, notwithstanding the exertions of the umpires, we were often confined within the compass of a saw-pit. As to the assertion of my partisans having used violence to Langan, his letter was the first word I heard upon the subject. Langan states that he felt kicks, &c. I cannot find out any that heard him complain at the time on that subject, or who saw any foul act. Those, Langan would term my partisans, were endeavouring to assist in keeping out the ring, and would have disdained an unmanly act. Langan adds, "that he could have fought half an hour longer; he had as much the best of it as I had; for, if he was most punished about the head, I was worse in the body." I can only add, that my hurts on the body are phantoms of Mr. Langan's brain, like the "kicks," as I left the ring, unconscious from that time to this of ever having felt the slightest sensation from any body hit. Langan cannot forget that some of his acts were contrary to the rules and etiquette of the prize-ring; and, on the contrary, that my conduct was manly toward him in more than one instance in the fight, when I could have punished him, but declined doing so. His seconds gave in, not until he could not come to time, as the umpires are the best judges of.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
THOMAS SPRING.

Jan. 11, 1824.

To the Sporting World.

GENTLEMEN,—Conscious of the humble situation I hold in society, I still feel that even a pugilist has a character to

lose. Under this impression, I think it a duty I owe to myself and the sporting part of the world, to state some facts relative to the late battle which will make the lovers of fair play blush at the conduct of some in the ring.

We had only one friend on the ground that I personally knew to officiate as timekeeper for us, but he was a tradesman, and Cribb insisted none but a gentleman should hold the watch; thus situated, we were obliged to submit to have a time-keeper appointed by Spring's friend. This was not exactly fair, but I do not wish to insinuate that the umpires did wrong; on the contrary, Spring's umpire kept his post to the last in the most gallant style; but Langan's and the referee were obliged to quit the ring; in fact, inside the twenty-four foot in which only the combatants and the seconds ought to have been, was crowded to excess for the last hour, pushing, kicking, and striking with whips and sticks, of which Langan received more than his share. Five minutes was enough to satisfy any time-keeper in the world if he kept the combatants in sight.

I feel incompetent to the task of describing Langan's ill-treatment; he was kicked on the back and head several times; and towards the latter part, when the ring was full, whenever Langan attempted to throw Spring, the rascals that were within the ropes gave Langan every obstruction in their power, by placing their knees in such a manner, that instead of Spring being under, he was turned on the top of Langan. Both Cribb and Painter practised this trick; and the blow that Langan received on the left eye was caused by Painter's knee. On one occasion, when both men had fallen, Spring under, Cribb said, Langan was biting; and in the act of stooping to pick up his man, he struck Langan, and I struck him. Before the men went to the scratch, Langan, in justification of himself, asked Spring if what Cribb said was true? Spring, by a shake of the head, answered in the negative. And here let me state, that I wish particularly to be understood, that I do not charge Spring with foul play; I never wish to see a more honourable fighter. One time, by the pressure of the crowd, I was thrown out of the ring, Langan on me, Spring on him; in this situation a cowardly ruffian, that I should know if I was to see him twenty years hence, deliberately aimed a kick at Langan's side, but fortunately for him it fell on my leg, and severely cut it. There was scarcely a pugilist down at the fight, but at one time or other paid attention to Spring by little kind offices; bringing water, fanning the air in his

face with their hats, and keeping the whips and sticks from him. But a poor Irishman that attempted to fan Langan with his hat, while Josh was flogging out the ring, was told by a pugilist if he did not desist he would floor him. The last seven or eight rounds, I had another difficulty to encounter, by Hudson wanting me to give in for Langan, and every round of the last three or four, he swore bitterly he would not second him another round, for fear, as he said, of Langan being killed, and himself lagged. If this was pure humanity, I very much praise his feelings; but it was a feeling he never displayed in any other fight in which he was second; and I am told that Hudson, although he swore bitterly to me he had not a farthing on the fight, has bet considerable sums against Langan. One of those bets I can prove of £50 to £20, on Spring; the money was put into the hands of Mr. Martin, of the George Inn, Birmingham, and by him placed in the hands of the bar-maid of the Reindeer, Worcester, who paid it to Hudson after the fight. Previous to this, no man more highly respected Hudson than I did, and shall feel proud if he can explain, in a satisfactory manner, his conduct in this affair. I was confident of victory, for Spring's hands were spoiled past giving any punishment; Langan's hands were good, his strength superior, and he could always throw Spring, when the rascals in the ring did not interfere; in the last round the men had scarcely room to put themselves in attitude, and finding every new comer an antagonist, I said publicly, *as the ring was not kept, Langan should fight no more*. Langan heard me say this, while yet on the ground, and most earnestly said he would not give in, but would fight for a week under every disadvantage sooner than resign. I must admit I now used every argument I could think on to induce him to resign, for my heart bled to see the brave fellow good-humouredly fighting against so many; but all my arguments were useless; and on Josh saying he would not second him any longer, "Leave me, then," was his reply, "I will manage with Reynolds." I believe it was told to Cribb that Langan had given in—he came and asked him the question, but both I and Langan contradicted this, and told him we were ready to fight. Spring's umpire then came and asked the question, and received the same answer. At this time fighting in the ring was impossible, there was not a clear square foot of ground to stand on, and I repeatedly requested those that ought to have kept the ring, to flog it out; but no attempt was made to do any thing of

the kind, and shortly after Spring was taken out of the ring. I then threw up my hat for Langan. After the battle I called on Spring's umpire, as the only person that could give a decision on the subject, and these were his words in the presence of the gentleman that bled Spring, after the battle:—"I know little of the regulations of the ring, but what I do know I will state: I was told that Langan's second had given in; I instantly went to Reynolds and asked him the question; Reynolds said, Langan would not give in, and was ready to fight; I then looked to the watch, and when the second-hand pointed to the half-minute, I called time, but neither of the men got to the scratch; I again called time at the minute, and the minute and half, but neither of the men got up to the mark. This is all I know on the subject; when Mr. Jackson is applied to he will be able to tell you the law on the subject, but if the men had got up, fighting would be impossible, as the ring was completely filled."

The gentleman that bled Spring said, that Spring told him, if he (Mr. Spring) had been fighting in Ireland, and was treated in the same way Langan had been that day, he would have declared that he had received foul play.

When Shelton and Hudson fought, both men were hit nearly senseless, but by Shelton being brought up to the scratch, although he instantly dropped, yet he was unanimously declared to have won the battle. How then is it possible Spring can be a winner; he did not get up any more than Langan; if Shelton had not been brought to the scratch, which could have claimed the battle-money? but Langan was not on the flash side of the question. Is this the fair play, of which Englishmen so much boast? It was this kind of fair play which was shown to Molineux, in his first battle with Cribb; but he was a black, that most likely was sufficient reason. Langan is not a black, but unfortunately he is an Irishman, and that is a fault which has decided the battle against him. I can say this for Langan, though he is not within one hundred miles of me at the present moment, that his only wish is to fight Spring, but on a stage; and the last words we had at parting were, "If the money is awarded to me, which I think I have a just right to have, tell Spring, that if he pleases, he shall have another chance for the same stake, by fighting over again, and the winner shall take them."

Gentlemen, I am sorry I have had occasion to take up so much of your valuable time, but I cannot take leave of you without alluding to an observation in one of the newspapers,

which stated that Langan was badly advised to fight Spring, and that he was over-trained.—With respect to his over-training, the long fight proves a direct contradiction; with respect to being badly advised, if he had had fair play, where was the bad advice? He certainly did not fight so well as I expected; but that may be attributed to a diffidence that always accompanies a pugilist on his first appearance in a London ring; but I am quite confident he will satisfy the world as much about his *giving* qualifications, as he has done with his *taking* abilities. With respect to Spring, if we were to admit that he did win the battle, what honour would he gain against a man two inches shorter, and above a stone less in weight?

It is a singular fact, that Langan and Belcher have received several letters, stating, that if ever Spring had the worst of the battle, the ring would be broken; and, in Birmingham, it was current that the Irishman would not be allowed to win.

I am, gentlemen, your very humble servant,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

Castle Tavern, Holborn, Jan. 14, 1824.

“SIR,—I trouble you for the last time with a few lines, which I trust you will insert in your paper, as the constant enquiry from every friend I meet is, ‘how could you be so long winning your fight;’ my reply to them and to those gentlemen who may have taken any interest in it—is this—in the fifth round, it is well known not only to my own seconds, but to Josh Hudson, who was naturally using every possible exertion to ensure the success of Langan, that my left hand had flown like glass, added to which, from the shameful state of the ring, the space we fought in was often limited to six feet, and at times we absolutely mingled with the spectators; these are facts—what was the consequence? with literally but one hand, and no room to exercise the superior science which it is admitted I possess, I had to contend with a man as game, as good a thrower, and in as high condition as ever entered the ring. I wish my opponent’s conduct out of the ring had been equal to his conduct in it; but I have now to inform you, that in consequence of his demurring to my receiving the stake-money, the umpires have been applied to, who immediately sent their written decision, by which the money is now placed in my possession. Under the head “Observations,” you rather harshly state, that this fight has

not raised me in the opinion of the amateurs: perhaps not; for myself I have only to say, that under all the circumstances I consider myself fortunate in winning at all; and that had my hand remained sound, and the ring kept properly, a third of the time would have decided the business. To my friends, patrons, and the sporting world in general, I return my most grateful thanks, and permit me, Sir, through you, to assure them, that my conduct in private life shall never make them regret the kind and generous assistance they have ever afforded me in my public one.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"Jan. 13, 1824.

"T. SPRING."

"P. S.—I have just received a long letter from Tom Reynolds. I thank him for his compliment, but am compelled to say, that what he states are principally rank falsehoods, and he knows it; why keep up the invidious distinction between Englishmen and Irishmen; are we not all countrymen?"

To the Sporting World.

GENTLEMEN,—I addressed you on Saturday se'nnight in the *Chronicle*, concerning Langan's treatment, and conscious in my own mind of the truth of that statement, I did not anticipate any reply: much less did I expect so ridiculous, so lame, so poor a defence, as that Spring set forth in the *Dispatch* of last Sunday. He says the principal part of my statements are rank falsehoods; but I throw the lie back in his face, for I defy any man in existence to contradict a single assertion that I made in the letter alluded to. But why not have said in what part I was wrong? I could then have answered him. Unlike him, I will answer his letter, by giving good reasons why he had better not have taken up the pen; for I am confident the more it is dragged before the public the better for Langan.

He (Spring) says, when his friends meet him, they ask why he did not win the fight sooner? And he says in his defence, that his hand broke "like glass." By the bye, I would recommend him to be cautious how he enters the ring again with the Irishman; for, as it appears he is made of such brittle materials, Langan may crack him all to pieces, if he gets him on a stage. In consequence of his hand breaking, having so little room to exercise his superior science, and Langan's se-

cond, Josh Hudson, behaving so well to make his man win it was impossible, Mr. Spring says, to finish the contest sooner, and that he thinks himself lucky in winning at all. I assure you, gentlemen, I think this luck was in getting the battle money; but to the latest moment of my existence, I will hold up my hand against so barefaced a robbery. What difference could it have made to him having more or less room? It would not have finished the fight sooner; for running away would not beat Langan, and Spring's power of punishment with the hand had left him. In fact, towards the latter end of the fight, the fortune of the day rested on the best thrower; but in this, I say again, that Langan was foiled by Spring's friends, the lowest order of betting men, who had got money heavy on Spring. Of this mercenary cowardly crew, we were surrounded seven deep; the men that ought to have beat out the ring, to a man had bet their money on Spring. Was it likely that they would flog men away who were lending a helping hand and foot to make the three-to-one safe? The compliment to Josh Hudson, in my opinion, was badly timed, and I am confident Josh feels it fits him awkwardly; but at all events it proves that Spring is not deficient in gratitude. He says, in consequence of Langan demurring to the stakes being given up to Spring, the umpires were written to for their decision, and they have given it in his favour.

In the first place, as his umpire was chosen by himself, and ours was chosen by his, we might easily anticipate the answer. Our umpire says positively that Spring won the battle—he was not in the ring for several rounds—of course a very incompetent judge. Spring's umpire confesses in his letter that he has no knowledge of the rules of fighting, but says that Langan did not get up to time, and wilfully avoids saying that Spring did or did not. He was aware by stating the fact that Spring did not get up, that the battle must have been a *draw*. He seems offended that the reporter of the fight should say that he has not raised himself in the opinion of the Fancy by this battle. The truth is sometimes unpleasant, but that he should be offended at a truth so plain, shows that he must be in possession of a larger stock of vanity than I gave him credit for. Well might the reporter say he has not raised himself, to allow a novice, more than a stone less and two inches shorter, to stand successfully before him for nearly three hours, though backed by a ruffianly mob. He says one-third of the time would have been sufficient, if the ring had not been broken, and his hand had remained sound. There I differ with him—for if

Langan's hands were tied, he could not have beaten him in one hour.

Spring charges me with keeping up invidious distinctions with Englishmen and Irishmen. Permit me to say, that there is not a man in existence who more highly respects the true-bred Englishman than myself; but there are ruffians in all countries. Those that ill-used Langan in the ring, did it from mercenary motives—they would have done the same to a Yorkshireman. But what made the umpires give such a decision must be from tender feelings of country or pocket.

I am, Gentlemen, with great respect, your humble servant,
Cheltenham, Jan. 19. THOS. REYNOLDS.

P.S.—After I had written the above, a Sunday paper was put into my hands, in which I had an opportunity of reading Spring's second letter. The first part of it this letter has answered; but he says Langan made no complaint. This I deny, for he told me and Josh repeatedly that he received kicks, and that the mob were preventing his throwing Spring. He also says that Langan's kicks were phantoms of the brain, but I assure Mr. Spring there was something more than imagination, for a number of respectable persons in Worcester will bear witness that Langan's loins and back had the impression of the toe of a shoe as plain as if it had been printed. In his first letter of the 18th, in the *Dispatch*, he says he wishes Langan's conduct out of the ring was equal to that in it! but singular to relate, the conduct he praises in the *Dispatch*, in another paper, which came out the same day, he says my conduct was not right; but this is excusable; for it is evident, from the style of the two letters, that they are not the production of one hand.—T.R.

SIR,—No man despises more than myself, *the war of words*, because I am of opinion, that those who *chaff* most will *fight* the least, and had Mr. Reynolds confined himself to general invectives, I should have allowed him to vent his rage and disappointment without notice, but when he has the audacity to charge me publicly with conduct at which my nature revolts, namely *kicking* a man while he was engaged in a contest with another, I not only feel it due to my character as a man to deny the charge, but to denounce my accuser as a base, false, and scandalous calumniator.

For the purpose of refuting the assertion of Reynolds, I

trust, that without incurring the imputation of vanity, I may be allowed to refer to the whole tenor of my public life, and the forbearance I have always shown when personally attacked or treated with indignity; and I feel convinced, that every one who knows me will be satisfied of its falsehood, without my saying a word; but to those who are unacquainted with, and cannot therefore appreciate my character, I feel it necessary to declare, in the most solemn manner, that there is not the slightest foundation for the slanderous aspersion, and I appeal to the many thousand eyes that were fixed upon us during the fight, for the truth of my assertion.

Reynolds also has the audacity to say, that he struck me at the time I kicked his man—this I need hardly say, is equally false; if he did strike me, I can only say, it must have been in a cowardly manner behind my back, for he never made any appearance of doing it to my face; as I am, however, quite unconscious of having received any blow, I cannot believe that any was given.

I will not trespass on your valuable columns to answer and refute the other numerous falsehoods asserted by Reynolds as to the conduct and result of the fight; but will merely observe, that the public will be able to form a judgement of the reliance that ought to be placed on the statements made by the man who has so palpably and falsely slandered me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Panton-street, Haymarket, Jan. 30, 1824. THOS. CRIBB.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

11, Red Cross-street, London-docks.

SIR,—I cannot in justice to myself and the true patrons of pugilism allow the letters of *Tom Reynolds*, addressed to the sporting world, of the 18th and 25th of the present month, on the subject of the late trial for the Championship, between Spring and Langan, to pass without an open declaration, that the attempt he makes to vilify my character, as a *second*, is without the shadow of a prop as to truth. The charges are pointedly with having laid the odds in favour of Spring, £50 to £20, and has the assurance to name Mr. Martin of Birmingham, as stake-holder of the bet; and that likewise, after the fight, the money was actually paid over to me. This I deny, and the sporting world may rely upon it, as a gross falsehood; and I now publicly declare, I had not a guinea on the fight, either with Mr. Martin or any other person. I

should feel happy if some friend of Langan's would write to Mr. Martin as to this supposed bet. Knowing Mr. Martin's respectability, I feel confident his answer will prove my assertion correct. As to my wishing to give in for Langan, upon his own showing, is *untrue*; for he admits, not only in his letters, but I wish to remind him of an interview we had the morning after the fight, when, in the presence of several persons, he stated *he gave in* for Langan. True it is, for the last few rounds, I was confident the man could not win the fight, and expressed this opinion to Reynolds, but not with a view to persuade Langan to desist, contrary to his own wishes. As to the confused state of the ring, Mr. Reynolds is correct, and I am glad he has done me the justice to say, although I was in the character of a second, and during the time the men were fighting, I endeavoured to whip the ring out without effect. I did attempt to make a ring, and from what, *I regret to say I witnessed*, and did appeal to the spectators aloud, to know if they called their conduct fair. I do not feel myself equal to a paper war with the talents of Reynolds, or I would go more fully into this matter. But I wish again to declare, and that it may be made public, I had not a *single guinea* on the fight between Langan and Spring. Immediately upon my being named, or rather appointed a second for Langan, I declared all my bets off, as I had them on Spring. I wish to add, that I did every thing in my power towards Langan, as a faithful second; and farther to state, whenever I behave dishonourable in the ring, either as principal or second, I trust my friends and patrons will blot me from their notice.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Jan. 31, 1824.

JOSH. HUDSON.

To the Sporting World.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read a number of anonymous letters in the daily papers, that in vain attempt to throw discredit on my statement, concerning Langan's treatment in the late fight; but an anonymous correspondent, in my opinion, is like the assassin who stabs in the dark; as such, unworthy of any man's notice or reply. But the case is now altered, for Mr. Cribb, after sixteen days consideration, sends a letter to a Sunday paper, to endeavour, by contradicting my statement, to get rid of his share of that infamous robbery. After so long a silence, it is a pity Mr. Cribb, or his agent, did not answer me with truth, for he begins by telling you a lie: he says, that I charged him with kicking of Langan; let him read

my letter over, and he will find that I said no such thing. I stated that the ruffians in the ring prevented Langan, at different times, from throwing Spring, by placing their knees in such a manner that Spring's fall was broken; and I said then, in a very plain manner, that Mr. Cribb assisted in this game; but I did not mention that he kicked Langan. If he can read, let him look to my letter, and it will satisfy him he is in the wrong.

The last time I was in town, I called upon Pierce Egan, and, in a conversation on the fight, Mr. Egan told me he saw Cribb do the very act I charged him with. I may be blamed for making use of Mr. Egan's name to a conversation he most likely did not intend to be made public, but still I am so satisfied of that gentleman's love of fair play, I am confident he will excuse me.

He next denies that I struck him before Mr. Belcher, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Spring, in his own house. He admitted to me, that I did strike him, but said it was not very hard. This verifies the old saying, "That persons of a certain description ought to have good memories;" but it sometimes is the case, that a man may tell a falsehood so often, that he will believe it himself. If Cribb is in this situation, I recommend him to Bill Richmond, and he will set him right, by telling him that I did strike him—not behind his back; and that he did not return the blow, because he was conscious he deserved it. He says he does not like a paper war: he has very little reason to like this, and the less he says or writes on the subject the better for myself, for my education has not adapted me to be a paper warrior; but a man needs but little abilities to make out his case when truth is his foundation. He says that I like chaffing better than fighting: this is the only truth in his letter; for I do not like fighting without I am well paid for it; and if Master Cribb was to swear till he was black in the face, I would not believe but he is of the same opinion. I have never refused a man of my weight; and, permit me, Gentlemen, as I am on the subject, to say, that I will fight any man in England, ten stone ten, for two hundred a-side, on a stage, in the month of May next; or, to a man not taller than myself, I will give a stone. This challenge shall be open for one month. After that, I shall quit the ring for ever.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, most respectfully,

THOS. REYNOLDS.

*White Horse, Horse Fair, Bristol,
Monday, Feb. 2d, 1824.*

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—No man despises more than myself *the war of words*, because I am of opinion, that those who *chaff* most will *fight* the least, and had Mr. Reynolds confined himself to general invective, I should have allowed him to vent his rage and disappointment without notice, but when he has the audacity to charge me, publicly, with conduct at which my nature revolts, namely *kicking* a man while he was engaged in a contest with another, I not only feel it due to my character as a man, to deny the charge, but to denounce my accuser, as a base, false, and scandalous calumniator. For the purpose of refuting the assertion of Reynolds, I trust, that without incurring the imputation of vanity, I may be allowed to refer to the whole tenor of my public life, and the forbearance I have always shown, when personally attacked or treated with indignity; and I feel convinced that every one who knows me, will be satisfied of its falsehood, without my saying a word; but, to those who are not acquainted with, and cannot therefore appreciate my character, I feel it necessary to declare, in the most solemn manner, that there is not the slightest foundation for the slanderous aspersion, and I appeal to the many thousand eyes that were fixed upon us during the fight, for the truth of my assertion. Reynolds, also, has the audacity to say, that he struck me at the time I kicked his man—this, I need hardly say, is equally false; if he did strike me, I can only say, it must have been in a cowardly manner behind my back, for he never made any appearance of doing it to my face; as I am quite unconscious of having received any blow, I cannot believe that any was given. With respect to the other numerous falsehoods asserted by Reynolds as to the conduct and result of the fight, I will merely observe, that the public will be able to form a judgement of the reliance that ought to be placed on the statements made by the man who has so palpably and falsely slandered me.

THOS. CRIBB.

Panton-street Haymarket, Feb. 5th, 1824.

To the Sporting World.

GENTLEMEN,—Once more I am obliged to take up the pen to answer a letter which appeared in *The Dispatch* of Sunday last. I did think I should be saved any further trouble, for I stated in a former letter the less he wrote on the subject

the better for himself, and the production of Sunday is a proof that I gave him good advice.

He charges me with ingratitude to the Ring, for saying Langan received foul play. Mr. Spring admitted the fact, for he told the professional gentleman that bled him at Worcester, after the fight, that if he had been fighting in Ireland, and treated as Langan had been that day, he would have declared that he had received foul play. His allusion to the prison is unmanly, and, in my opinion, reflects more disgrace on him than me; but as he has thought proper to mention that circumstance, I will explain my conduct in that transaction. I became security for a friend to the amount of £98; but when the bill of exchange became due, he was not able to meet it, neither was it in my power to discharge the debt, and I was arrested and sent to the Fleet prison—at this time I had fought three battles in the London ring, and as a matter of course, entitled to a benefit. I got one, and released myself; but if I had been mercenary, I might have got out another way, and pocketed my benefit, for Colonel B——n came and offered to release me, by a subscription from his own particular friends. I refused this friendly offer, as I thought it laying too heavy a tax on my patron's good nature, but I question if Spring would have done the same.

He charges me with calumniating the whole of the persons at Worcester; this is a rank falsehood; there are men who patronise the Ring that are an honour to the country that gave them birth; and in the Ring there are men incapable of doing an unmanly or dishonourable act. But I have said, and say again, that the Ring was filled with the lower orders of betting men that would not lose, and behaved in the manner I have described in former letters. But let me be understood, 'tis not for the acts of a few ruffians that the whole sporting world should be blamed; I might as well class Mr. Spring's late friend and travelling companion, Jack Thurtell, with Lord ——. I am not deficient in gratitude, and to the latest moment of my existence I shall remember the protection and support I have met with on different occasions from the sporting men.

With respect to Langan, Spring is bound in honour to fight him on a stage, and his refusal is the strongest proof of what I asserted. On a stage they cannot be interrupted, and it will be fair for one as the other; it is the way in which battles, till late years, used to be contested. Spring cannot be afraid of the falls, for he has said he can throw Langan twice out of

three times. He promised to imitate the conduct of his adopted father, Tom Cribb, then why not fight on the stage? for Langan is in the same situation that Molineaux was. If he continues to refuse, all the world will be satisfied of one thing, that is, in choosing the turf, he is looking out for a little assistance if wanted. I shall conclude, Gentlemen, by stating, that Langan is ready to fight Spring on a stage for £500 a-side, within a hundred miles of London; he will give Mr. Spring one month to consider this offer, and if not accepted, Langan is then ready to make a match with any other person for the £300, or £500 a-side.

I am, Gentlemen, your very humble servant,
Castle Tavern, Feb. 17. THOS. REYNOLDS.

LANGAN AT THE TENNIS COURT. — The Irish Champion took his benefit at the above place on Thursday, Feb. 19, 1824. It was one of the greatest meetings of the Fancy ever collected together. *Corinthians* and *Commoners*—Peers and M. P.'s—Heavy Swells and Good-fellows—Natty Dragsmen—Knights of the Steel—Blades of the Oar—Lawyers and *Jaw-yers*—Limbs of the Faculty—High-bred Patlanders and mobs of the O'Shaugnessies, the M'Guires, the Macwolters, and the Brallaghans, to second the efforts of *Jack Langan*, and to give a shout for the honour of Old Ireland—Catholics, Christians, and Jews—Theatrical Heroes in abundance—Flash Coves—Knowing Lads and Merry Kids—all jostling one against another with the respectable, genteel, thorough-bred, and manly part of society. Also lots of "Big Wigs" in their proper situations; but in this place *scratches* were not in character, and therefore left behind upon their own *blocks*. It was a fine *draw*, and the amateurs threw down their *three bobs* like *winking*. The *pewter* flowed in like a torrent; and the *goldfinches*,

those precious *sweeteners of life*, followed each other in such quick succession, as to make *Paddy Langan's peepers* roll about with great joy as he fobbed them into his *clie*.

Lennox and *Mason* ; *Yarnold* and *Seabrooke* ; *Barney Aaron* and *Redburn* ; young *Belasco* and young *Mendoza*, exerted themselves to keep the company in good humour.

Tom Belcher and *Ben Burn* exhibited some fine specimens of *science*; as did *Harry Harmer* and *Cy Davis*.

Reid and *Inglis* made a capital bout of it ; *Inglis* received a blow on his temple that put him so much *abroad* as to be incapable of renewing the combat for a few seconds. *Inglis* tried to *shake it off*, but the audience would not let him proceed. His *goodness* did not like to say "No!"

Stockman appeared on the stage to set-to with *Mason*: but "off, off," amidst loud hisses and hootings from the spectators assailed his ears. However, in defiance of this expression of public opinion, he continued to punish *Mason* ; and threw up his gloves in contempt of the castigation he received from an indignant audience. *Belcher* at length appeared on the stage, and said, "It was unknown to him that *Stockman* had been permitted to set-to ; he had done *wrong* in his late battle ; and among honourable men *Stockman* could not be recognised." Great applause. "Very proper," from all parts of the Court. "Only express an opinion like the present" (said an old sportsman,) "when any thing *wrong* happens, and *crosses* will soon only be known by name." *Stockman*, with the utmost

effrontery, observed, "*If they had ALL have been in the ROBBERY, no fault would have been found with him !*"

"*Langan! Langan!*" was now the cry from all parts of the court.

Langan, followed by *Belcher*, ascended the stage, amidst thunders of applause; after making his bow, *Langan* showed his toe to the spectators, which appeared much swollen, and said, "He had unfortunately run a nail into it, and had been obliged to put twelve leeches upon his foot." Against so accomplished a sparrer as *Belcher*, *Langan* did wonders.—His attitude was elegant and firm. The hero of the Castle gave his *head* three or four times by way of a *ruse de guerre*, which had the desired effect once; and *Langan* received a *nobber* for his temerity. If *Langan* had displayed the same sort of tactics in his late fight with *Spring*, he would have found it more to his advantage; and a much *better* battle would not only have been the result, but he would have had a much *better chance* towards obtaining the victory. Upon the whole, in the opinion of the amateurs generally, *Langan* exceeded their expectations. On retiring to the dressing-room, he said to the writer of this article, "I have no animosity towards *Spring*, I like him well; if he will not fight me upon a stage, let him give up *milling* altogether. *Josh Hudson* is a good, noble fellow; and against him likewise I have no animosity; but let *Josh* and myself fight for the championship."

Langan, on his conclusion with *Belcher*, made his bow and came *limping* towards the end of the stage,

and thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me, and I beg to assure you, on the honour of an *Irishman* (placing his hand on his breast), if I have the good fortune again to enter the ring, that no effort shall be wanting on my part to make it a more pleasant and agreeable 'mill' than the last in which I was engaged."—(Loud cheers.)

He again came forward shortly afterwards, and delivered the following challenge:

"Gentlemen,—I am ready to fight any man who calls himself Champion of England, for any sum, from three hundred to a thousand, upon a boarded stage, like this, in the same way as *Cribb* fought *Molineux*."

The company departed well pleased; and upon *Langan's* making his appearance in the street, which was completely full, with the *blunt* under his arm, he was received by the populace with three loud cheers.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—Your paper, and others of the public journals, have of late teemed with idle correspondence on the subject of my fight with *Langan*. Of *Langan* I have nothing to say, but that I consider him a brave fellow in the ring, and a good fellow out of it; but in order to put an end to all further *chaffing*, and to bring our matters to a clear understanding, I have only this to observe—*Langan*, at his own benefit, publicly stated that "he was ready to fight any man who called himself Champion of England, on a stage, for from 300*l.* to 1000*l.*" Now I have been pronounced the character he describes, and I am ready to fight *Langan*, or any other man, for five hundred pounds, in a roped ring on the turf, or for one thousand pounds, in any way that himself or his friends may think proper to suggest—on an iron pavement, if they choose. This is my final answer to all *chaunts*; and I shall be at the Fives.

Court, to-morrow, at Turner's benefit, and come to the *scratch* if called.

I am, Sir, yours, most respectfully,

Feb. 24th, 1824.

THOMAS W. SPRING.

The Irish Champion's Declaration to the Sporting World.

GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Spring, in his letter, speaks of his wish to avoid "*chaffing*, and bring matters to a right understanding" between him and me. To show you, therefore, that the *chaffing* is not on *my* side, and that I am *really* anxious to have matters clearly understood, I beg leave to submit the following facts to your judgment:—

When I challenged him in Manchester, for 100*l.* a-side, he pretended to treat my offer with contempt (though he had never, but in one instance, fought for more), and named 500*l.* as the least stake,—a sum three times greater than any for which he had ever contended. But, though he was afterwards shamed into agreeing for 300*l.* a-side, yet he calculated on my inability to raise so much; and to prevent my doing so, he and his friends, besides throwing other obstacles in my way, contrived to induce the gentleman, who agreed to put down the whole sum for me, to withdraw his patronage, so that it was with the utmost difficulty I raised the battle money.

As to the battle—it is needless to repeat that I have good reasons to complain of the treatment I experienced. Every unprejudiced witness will bear me out in this, and *my friends* are so satisfied with *my* conduct, that they are ready to back me against Spring, for 500*l.*, on a *stage*, which they think the only way of guarding against a repetition of unfair treatment. But when Spring finds me thus supported, he raises his demand to a 1000*l.*; on the ground, that I challenged him to fight for any sum from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* My words were, that I would fight him for from 300*l.* to 500*l.*, or for 1000*l.*, if I were backed, and I do not deny them; for if I had one hundred thousand pounds I would confidently stake it. But 500*l.* is a sum between 300*l.* and 1000*l.*; and if I could get backed for 1000*l.* I should rejoice at it, as it would at once do away this excuse of Spring. I think, however, that it will not tell much for his credit, if he continues to reject the 500*l.* which I *can* command, and 50*l.* of which I am ready to lay down at Belcher's, to make the match, any time he thinks proper. I believe nine out of ten, in the sporting world, will agree that Spring cannot honourably refuse this proposal,

were it only to meet the complaint of foul play, which I am justified in making with regard to the former battle.

But he has also pledged himself, when he received the championship, to imitate the donor's conduct. Then why not redeem his pledge, or resign the gift?

He says that he does not wish to enter the ring again. This is mere shuffling. He ought not to hold a situation for which he has no taste—he cannot, in justice, have the *honour* without the *danger*. If he will not fight, then let him resign the championship to one that *will*—to a man who will not want to make a sinecure of the title, and will always be ready to fight for a stake of £500.

Permit me again to repeat, that I am ready to make a match to fight Spring for £500 a-side, within a hundred miles of London, on a stage similar to the one on which Cribb and Molineux fought. Sparring exhibitions I cannot attend, till I *set-to* for my friend Reynolds, on the 17th of March.

I am, Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

Castle-Tavern, Holborn,

February 26.

JOHN LANGAN.

FIGHTING UPON A STAGE.

Some little difference of opinion having existed upon the subject, respecting the merits of the case between *Langan* and *Spring*, the majority of the supporters of pugilism assert, according to *milling precedents*, that if *Spring* intended to retain the title of Champion, he could, nay, he ought not to have refused to fight *Langan* upon a stage, as the following circumstances support the claim of *Langan*. It appears that *Jack Bartholomew* thought he had not fair play in the ring, when he fought with *Jem Belcher*! and upon *Bartholomew's* soliciting *Belcher* to give him a chance upon a stage, he replied, “Any where; a saw-pit, if you like it.” Again, when *Molineux* entertained an opinion that he had not justice done him in the ring with *Cribb*, the latter veteran answered the request of the man of colour, with a smile upon his

face, "Yes, upon a stage, the top of a house, in a ship, or in any place you think proper." It is likewise insisted upon by the admirers of boxing, that the advantages are all upon the side of SPRING. He is the tallest, the heaviest, and the longest man, with the addition of his superior science into the bargain. Most of the prize battles formerly were fought upon stages—*Tom Johnson* with *Perrins*; *Big Ben* with *Jacombs*; and *George the Brewer* and *Pickard*; *Johnson* with *Ryan*; *Johnson* also with *Big Ben*; *Mendoza* and *Humphries*; *Ward* and *Mendoza*; *Tom Tyne* and *Earle*, &c. It is also worthy of remark, that none of the above stages were covered with turf. The only instance that bears upon the point respecting "turf," is the stage which was erected at Newbury, upon which *Big Ben* and *Hooper* were to have fought. This was covered with turf, but the magistrates interfered: the fight was removed to some miles distance, and *Big Ben* and *Hooper* fought on the ground in a ring. So much for *milling precedents*.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—I can bear the bullying of this Langan no longer; but will, by the consent of my friends, meet him upon the terms demanded in his last letter. I will be at Cribb's on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to stake £100, and settle the business at once. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

84, High-street, Mary-le-bonne.

T. W. SPRING.

For Pierce Egan's Life in London Newspaper.

SIR,—If you conceive the following attempt worthy of insertion in your entertaining and sporting paper, and will afford it a corner, you will confer an obligation on

Your obedient servant,

A Constant Reader and Admirer of the Gymnastics.

MILLING POETRY.

Ye *folks* who like to see a *Mill*, and love the thing well done,
Rejoice ye may,—the match is made 'twixt SPRING and Erin's son.
The eighth of June, and on a Stage, no less than six feet high,
Will *England's* Champion strive with PAT for glorious victory.
At Old *Tom Cribb's*, in Panton-street, deposits have been made,
Where SPRING was forward with the *blunt*, and PAT seem'd nought
afraid.

Each combatant in *Jemmy's* hand that night did Fifty lay :
The next deposit LANGAN wished to make on *Patrick's* day.
But SPRING said "No ! three days before, the cash we'll post, that's
flat."

"Well, though an *Early* SPRING you are, with all my heart," says PAT.

"I hope my wish could ne'er make SPRING look *Wintry*, or feel faint ;

I merely long'd to pay respect to Erin's patron Saint.

But, by his Saintship, I declare, I value not your rage ;

And, faith ! will make you *summerset* upon this boarded stage.

Till when with Irish summersets you feel both sore and sick,

You'll wish the stage was not so *high*—the boards not quite so thick.

You'll find that talent, such as yours, the stage will not suit best ;

And, though no tailor, I'll take care, you shall be *right well dress'd*."

SPRING answer'd not, but *sat*, confessed, the Champion of the Field—

Than Homer's Hector greater still—he fights without a shield.

Now should this Irish sapling beat *Old Tom's* and Albion's son—

Then, O ye Fancy, tell me, pray,—what then is to be done ?

But should SPRING's valour win the day, it ne'er shall be forgot ;

The boards shall then be *spring* boards call'd, whether they spring or
not.

Be the result then what it may, PAT's heart is where it ought :

Of woman ne'er was braver born—no braver ever fought !

Langan accepted of *SPRING*'s invitation, and *HONEST TOM CRIBB*'s *crib*, on Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1824, was all the *go*, and at a very early period of the evening not a seat was to be had for begging or praying, or to be obtained either for love or money. The tap-room might be compared to a mob—the parlour crowded to excess—the first floor crammed almost to suffocation—the second floor, where *SPRING* perched himself, to receive his opponent, much worse, operating upon the feelings of the visitors something like the Black Hole at Calcutta; and the stairs were filled from the top to the bottom. So great was the curiosity excited by the event of making the above great match. The veteran Champion was up to his “eyes in business,” anxiously endeavouring to *accommodate* every visitor. The *heavy-wet machine* was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, in order to allay the *thirst* of the *chaffing* coves; the *daffy* also handed about in copious draughts; lots of *black ink* disposed of like fun; myriads of rummers of *eau de vie* and water; bottles of sherry, and all the good things of this life, gingling against each other, to the end of the chapter. The house was not one third big enough, and hundreds of persons went away, quite angry and disappointed. Notwithstanding the activity displayed in the bar by three industrious females, with the assistance of Mr. Paap, the German dwarf, (good luck to *Tom Cribb*, for his kindness and charity towards this little man in miniature!) and additional waiters in every room, still half of the company were compelled to be *dry* visitors; not a drop of *suction* could they procure; and if they had been accommodated, they

were all so *jammed* together, that they could not have got their hands up to their mouths. This scene was of three hours' duration, and some fears were expressed that the match would not be made. At length a *rattler* stopped at the door, and the cry was—"he's come." This sentence was conveyed through all the rooms like an electric shock. Tom Belcher first made his appearance, followed by Langan, in a military cloak, and the *rear* was brought up by the President of the D. C. The street-door was immediately closed, to prevent an improper *rush*, and a sentinel was also placed at the door of the stairs. The Irish Champion seated himself in the first floor, and the curiosity to get a *peep* at him almost exceeds belief. "Hats off," "Sit down," &c. &c. Langan drank SPRING's health in a glass of wine, and the company in return drank the health of Langan. SPRING, on being informed Langan had arrived, sent word to the Irish Champion that he was ready with the *blunt*. Cribb, who was very lame, *hobbled* up stairs to meet his old opponent, and to "argue the topic" in a parliamentary style, across the table. Belcher then produced a draft of the articles, to which he said Langan was prepared to sign his name. These articles were immediately read, and were as follows:—

"Memorandum of an agreement entered into between Thomas Winter Spring and John Langan, at Thomas Cribb's, Pantion-street, on the 2d of March, 1824.

"It is hereby agreed between Thomas Winter Spring and John Langan, to fight on a twenty-four feet stage, on Tuesday, the 8th of June, 1824, for 500*l.* a-side—to be a fair stand-up fight, half minute time—umpires to be chosen by

each party, and a referee to be chosen on the ground by the umpires. The fight to take place within one hundred miles of London, and the place to be named by Mr. Jackson. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock, unless prevented by magisterial interference. Fifty pounds of the money are now deposited in the hands of the stake-holder, Mr. ——. Fifty pounds more to be deposited, on the 17th of March, at Mr. John Randall's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane; 200*l.* to be deposited at Mr. Thomas Cribb's, on the 1st of May; and the remainder of the 500*l.* to be made good at Mr. Thomas Belcher's, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 1st of June; and in case of failure on either side, the money deposited to be forfeited.

“The stage to be boarded with deal planks, at least three inches thick, and to be six feet from the ground, without turf. The bottle-holders and seconds to retire to the corners of the ring, when the men shall have set-to, and not to approach the combatants till one or both of them shall be down.

“The expenses of the stage to be equally borne by each of the men.”

Such were the articles proposed, but to these **SPRING** took exceptions; first expressing his desire that the present deposit should be £100 instead of £50; but this objection, after a few remarks, he waived. He then objected to the day named for the fight to take place, proposing the 25th of May, instead of the 8th of June; and, lastly, he insisted that the second £50 should be deposited on the 13th of March, instead of the 17th, upon the ground that the 17th had been appointed for *Reynolds'* benefit, and he did not wish to lend himself to this additional attraction to the public. A good deal of discussion followed, but, finally, there was mutual concession, **SPRING** agreeing to fight on the 8th of June, and *Langan* agreeing to make his second deposit on the 13th, instead of the 17th of March. All difficulties being thus cleared away, there were one or two verbal alter-

ations made in the articles; and a paragraph was added, by which it was agreed, "that when the whole of the money was made good, it should be deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson."

SPRING, in alluding to the expense of erecting the stage, said, he thought it but fair, as this was *Langan's* fancy, that he should bear the whole expense. To which *Langan* replied, "See, now, 'Tom; say nothing about that, for if I win, and I think I will, I'll bear the whole expense of the stage myself (loud cheers). But, howsomever, that's neither here nor there, I hope the best man will win; and though we are going to fight, it's myself that would go a hundred miles to serve you; for I have no antipathy or ill-blood towards you whatever."

The President of the Daffy-Club was then appointed the stake-holder. The articles having been properly signed and witnessed, and every thing relative to the PUGILISTIC WAR having been settled quite *comfortably* on both sides, *Langan* and his *pals* made their bows, and returned in a *drag* to finish the *darkey* at the Castle Tavern.

SPRING and *Langan*, according to their articles of agreement, met on Saturday evening, the 13th of March, at *Randall's*, and made £100 a-side good towards the completion of the great stakes of ONE THOUSAND SOVEREIGNS. They met together like good fellows, brave men, and intimate friends. In the course of the evening, *Langan* proposed the health of SPRING. He also rebuked several of his partisans, who frequently shouted out, "Well done, *Langan!* Bravo, Jack!" &c. "I hate these sort of re-

marks," said the Irish champion, "they are calculated to make ill blood and provoke animosity, which it is my most sincere wish to prevent, if possible. All I want is, that we may meet as friends, and have a *comfortable pleasant mill* on the 8th of June!" Sixty to forty was offered by a *Gent.* from Yorkshire upon SPRING; "I will bet £70 to £40," said the latter. "I'll take it, *Tom*," replied *Langan*. Before the Champion separated, SPRING betted with *Langan* £580 to £160, that he should win the battle. The above evening was spent with the utmost good humour by all parties.

On Monday, March 1, a sporting dinner took place at Mr. Oxberry's, the Craven's Head, Drury lane, to which *Langan* was invited. The Irish Champion conducted himself at this select meeting with great liberality and propriety, and when called upon for a toast, he gave the health of the English Champion.

INQUEST ON MR. JAMES TREBY.

AT the late fight between SPRING and *Langan*, at Worcester, many serious accidents occurred, by the falling of the erections upon the race-course, and several of them were expected to terminate fatally. We regret to state that one of the sufferers on that occasion, Mr. James Treby, late of Covent Garden Theatre, died in consequence of the injury he sustained. An inquest was, therefore, held before John Platt, Esq. coroner for the city of Worcester, and a most respectable Jury, who, in investigating the cause of the death of the deceased, took some pains to dis-

cover whether the circumstances attending his death resulted from culpable negligence, and upon whom so serious a charge rested. A number of witnesses were examined, who described the nature of the erections, and their deficiency in point of strength to contain the number of persons who were admitted upon them. It appeared that 10s. was paid for admission by every individual. The deceased was upon the range of buildings on the north side of the grand stand, when it fell, and the screams and groans of the wounded were dreadful. The right leg of the deceased, during the fall, got between two heavy pieces of timber, upon which numbers of persons were thrown by the giving way of the structure, and the limb was so dreadfully injured, that the bone protruded through his stocking, and notwithstanding his cries, it was some considerable time before he was relieved from his dreadful situation, owing to the number of persons upon the timber. He was removed to the infirmary, and the surgeon discovered a compound fracture near the ankle-joint. The fracture was reduced, and for some days he appeared to be doing well, and it was thought that amputation would be unnecessary. On Friday, strong inflammation presented itself in the part affected, which was succeeded by fever and delirium; the medical gentlemen of the Infirmary held a consultation immediately upon the subject, and as the only chance of saving the deceased's life, was by the instant removal of the limb, their decision was communicated to the unfortunate man, and he assented to the operation being performed, on a conviction of its necessity. On Friday night, the limb was ampu-

tated ; but it was found that inflammatory action had spread itself throughout the system, and that it was impossible to arrest its progress by any human skill, and, after lingering to four o'clock on Monday, he expired, in consequence of a mortification having taken place. These were the facts adduced in evidence as to the death of the deceased. The examination of witnesses occupied eight hours, and the evidence was very voluminous. Mr. Share, the clerk of the race-course, and Mr. Wood, a builder, were the chief witnesses relative to the alleged charge of culpable negligence having caused the death of the deceased, and never was testimony more conflicting or more at variance.

Mr. Share deposed, that the timber for the structure was not only supplied by Mr. Wood, but that he also had the management and superintendence of the erection.—Mr. Wood denied having further to do with the building than the mere supplying of the materials, and the aid of some of his workmen to put them up.—The Coroner, in his address to the Jury, said, it would appear that blame must attach somewhere, owing to the very weak and insufficient state of the erection, the fall of which occasioned the fatal accident to the deceased. The two witnesses (Share and Wood) had each endeavoured to rid themselves of the *onus* arising from the insecurity of the building, and the fatal results consequent thereupon, and (as it rested between the two) to cast it upon each other. After some further observations, the Jury returned a verdict of accidentally killed. Deodand upon the timber, £1.

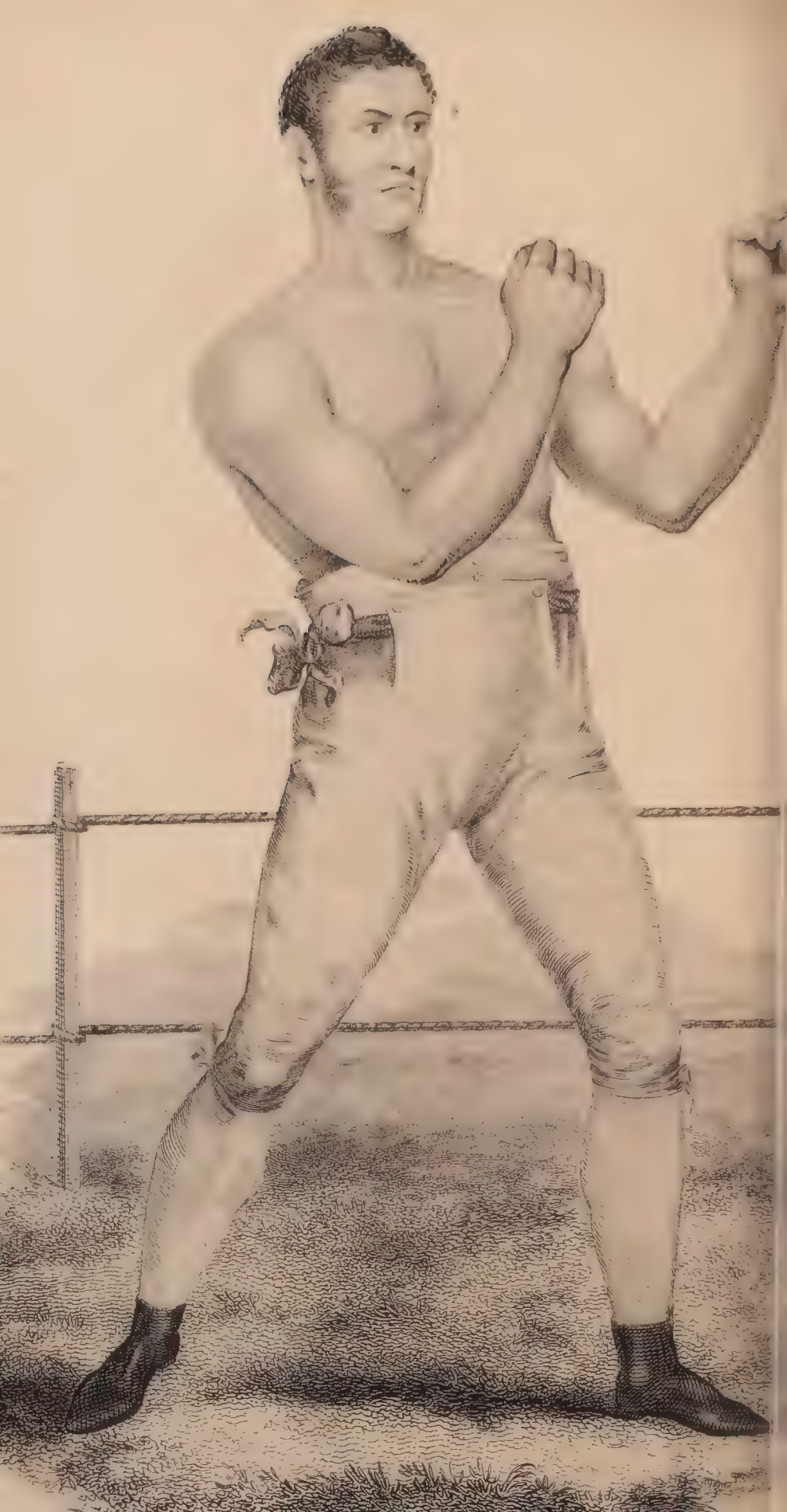
The deceased was 42 years of age; and has left a widow and two children in a state of utter destitution. The former arrived from London by the mail, during the investigation before the Coroner; she was aware of the accident, but was totally unconscious of its fatal termination. It is impossible to describe her agony when made acquainted with the loss of an affectionate husband. The body of poor Treby was consigned to the earth, in the burial-ground of St. Oswald's chapel. A subscription was opened for the benefit of the widow; and Mr. Share, the clerk of the course, subscribed £10. Mr. James Treby was well known in the sporting world; and since his secession from Covent Garden Theatre, fulfilled the occupation of a livery-stable keeper. He was a most facetious fellow; and "times and oft" has he kept the table in a roar. Mr. T. was in possession of numerous comic stories, all of which he *told* with *infinite* humour and success. He could also throw off a good *chaunt*; and never backward to drive "dull care" from the company over which he presided. The accident which befel "poor Jem" has occasioned considerable sorrow amongst his numerous friends.

RECAPITULATION OF THE EVENTS CONNECTED
WITH SPRING AND LANGAN'S FIGHT.

I am sorry that Mr. *Reynolds*, in his letter, inserted in page 311, declares the fight being given against *Langan*, to be "*a bare-faced robbery*;" and I also regret that Mr. *Reynolds* should state, in page 312, "*But what made the Umpires give such a decision, must*

be from tender feelings of country or pocket." In answer to the first assertion, according to the Laws of Pugilism, "*HALF-MINUTE TIME*," I again repeat that *Langan* did not leave the knee of his second, when time was called by the Umpire; and the stakes of £600, which were deposited in the hands of Mr. *Jackson*, were not given up by him, until he had received a letter from each of the Umpires, stating, "that *Langan* had lost the battle." The battle-money, therefore, was not *prematurely* given up by Mr. *Jackson*, (as asserted by Mr. *Reynolds*); the former gentleman, anxious upon all occasions to act impartially, did not give the £600 to *SPRING* till after the fight had been over *EIGHT DAYS*; and all the parties having had time to *cool* upon the subject.

Independent of the great disorder which prevailed in the ring towards the latter end of the battle, I saw nothing take place, which might be termed *designedly FOUL PLAY*! It was "*dangerous to be safe*" on any part of the ground upon which the pugilists fought; and both of the combatants felt the great pressure of the crowd at every step they took. *Cribb* has also been challenged by *Reynolds*, of acting "*foul*" towards *Langan*, (see page 312): I closely watched every movement of the battle, and I declare, without hesitation, I saw nothing unmanly in the conduct of *Cribb*: respecting the latter brave boxer putting out his knee to save *SPRING* from a fall, I said to *Reynolds*, he did do so, but it appeared to me it was done to save *SPRING* from hurting himself by falling on the feet of two or three persons who had been pushed down on the ground by the confusion of the crowd.



The conduct of the Umpires, by their perseverance in remaining in the ring to see "fair play" to both parties, is particularly entitled to the thanks of the sporting world. One of the Umpires, *Lord Deerhurst*, was knocked down and trod upon with the watch in his hand, and received a severe contusion on his hip; from the serious effects of which he did not recover for several months.

JOHN LANGAN,

ONE OF THE IRISH CHAMPIONS.

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
 And sail across, quite round the globe,
 You must set out on horseback from Dover,
 And sail unto sweet Balinrobe;
 'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
 That was built before Adam was breech'd,
 Who lived in the reign of king Shamus,
 Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.

YOUNG PADDY, like all other Paddies, according to his ould nurse, Judy O'Shaughnessy, was born in Ireland, in 1798. It was on "a sweet May morning," at Clondalton, in the county of Kildare, that little JACK opened his *ogles* in this world to take a *peep* at society. Ireland, at that period, was in a most unhappy situation for its inhabitants; and young PADDY had scarcely become one of his father's family five minutes,

before his ears were saluted by a tremendous fire of musquetry from a party of United Men, attempting to get possession of a powder-mill, within fifty yards of his *daddy's* edifice. Judy, in her way, explained this sort of *omen*—as rather ominous that little JACK LANGAN was born to make a great *noise* in the world.

Young PADDY was very fond of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and often used to steal away from his father's dwelling to Judy's cabin, to listen to her comical stories, and hear her notions about pedigree. "Be a good boy (said she), and don't keep company with the dirty little blackguards about the *place*, but mix with *dacent* people's children, for by your father's extraction you are related to the *Callaghans*, the *Brallaghans*; and on your mother's side to the *Knowlans* likewise." The early years of little JACK passed away almost imperceptibly; when his father left Clondalton, and settled in the suburbs of Dublin, at a place called Ballyboughlane, adjoining that beautiful spot of freedom designated *Mud Island*. "By the powers of Moll Kelly, it is a beautiful spot; and show me, *honey*, any place like it," said an *honest* Hibernian, who was once describing its excellence. "In the memory of the oldest man, a bailiff has not dared to show his unlucky face, except at a *wake*, a christening, or a wedding, and then in the way of friendship." In *Mud Island* did LANGAN's daddy and mammy commence business in the provision line: and both *man* and *horse* were accommodated. The ould folks carried on a roaring trade; and numerous *kids* were brought up respectably out of the profits of the business.

LANGAN had always a *taste* for *milling*; and his

turn-ups at school, if detailed, would fill a sixpenny pamphlet. In company with two of his school-fellows he discovered a bird's nest ; but as the birds were not *fledged*, it was unanimously agreed to leave it till a more convenient opportunity. The boys played *truant* one afternoon and went in search of the bird's nest, and the eldest lad claimed for his share the *top* bird, which is generally considered the cock. LANGAN protested against such choice, and a battle decided it ; but after a fight of an hour's duration, in which JACK proved the conqueror, the only recompence he got for the scratches and loss of *claret* was, upon examining the nest, the birds had fled during the row.

On the borders of the Dublin canal, when only 13 years of age, he thought himself *man* enough to enter the lists with a strong youth of 18 years of age ; in fact, he stood forward as champion for his friend, who had received a blow from the youth. In forty-five minutes, against weight, length, and height, LANGAN proved the conqueror.

Shortly after the above battle, JACK persuaded his father to let him go to sea, and ultimately he was bound an apprentice to Messrs. Dunn and Harris, of Dublin. LANGAN sailed for Oporto and Lisbon, in the *New Active*, Capt. M'Carthy. In Bull Bay, Lisbon, in spite of the *stiletto* used by two Portuguese, he made the cowards run before him : but JACK received a scratch or two on his body from their knives. His courage, however, did not desert him for an instant, although he was attacked in such an assassin-like manner.

On LANGAN's passage home, he severely drubbed

one of his messmates, of the name of Dunn, who had taken liberties with the fame of *Ould Ireland*, and found fault with the country that gave birth to a Dean Swift, a Sheridan, a Burke, Tommy Moore, a Grattan, a Curran, a Barry, and a Wellington. "O long life to you for that," cried Judy, when she heard of it; "but have you forgot Sir Daniel Donnelly amongst the heroes of Paddy's land? God rest his soul!" "Be asy," replied an old Irishman, "has not Sir Daniel got a great big monument erected to his fame? Let him remain quietly at rest in his tomb." "Erin go bragh!" said JACK LANGAN, after giving Mr. Dunn a receipt in full of all demands, then retired to his birth to take his grog, singing—

St. Patrick is still our protector,
He made us an *Island of Saints*,
Drove out snakes and toads like a Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints;
Then if you would live and be frisky,
And never die when you're in bed,
Arrah! come to Ireland and tippie the whisky,
And live *ten years* after you're dead!!!

Like all new schemes and occupations, a sailor's life, for a short period, was highly relished by JACK LANGAN. The weather was beautiful: all the crew were as merry as *griggs*; the Captain good-natured; and "Yo heave ho!" the delight of young *Paddy*. But this sun-shine did not last long: the hardships of a *Jack Tar* began to show themselves; some terrible gales of wind, and a tremendous storm or two, on his return to Ireland, showed the other side of the picture so *emphatically*, that JACK spoke to his *Ould Dad*

to get his indentures from the Captain, as he had a great wish to try his fortune on shore. Old Langan accomplished this circumstance for his darling boy; and JACK was bound an apprentice to a sawyer. LANGAN soon became a proficient in his business, and arrived at the climax of his trade, a *top-sawyer*; but he was anxious to get a *cut* above the Pit, and turn his hands to another account. Although but fifteen years of age, our hero had a taste for *milling*: he was fond of fighting, but not quarrelling; yet he was always ready to *punish* impudence and insolence, whenever rude fellows crossed his path.

“From little causes, great events arise!”

Throwing snow-balls at each other, in the canal, near Dublin, produced a most determined *mill* between *Jemmy Lyons*, and JACK LANGAN. It was a *cool* situation for a fight, but it was *warm* work while it continued. “We have got plenty of snow and ice,” said our hero, “and I will make it quite complete, *Jemmy Lyons*, by giving you a few *hail-stones* on your *nob*.” And sure enough, JACK’s blows were put in so fast and hard upon the face of *Paddy Lyons*, for the space of twenty-five minutes, that he cried out, “enough! too much!” This *turn-up* was without any precision as to *time*: it was *pelt* away, till *Jemmy* was carried off the ground. “By St. Patrick,” said *Jack Ryley* (the friend of *Lyons*,) to LANGAN, “you shall get a good *bating* for all your luck this time; and if you will meet me in Cannon’s Quarry, I will soon make you cry for quarter.” “And is it me you *mane*, Mr. Ryley, what is to ask you for quarter: well, come on, and

we'll soon see all about it," replied LANGAN. *Ryley* was the hero of Mud-Island, in the *milling* way; and scarcely any one dared to say their soul was their own, while *Ryley* remained in company. In Cannon's Quarry, LANGAN so *served* out *Ryley*, that he *tipped* it to him all round, and *spoilt* his *saucy mug* in twenty minutes, so much so, that when *Ryley* was taken home to Mud-Island he was so *disfigured*, as not to be recognised by his most intimate acquaintance.

LANGAN was now not only envied, but viewed as a striking object in Mud-Island; *Jack*, however, was too good-humoured a fellow to be any thing like a terror to the peaceable inhabitants of the above happy spot. *Pat Macquire* had a great desire to take the *shine* out of LANGAN, and boasted that he would be number one in the Island. "So you shall," replied our hero, "if you can win it." But poor *Pat Macquire* reckoned his chickens before they were hatched; for, in the short space of ten minutes his *peepers* were darkened; his *nose* swelled up to the size of two *conks*; his *ivories* dancing; and the whole of his face a picture of agony and *distress*. Soon after poor *Pat* was undressed and put to bed, he exclaimed, "By J—s, the blows I have received from JACK LANGAN are more like the kicks of a horse than the thumps of a man."

Michael Angin, who had some notions of boxing, was completely *satisfied* in a single round with LANGAN, at Clontarf. A tremendous blow upon his mouth put *Mike's* head in *chancery* for a few seconds, and a lump rose in his mouth so big as nearly to deprive *Angin* of breath. On returning to his mother's cabin, she

saluted him with "Arragh! *Mike*, my jewel, what have you got in your mouth, that makes you look so ugly." "It is JACK LANGAN's *fist*, mother. I am almost choked;" replied *Angin*, as hoarse as a raven. "Take it out, my darling," said his parent; "it is no good to any body!"

One *Titford*, *Dan Henigan* (the brother of the boxer of that name), and *Jem Turner*, were all, in succession, disposed of with the most apparent ease by our hero. In short, he had no competitor amongst the boys, and therefore we will take leave of his early *turn-ups*, for battles of a more manly description.

LANGAN had a desperate battle with a man of the name of *Hemet*: the latter person struck the father of our hero. "I will make you repent of your conduct, you blackguard," said *Jack*. "A stripling like you?" replied *Hemet*; "I'll kick your breech, if you dare to give me any more of your *prate*." Young LANGAN, as we have before mentioned, was fond of *milling*; but, in defence of his father, he felt doubly armed; and, in the course of thirty minutes, *Hemet* was glad to acknowledge the *stripling* was his master.

One *Savage*, a man weighing about eleven stone, and 21 years of age, had behaved extremely unhandsome to *Jack* three years previously to the period when the following circumstances transpired. LANGAN, although not more than sixteen years old, entertained an opinion, that he was able to take the field against *Savage*, and challenged him without any hesitation. *Savage*, with the utmost contempt, accepted of the challenge, and agreed to fight on the banks of the Dublin Canal. A few friends on each side attended,

to see fair play. The battle was long, and well contested; but the *darkey* coming on, and as neither of the combatants would agree to surrender, it was deemed expedient, according to the *laws of honour*, to fight it out, and therefore *candles** were introduced. But, before the *glims* required *topping*, LANGAN *floored* his opponent, by a tremendous *wisty-castor* upon the jugular vein, that all attempts to restore animation proved fruitless; and *Savage* was carried home amidst the lamentations of his friends, and the sorrow of LANGAN. *Savage* soon afterwards was washed and laid out, and every thing comfortably prepared to *wake* him. The body was surrounded by about forty old women and men, smoking and drinking, and bewailing his loss, interspersed every now and then with some prime *fil-la-loos*. “Arrah! my dear *Jemmy*, why did you put your head in the way of JACK LANGAN’S fist?” The scene was altogether amusing, for, according to the *chaunt* upon a similar occasion,

There was Mr. Laney,
And Mr. Blaney,
At the *wake* of Teddy Rœe!

In the midst of the above beautiful solemnity, the candles burning, &c. to the great surprise and confusion of the company present, *Mr. Savage* waked himself; but, before he could inquire into the particulars *how* he came into this strange situation, the whole assembly had *brushed* off with terror, leaving *Mr.*

* This reminds us of a duel which was fought at Liverpool, a few years since, by the light of lamps, between a volunteer Colonel and the aide-de-camp of a Royal Duke, in which the latter person was killed.

Savage to unriddle the story in the best manner he thought proper.

Tremendous as *Langan* had proved himself in the above contest, *Paddy Moran* was not afraid to challenge our hero. The latter proposed to fight *Jack* upon the real principles of *milling*—for love, glory, and honour. *Blunt* was out of the question, for the best of all reasons—*Moran* had nothing to do with the funds. "You shall be *accommodated*," replied *LANGAN*; "it shall be for love, glory, and honour." It was a severe battle for fourteen rounds; and although *Moran* was compelled to submit to defeat, he proved himself a brave man, and *LANGAN*'s *nob* received "lots of *pepper*" in several instances during the fight.

Moran's brother also called *LANGAN* out to meet him in the field of battle, the following week. Our hero, as fresh as a daisy, and as gay as a lark, accepted the challenge with the utmost alacrity, and, when "Time" was called, proved himself ready at the *scratch*. *Moran*'s brother likewise proved himself a man of excellent courage; but he had nothing like so good a chance as his relative. After a few rounds, it was *Crow-street spell* to a *mag squint*, and *LANGAN* became the conqueror, without a *mark* the worse for his encounter. *Norman*, a pugilist distinguished in *Dublin*, seconded *Moran*'s brother against *JACK*; but on account of some part of his conduct appearing in a questionable shape, *LANGAN* sent a challenge to *Norman*.

Norman accepted of the challenge, but requested to have Sunday for the time of combat. To this request *LANGAN* positively refused; but upon any other day, he said he should be happy to wait upon his opponent.

After some little "*blowing up*" on the subject, it was agreed that the battle should take place on the following Thursday. *Norman*, who was a deep covey, and wishing to turn every thing to a good account in which he was engaged, gave out the *mill* would take place on the Sunday. He was a proprietor of jaunting cars, and every one of his vehicles was engaged for the fight. Some hundreds of the Fancy were completely *hoaxed* by *Norman*, who were collected together within a short distance of old LANGAN's cottage. Young JACK did not make his appearance, to the astonishment of the spectators; when *Norman* cut a great bounce, and offered to put down twenty pounds to back himself,—well knowing LANGAN would not be present; expressed his surprise at the absence of LANGAN, who, he told the crowd, had made a promise to meet him. The news was soon brought to JACK of the *trick* played off by *Norman*. He instantly started off to the public-house, where *Norman* was swallowing the *whiskey* like water, rejoicing how he had done the *flats* that day. LANGAN, with more courage than propriety, without hesitation, told *Norman* he had conducted himself like a blackguard. *Norman*, being surrounded by his father, brothers, and friends, fell foul upon LANGAN before he was scarcely withinside the door, and with the aid of whips, sticks, &c. *punished* him so dreadfully, that if a few of his supporters had not rushed in, LANGAN would soon have been found as "dead as a door-nail." JACK was picked up insensible, taken home, and put to bed in a pitiable exhausted state.

Thursday, the day appointed for the *mill*, was draw-

ing on rapidly, when our hero sent to *Norman*, trusting he would not fail in being true to his *time*. This *LANGAN* did, against the advice of his friends. *JACK* could not lift his right hand to his head, in consequence of the severe *milling* he had received from the *mob* of unmanly fellows in the interest of *Norman*. *LANGAN*, however, met *Norman* on the North Strand, near Clontarf. The car-keeper was seconded by *Pat Halton* and *Cummings*; and *LANGAN* by two tight boys belonging to the island of mud. The battle lasted above an hour, because *LANGAN* could not *punish Norman* with his right arm; but, even in this crippled state, he had so much the best of the fight, that *Norman's* friends, who were by far the greatest number on the ground, seeing that *Norman* must *lose* it, rushed in, separated the combatants, saved their *blunt*, and put an end to the *mill*. *LANGAN* was exceedingly vexed that he was prevented from *dressing* his antagonist as he well deserved. In a few days after the above circumstance, about five o'clock in the morning, *JACK* was roused from his *dab* by a violent knocking at the door. Between sleeping and waking, with his *peepers* neither open nor shut, he came down in his shirt, to see what was the matter. On opening the door, *JACK* believed he was dreaming, for, strange to relate, he beheld *Norman* stripped, and in a fighting attitude. "By J—s," said *Norman*, "I have been *unasy* all the night. I could not sleep, *JACK*, and I thought you and I could amuse ourselves very agreeably; besides, having the whole of the day before us." "Is it a *day*, you said, *Norman*," replied *LANGAN*; "by the Saint of Ould Ireland, I'll settle your imper-

tinence in a few minutes, when I shall return to *roost* and finish my rest, which you have disturbed. However, I will certainly *pay* you, *Norman*, for *calling me up*." LANGAN ran over to the stream opposite his father's cabin, and washed his face. "Now," said he, "*Norman*, I am ready; only take care of yourself." The novelty of this battle was, that no umpires, bottle-holders, nor seconds on either side, were engaged in this combat. In the short space of four rounds, it was all over. *Norman* napt it in such first-rate style, that he laid upon the ground like a *calf*. *Norman* was so completely *satisfied*, that he never requested a second battle. LANGAN at that period did not weigh more than 10st. 3lb. while *Norman* weighed 13st. 7lb. *Paddy Norman* got a receipt in full of all demands, well *stamped*, and never solicited more *payment* from JACK LANGAN.

It was impossible for our hero to remain long in a state of idleness, as some one or other was continually offering him *work* to do. *Slantlea*, a hardy fellow, offered his services to JACK, which were accepted without a single murmur. But to make it, and to ensure success, the night before the battle, LANGAN was introduced by a friend to the late Sir Daniel Donnelly. The advice of the Irish (*whiskey punch*) Champion was asked as to the best mode of *training*. "Is it training you mane?" replied Sir Dan, with a smile upon his comical mug; "by the okey, I never troubled myself much about that *training*, d'ye see, which the fellows in the Long-town make so much *bother* about. But, nevertheless, I will give my opinion as to what I think necessary to be done upon such occa-

sions. First of all, you must take off your shirt, JACK LANGAN, then walk up and down the room briskly, and hit well out with both hands, as if you intended giving your opponent a *snoozing* without asking for his night-cap. Jump backwards and forwards, one hundred times at least, in order to find out if the *wind* is good, for being *out of breath* in fighting, my boy, is not a very comfortable thing for a *distressed* man. Now, JACK," says Sir Dan, it being then about twelve o'clock at night, "you must go home directly, and drink half a gallon of the sourest butter-milk you can get, and then go to bed. At five o'clock, not a minute after five o'clock in the morning, you must get up, and run three or four miles, and at every mile you must *swig*, not *whiskey*, by J—s! but a quart of spring water. Mind now, LANGAN, do as I tell you." JACK thanked Sir Daniel for his friendly advice, and started off to procure the butter-milk; but felt extremely mortified, after knocking up all the dairymen in the neighbourhood, that he was not able to buy more than three pints. At five o'clock in the morning, although LANGAN had scarcely had above an hour or two of rest, he jumped out of bed to finish his *training*. To make up for the deficiency of butter-milk, our hero drank a greater proportion of water. The time appointed for the fight to take place was six o'clock; but JACK, in his eagerness to *train*, was nearly half an hour behind his time. His antagonist was about leaving the ground, when LANGAN mounted the brow of a hill, in sight of the ring, quite out of breath, and dripping with perspiration, roared out as loud as he was able, "Don't

go yet, man!" I will be wid you in a jiffy; and I will also *pay* you with *interest* for waiting for me." The ring was again formed, and LANGAN, as hot as fire, prepared for action as cool as a cucumber.

Slantlea began well: he took the lead, gave LANGAN several clumsy thumps, and had decidedly the best of the Irish Champion for the first four rounds. He sent LANGAN down three times by *nobbing* hits; and the friends of the former laughed heartily at the idea of his *paying off Slantlea* for waiting for him. "You have got your master now, JACK, before you." "Be *asy*," replied LANGAN; "I have *trained* upon the principles of *Dan Donnelly*, and I am confident I shall *bate* my opponent; only look, I am just going to begin!" And letting fly his left hand in full force upon *Slantlea's* head, the latter fell down as if he had been shot. Poor *Slantlea* never recovered from the effects of this stunning blow; but he proved himself a game man for thirteen rounds, when he received a *finisher* upon his "upper works," which proved a *quietus*. It was over in thirty-five minutes.

A porter of the name of *Dalton*, employed at the Irish Custom-house—a *Josh Hudson* in nature, but so fond of *milling* that not a fellow round the Custom-house scarcely dare look at him—challenged LANGAN. "By the powers of Moll Kelly," said *Dalton*, "he shall find he will have something more to do in *bating* me than he had with *Slantlea*." This battle took place in Gloucester-fields. *Dalton* pelted away like a bull-dog for four rounds, but LANGAN soon put an end to his ferocity in the course of three more. At

the expiration of twenty-five minutes *Dalton* was rendered as harmless as a mouse.

Pat Halton, at this period, was called "*Donnelly's* boy;" in fact, he was the avowed pupil of the late Irish Knight of the Sod. *LANGAN* and *Halton* met at *Donnelly's* house, and a match was made between them to fight at Ballinden-Scorney, in the county of Wicklow. On the day appointed for the battle, a great muster of the *Fancy* took place; but the multitude was compelled to separate by the horse-police, and also to cross the water to form a new ring. During the *interregnum*, *Halton* went into a public-house, kept by one Maguire, and took a glass of liquor. When he was called out to meet *LANGAN*, he complained that the liquor he had drunk was bad, and had given him such a pain in the belly, that he was not able to fight. *LANGAN*, of course, claimed the *blunt*, but the stake-holder would not part with it. However, by way of some compensation to our hero, the subscription money, £19, which had been collected from the *swell amateurs* for their places near the ropes, was given to him. This disappointment to the Irish *fancy* produced "lots of grumbling," until a new match was made between them. *LANGAN*, full of gaiety, fond of company, and much caressed by his friends, lived freely till his money was nearly gone, when he was suddenly called upon once more to enter the ring with *Halton*. *JACK* had not above a day to prepare himself, while, it was said, that *Halton* had been *training* upon the sly at Bray. "Devil may care," replied *LANGAN*, when he was told of it; "I am ready, even

without *butter-milk* this time." On the Curragh of Kildare this battle took place. It is but fair to state, that the *mill* between LANGAN and *Halton* has been differently reported; but we are credibly informed, that the following account is a correct outline:—*Coady* and *Norman* were the seconds for *Halton*, and *Grace* and a countryman for LANGAN. It was for £50 a-side. The first five rounds were manfully contested on both sides; but, upon *Halton* being *floored* by a tremendous blow on his head, he became very *shy* afterwards, and did not like to meet his man; he kept retreating, and getting down in the best manner he could. Upwards of sixty minutes had elapsed, and raining all the time; *Halton* went down from a *flooring* hit, and could not come to the *scratch* when time was called. This created a disturbance, the ring was in disorder, and when *Halton* came to, he said he was *not licked*. The backers of LANGAN insisted upon the money being given up; but *Donnelly*, whose word was law at that time, asserted that his boy had not lost the battle, and no individual being found on the ground to contradict or dispute the assertion of that mighty Chief, the parties separated very much dissatisfied at the termination of the above contest.

In a short time afterwards, LANGAN met with *Donnelly* at the Cockpit, and remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct, in being the cause of withholding the stakes from our hero. Some high words passed between them, when LANGAN, it was thought by his friends, with more courage than prudence, thus addressed the Chief of Ireland—"I know,

Dan;—no, I do not know, *Dan*, neither—but I *think* you could *bate* me; yet I will hold you a wager, that you do not *lick* me in half an hour, and I will have a turn-up with you directly in the Cockpit.” *Donnelly* did not appear inclined for a *mill*, and, after considerable *chaffing* about the merits of the battle, *LANGAN* received the money.

Our hero was now an object of envy in the fighting circles in Dublin, and seldom standing still for a job. *Carney*, a boat-builder, a fine strapping fellow, and a *milling* cove into the bargain, challenged *JACK LANGAN* for £50 a-side. It was accepted without the slightest delay; and at a place called *Saggert*, in the county of *Wicklow*, they met to decide which was the best man. *Donnelly* was present. *LANGAN* had for his seconds, *Plunket* and *Malone*. In beating out the ring, *LANGAN* employed himself by using a pick-axe digging out the *scratch*. *Carney*, with great anxiety, asked *Malone*, “what *JACK* was doing?” “Doing, man!” replied *Malone*, “don’t you know? Why *LANGAN* is one of the most industrious fellows alive; he not only manes to *bate* you, but afterwards to bury you: he digs *graves* for all the men that he fights with!” *Carney* turned pale at that recital; his knees trembled, and he seemed frightened almost out of his wits. His second, however, cheered him up a little, by telling *Carney* not to mind such *trash*. *Carney* mustered up courage, and commenced the battle well, and with a terrifying blow made *LANGAN* kiss his mother earth. A louder *-la-loo* from *Carney’s* party was never heard at any fight; and *he* tried to repeat the dose in the second

round, but LANGAN was too leery, and he made a *tie* of it with his opponent, and *Carney* found himself at full length upon the turf. In the third round, LANGAN put in such a *teazer* in the middle of his adversary's nob, that his eyes rolled about with anguish, the claret was flowing in torrents, and he put up his hand to feel if his head had not taken flight from his shoulders, as he lay prostrate on the ground. This blow put an end to the fight; and *Cummins*, a potato-factor, and second to *Carney*, fell foul of *Plunket*, as a signal for a riot—the ring was broken, LANGAN cruelly treated, fighting with a mob, and almost cut to pieces about the head and face. Twenty thousand persons were present. By this stratagem LANGAN did not get a farthing for the battle, which ended in a most terrible uproar.

LANGAN challenged *Cummins* for his foul conduct, although the potato-merchant weighed fifteen stone. The latter, in answer, said he would not disgrace himself by fighting in a public ring. In the course of a month, LANGAN went to Palmer's-Town Fair, to buy a horse for his father, when he accidentally met with *Cummins*, who had several fellows with him. The potato-factor observed to LANGAN, "You had the impudence some time ago to challenge me, (then giving LANGAN a blow); there, take that for your *prate*." "Well," replied JACK, "I did; and only come out, and let us have fair play, and I will give you what you deserve in a few minutes." LANGAN and *Cummins* immediately repaired outside of the fair; and, although LANGAN was alone, in the course of ten rounds he punished *Paddy Cummins* so severely,

that he did not forget he had been well thrashed at Palmer's Town Fair for six months.

Owen M'Gowran, a boxer of considerable note, was now matched against LANGAN, on the 29th of May, 1819, for 100 guineas aside, on the Curragh of Kildare. The battle was fought in "Belcher's Valley." LANGAN was seconded by Halton and Norman, and M'Gowran by Barney. It was a manly battle ; but in 47 minutes LANGAN, amidst the shouts of an admiring multitude, was proclaimed the conqueror.—See *Boxiana*, vol. iii. p. 348.

LANGAN, by his conquest over M'Gowran, was placed at the *top of the tree* in Dublin as a pugilist. He threw down the *glove* to all Ireland, but no boxer thought it would *fit* him if he picked it up. The *glove* therefore remained untouched, and LANGAN was hailed as the CHAMPION of the warm-hearted boys of the *sod*. His friends, however, wished him to have a *shy* in the London Ring ; but while he was undecided as to his future steps, a larger field presented itself for the exertions of our hero.

Colonel Mead was raising a regiment in Dublin, to join the Independents in South America, during which time the Colonel became acquainted with LANGAN, and who roused in his breast so strong a sympathy for the American sons of Liberty, that LANGAN resolved to give his *bunch of fives* a holiday for a short period, and to take up the cause of the Independents with his sword. JACK sailed from Liverpool with the above ill-fated expedition in the Charlotte Gambier brig, in company with the La Force. LANGAN being a gay, lively fellow, was made a serjeant, as an earnest of his pa-

tron's future intentions. During the voyage, the *pri-rations* which the crew endured were extremely severe; but to the real patriotically inclined adventurer they were borne without a murmur. Those individuals who embarked to obtain wealth by their speculation, the thoughts of the *gold* and *silver* mines, these precious metals which their minds had flattered them might be had for carrying away, pursued their voyage without grumbling, in hopes that they would be paid for their troubles at last. Indeed, so strongly did the *accumulation* of riches operate upon some of their feelings, that several of the crew employed themselves in making of cavass bags out of old sail-cloth, to hold the dollars and doubloons.

The first place this expedition touched at was at St. Michael's. Colonel Mead, in a conversation with the British Consul, mentioned LANGAN as a pugilist; when the latter gentleman expressed a wish to witness an exhibition of sparring. LANGAN immediately complied with the request of the British Consul, and on board of the Charlotte Gambier some *sets-to* occurred. The superiority of LANGAN was so great in point of scientific movements over the hardy and brave sailors, that he disposed of five or six after the manner of an auctioneer *knocking down* a lot of sundries. From the *Azores* they sailed to Tobago. In this island LANGAN's brother died, who once belonged to Admiral Nelson's ship, the Victory. The brother of LANGAN was on board when the gallant Admiral died at Aboukir Bay.

The expedition then made for the island of St. Marguerite, which was made the *dépôt*, but more correctly

speaking, the grave of the European troops. Landed at *St. Marguerite*, the anticipation of wealth and glory vanished in an instant, and the crew might well exclaim :—

“ Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy ?”

The true picture presented itself. A wretched, ragged, half-starved population, in want of food to satisfy their own appetites, and with scarcely any thing to drink but stagnant water. It can excite no astonishment that LANGAN, for the first time in his life, wished himself back in *Mud Island*. Owing to the almost state of starvation and badness of the food, and the unwholesomeness of the climate together, the ranks were soon *thinned*, and the men, one after the other, sunk into the grave. LANGAN, with a constitution unbroken by ill-treatment, defied all the horrors by which he was surrounded, and never enjoyed a better state of health. JACK was always foremost in giving assistance to his sick comrades, although deserted by the natives, from the infectious nature of the disorder, and never complained of being unwell for a single day. To describe the sufferings of this wretched, ill-fated band, is impossible ; in which the officers did not experience any *kinder* treatment than the men. It was nothing uncommon to meet with superior officers almost starved to death, with scarcely any covering upon their backs, ragged as beggars, with an old blanket thrown across their emaciated frames, holes made in several parts of it to admit their head and arms, and tied round with a dirty, worn-out sash. To procure sustenance, they were compelled to prowl

about the country at midnight, and to make *free* with any article of food that might happen to fall in their way. To such a state of necessity were these poor fellows exposed.

The old proverb says, that “hunger will force its way through stone walls.” LANGAN, who had been without food for a considerable time, in company with Captain Collins and Major Brian, were compelled to compromise their feelings, and went seven miles up the country one night, to pay their respects to an *inviting* PIG. The residence of this *four-footed* beauty, so extremely *handsome* to a hungry man, had been marked down in the course of the day, and, like anxious *admirers*, the spot was soon recognized in the dark. Our hero, who did not want for *science* in *flooring* an opponent, was quite at a loss to *quiet* a PIG. All the *coaxing* proved fruitless ; and as the above trio were too brave in character to have the title of *butchers* added to their fame, the PIG made so much noise that its owner was instantly alarmed for the safety of his inmate. Several of these four-footed creatures having been missed, night after night, the neighbours entered into an agreement to protect one another ; and a party sallied out, well armed, to *shoot* the seducers. LANGAN, at this juncture, had got hold of the pig’s leg by way of a *parley* ; but his companions catching a glimpse of the farmers, who were approaching in battle array, and being unarmed, they made their escape. *Running away* from the scene of action was so contrary to the feelings of our hero, that he hesitated in his mind for a moment whether he should show *fight* or *bolt* ; but TEN to one being rather

too much odds for JACK, he plunged into the nearest thicket and laid himself down. In this situation he waited with breathless anxiety for their approach, and heard his pursuers thrust their rifle pieces, with a sword affixed to the end of them, into every bush and thicket which they entertained was able to conceal a man. Judge of the feelings of LANGAN, when his pursuers approached the place where he had hid himself: they thrust the rifle with the sword into the thicket several times, without doing our hero the slightest injury; but the last push wounded LANGAN in the leg. His *game* was put to the test. To *cry* out would have cost him his life; *silence*, therefore, proved his only security. The armed band now retired, concluding the *borrowers* of PIGS had made good their retreat. When the coast was clear, LANGAN *hobbled* from his place of concealment, and joined his companions in safety.

It ought previously to have been mentioned, that soon after LANGAN's arrival at St. Marguerite, Colonel Mead mentioned his *prowess* in the *milling* line to Admiral Bryan (a Dutch Creole, from Curaçoa,) but who had a *penchant* for milling. The Admiral's boatswain, *Jack Power*, bore a high character for his *thumping* qualities; and also was anxious to have a trial of skill with our hero. The boatswain waited upon LANGAN with proposals for a match: he was received by the latter with a most hearty welcome, and the match was made without delay. Three days only were allowed for *training*. At the expiration of which, a proper place was selected for the *mill*; and a tolerably good ring made: although not so tight and

compact as the Commissary-General of England, Bill Gibbons, might have produced. At the *coolest* period of the day, the combatants attended by their respective friends appeared ; in addition to which, vast numbers of persons assembled to witness this nouvelle spectacle. The legion of course attended to have a *peep* at the triumph of their countryman. For the first five rounds, the boatswain took the lead : his constitution was excellent, and being well fed at all times, his shipmates backed him to win. JACK was *floored* several times in succession, and *napt* lots of *punishment* into the bargain ; but his *pluck* never deserted him ; his superior science also enabled him to get out of *trouble* ; and his *goodness* upon his legs ultimately decided the battle in his favour. The natives appeared highly pleased with the above manly exhibition ; and it is to be sincerely wished that they also profited by such a display of TRUE COURAGE, over the *stiletto* and knife ; the treacherous weapons generally used amongst the natives—the legitimate use of the *bunch of fives* being unknown to them. The above conquest tended to increase LANGAN's popularity throughout the legion ; and also to establish his character as an OUT-AN-OUTER amongst the Islanders.

At this period, LANGAN's rank was Quarter-Master's Serjeant ; *promotion* had been promised to him on the first opportunity ; but in consequence of the gross mismanagement of the funds, and also the neglect which had occurred in the Hospital Department, induced JACK to quit the service, his *prospects* being at an end as to raising himself in the regiment. LANGAN therefore, left St. Marguerite, and *worked* his passage

to Trinidad, in company with several officers and men, whose military ardour were damped by the want of funds and clothing.

At Trinidad, JACK found employment in a Coaster, the property of a Mr. Jewell, a merchant in the island. Some months were passed by LANGAN in this new mode of life to him, when he came alongside of a Bristol man of the name of Newton, (a brother of the celebrated Pugilist, Abraham Newton,) and who had *milled* several of JACK's shipmates, whose cause LANGAN was determined to espouse. In the mean time, another boxer arrived at Trinidad, with whom JACK was compelled to enter the lists without delay; but LANGAN *polished* off Mr. Newcome in such quick and decisive style, that the backers of Newton became alarmed; and who possessed influence enough to induce the Governor to draw his bets upon the intended match: in all probability by so doing, not only saved the honour of Newton, but also their pockets. Soon after the above circumstance, JACK sailed for Cork, on board of the *Guadaloupe*, of Greenock: after a most favourable voyage, he arrived at Cork in perfect safety. It is impossible to depict the feelings of his bosom, on his once more beholding his beloved country, and the green fields of Erin breaking upon his view: the ideas and anticipated delight of "Sweet Home!" formed altogether a most agreeable contrast with the difficulties and privations he had experienced in less hospitable climes; reminding JACK of the favourite and feeling Irish chant:—

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin!
Erin ma vourneen slam laght go bragh!"

LANGAN'S stay in Cork was very short, and Dublin soon became the object of his attention ; at the latter famed city, he began the world again in the character of a publican : an employment for which, it should seem, that nature had peculiarly adapted LANGAN. He is a lively fellow over his glass, possessing a fund of wit and humour, well calculated to amuse his friends and patrons ; not forgetting at the same time, that JACK is *seconded* by a fair stock of muscle and bone, to keep up good discipline amongst the disorderly or *run* customers. Thus we perceive our hero changing from one tutelary divinity to another, in the short space of a few months—discarding *Mars*, to worship at the shrine of *Bacchus* ! The jolly god was delighted at receiving the *devoirs* of such a votary, and accordingly showered upon him his benign influence : and for two years LANGAN carried on a roaring trade, in King Street, at the sign of the Irish Arms, (which, for the information of our readers,) bears the following motto :—

QUIET WHEN STROKED !

FIERCE WHEN PROVOKED !

The attentions of our hero had hitherto been paid to MARS and BACCHUS ; in fact, so exclusively, that VENUS and CUPID were determined to resent the insult and contempt offered to their power, through the person of Miss *Katty Flynn*. Be it known, that Miss Katty was of true Hibernian genealogy ; her father was a dairyman ; and the fair *daddles* of Kitty, it is said, were often employed in *churning* of butter, and occasionally inflicting chastisement upon an unruly menial.

Most people fall in love, some time or other,
'Tis useless when the flame breaks out, trying it to smother !

So it appeared with poor Kitty. Amongst her numerous *elegant* customers, was the funny, joking, gay, JACK LANGAN ; and the roguish SPARKLERS of the Champion, were too much for her tender feelings. Kitty endeavoured to smother the unruly flame ; but all-powerful love prevailed ; and upon every succeeding visit at JACK's *Crib*, it increased like a snow ball. The rich cream of her dairy was continually offered as a present to our hero to embellish his tea tackle ; and, in addition to which, lots of new laid eggs, lumps of butter, oceans of milk—and frequently ALONE ! Food, according to the late Lord Byron, of the most dangerous excitement to amatory ideas. To speak freely upon the subject, JACK urged in his defence, through the *chaffer* of his counsel, that instead of being the *seducer*, he was the SEDUCED : and it would be a perversion of justice if he was not placed as the *payee*, instead of the *payer*, for his endeavouring to impart comfort and consolation to the love-stricken damsel. But all the “ *gammon* JACK was able to *pitch*,” assisted by his learned counsel, the jury were ungallant enough to award damages against him of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS ! The above circumstance, combined with the treachery of a perfidious friend, induced JACK once more to quit Ould Ireland, and try his luck in “ Merry England.” A few fleeting hours soon enabled our hero to lose sight of the pigeon house, and also the charms of Miss *Katty Flynn* ; and he landed in a whole skin at Liverpool,

where he was not long, before he found himself seated snugly in the '*lush crib*' of *Bob. Gregson*.

Under *Bob's* friendly roof he rested himself for a few days, and enjoyed the entertaining company of the once-powerful rival of Tom Cribb. JACK then started for Manchester, in which place Pat Crawley, of Hibernian notoriety, had the honour of entertaining the aspiring Irish hero, at the Three Tuns Tavern. At Oldham, JACK followed the occupation of a sawyer, and Tom Reynolds, like the celebrated *Peter Pindar*, who discovered OPIE in a saw-pit, also found LANGAN in a similar situation. "Come up, JACK!" says Tom, "and I'll soon make a *top-sawyer* of you." LANGAN instantly obeyed the summons; after comparing notes together, and having a small *whet* in honour of their country, the future prospects of JACK was the theme of their conversation. Tom Reynolds and LANGAN were now inseparable friends, and often set-to together, both in private and in public, for their mutual advantage. Things went on in this way for a few months, when the following match, for 100*l.* offered to bring our hero into notice in England—*Wheeping*, a Manchester man, well-known as a good bit of *stuff*, and a most troublesome customer, entered the lists with the Irish Champion, on Wednesday, April 30, 1823. The celebrity of the pugilists drew together about 5000 persons, the greatest body ever collected at one time for such a purpose in that part of the kingdom. The battle was fought between Buxton and Bakewell, in a field called Lydia's Island, and certainly a better place (so peculiarly formed as

it was by nature) could not be wished for—it was a perfect amphitheatre, and every person was near enough to the ring to have a distinct view of the men, when seated on the ridges of the opposite hills. The ring, which was a roped one of 24 feet square, being formed, *Wheeping* first entered it, and threw up his golgotha, where for several minutes he waited anxiously for *LANGAN*, who now made 'his *entrée*, and hoisted his also in the air. The Manchester man was seconded by two amateurs, and the Irishman by Reynolds and Halton. Ned Turner and Bob Purcell also attended. About two o'clock the men peeled, shook each other by the fives, and the mill commenced.

Round 1. The men came to the scratch with good humour painted on their mugs, and after gathering up and breaking ground for a few seconds, *Wheeping* made play, but was stopped and hit in a style not expected by him. *Wheeping* got in at last, closed, and gave the Hibernian his first welcome to English ground by a kind of cross-buttock.

2. *Wheeping* came up, bleeding from the left eye, not quite so confident of success, but nothing loath, and wishing to pay with interest the favour received; but alas! he was not the first honest man disappointed in his good intentions, for he was met in so tremendous a manner by Pat's right hand on the temple, that he went to the ground as if kicked by a horse, 10 to 1 on Pat.

3. The Patlanders in the last and in this round seemed frantic with joy, hats went up in the air, and all roaring out for the darling boy, as if careless of their throattles. Bob Purcell called out to Reynolds, "Blow my dickey, Tom, if you don't keep the Murphy back, he will kill his man, and you'll get lagged." This had no effect on Tom, for he sent Langan in to *Wheeping*, who was staggering from the effects of the blow in the last round, and did not seem to know whether his head was on or off, but Paddy brought him to his recollection by a blow at the victualling-office, and following it up with another for the box of knowledge, Matt.

went down before he received, and Langan also, in consequence of over-reaching himself.

4. Wheeping came to the scratch with far different spirits to those he started with, he was nervous in the extreme, and a person might easily guess from what few antics he did cut, that if he had known as much before as he did then, he would have left Mr. Irishman for somebody else. Wheeping's ivory-box was visited by Pat's left mauley with such force, that drew streams of the crimson, and by a ditto from the right, on the old sore on the temple, he went down, and the amateurs thought he would not come again. Langan during this round, and in fact, all the others, was laughing, as if at play.

5. It was astonishing how willingly Wheeping came to the scratch, so determined was he to win or die ; but though he made some excellent hits, none of them told, they were so well stopped. Unfortunately for Matt. there was a kind of magnetic attraction between Paddy's left hand and the Lancashire man's frontispiece, which kept the claret continually streaming, and before the round was half over, Matt. seemed as if sprinkled by a mop with blood. This was the busiest and the longest round in the fight, which was ended by their getting entangled at the ropes, and both were down in a struggle for the throw.

6. Wheeping toed his mark, but in such a manner that any odds might be had against him. The only surprise was that he came at all, for he had had enough to satisfy an out-and-outer, without the slightest chance of winning. Langan, in commencing this round nobbed him two or three times, and then let go a good one at the *mark* ; but as the hit was going in, Wheeping struck Langan's wrist downwards, which caused the blow to fall below the waistband, (which by the bye was unusually high.) This the seconds thought to take some advantage of, by saying the blow was below the line prescribed by the laws of fighting ; and a complete stand-still took place, until the umpires declared they saw nothing unfair, and desired the fight might proceed.

7. The time-keepers called time, but Wheeping seemed to hang fire ; but the moment he got on his legs, Reynolds sent Langan in to him, and Matt. went to grass.

8. Matt. to tell truth, did not like the suit ; and, positively, if we tell truth, we must say he had no reason. When

his second lifted him up to take him to the scratch, he declared he had been struck foul in the 6th round, and disregarding the direction of the umpires, declined fighting any more. Time was called, but Matt. slipped under the ropes and left the ring. Victory was then proclaimed for Langan, in a shout that rent the skies by English and Irish.

REMARKS.—This fight excited more interest in Lancashire and the surrounding counties, than any thing of the kind that has happened in the recollection of the oldest man. It was a kind of war between England and Ireland—the English free in backing *Wheeping*—the Irish were almost offended if any doubt was expressed against Paddy. LANGAN stood 5 feet 10 inches; Matt, 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, but about 10lb. the heaviest, and a most powerful man. It was, as long as it lasted, a lively fight, but *Wheeping*, certainly, had no chance of winning. The Irishman was, a wonder for that nation, cool and deliberate. Independent of that, he is quick on his legs, can hit hard, and use both hands; and as a proof of the inequality of the men, Pat had not the slightest visible mark of injury about him when the contest ended. At the time the row ensued, and *Wheeping* had left the ring, a man, called *Rough Robin*, about 15st. entered the ropes, and challenged Pat for any money; LANGAN offered to fight that instant for 5*l.* or anything else; but simple as Robin looked, he had good sense enough to take a second thought, and said he would train himself first. At the conclusion, LANGAN was exultingly carried by the Boys of Shillelah on their shoulders to his carriage, and left the ground. We are sorry to perceive that the system of deciding fights in a wrangle seems to prevail, as the last three fights

have ended in that way, much to the disgrace of the parties concerned, and the mortification of their best friends, the Amateurs. The following certificate of the Umpires, was considered sufficient to satisfy all parties, as to any doubt which they might have at the time respecting the alleged foul blow :—

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify, that Messrs. Swiney and Cope, being appointed Umpires in the Fight between Langan and Wheeping, declare that the fight was fairly won by Langan.

Buxton,
April 30th, 1823.

W. SWINEY.
ENOS COPE.

LANGAN, after his conquest over *Wheeping*, left Lancashire for the Emerald Isle, in order to exonerate his bail : honesty being at all times his polar star. He had scarcely landed in Dublin, when he was compelled to spend his time in the Marshalsea ; in consequence of not being able to raise the sum of money necessary to repair Miss *Katty's* damages. LANGAN ultimately, got out of his love adventure, by the adverse party not opposing his discharge at the Insolvent's Court ; nevertheless, this bit of a love affair made great havoc in his cash account. Shortly after our hero's liberation from durance vile, he received a letter from Tom Reynolds, informing JACK that *Rough Robin* could be backed against him in Manchester. He lost no time to obey the summons ; but to his great regret, he soon found out it was " no go " upon his arrival in the above town—the *Rough One* did not appear at the *scratch*. LANGAN issued a challenge to all the Lancashire boys, but without the desired effect ; and the Irish Champion could not pick up a

customer. A sporting friend recommended LANGAN to visit *Ned Painter*, at Norwich, and under his auspices to enter the P.R. JACK would readily have availed himself of this advice, but Tom Reynolds, under whose guidance he was at that time, wished LANGAN to have a *shy* with Josh Hudson, at Doncaster Races, for a subscription purse—the John Bull Fighter having announced himself ready to meet any boxer at the above sporting town. But as many things happen between the “Cup and the Lip,” the manager of the Manchester Theatre had engaged Spring and Cribb for a sparring exhibition. The placards announced Spring as the Champion of England; and also stated at the same time, that the latter celebrated pugilist was ready to fight any man in the world. LANGAN, who had attained that age when ambition flows with peculiar ardour in the breast of every aspirant after fame, he humbly conceived that the validity of Spring’s title to the championship, at least demanded a trial. JACK, therefore, without the least hesitation, challenged Tom Spring for 100*l*. This, in the first instance, was refused by the latter boxer with contempt; but after several negotiations upon the subject, a match was made for six hundred sovereigns, and the battle took place at Worcester, on Wednesday, January 7, 1824.—See p. 287 of this vol.

LANGAN, nothing dismayed, accompanied by Tom Reynolds, appeared in London a few days after his feat at Worcester, and exhibited the Art of Self-defence at the Surrey Theatre. He was loudly applauded by the Sporting World.

JACK, thinking he was not fairly treated in his fight

at Worcester, entered into a second match for 1000 sovereigns.—See the Articles, p. 327, of this vol.

Owing to some little difference of opinion which took place between LANGAN and Reynolds, the latter boxer, in justification of his conduct, published the following letter:—

TO THE SPORTING WORLD.

GENTLEMEN.—After beating Messrs. Cribb and Spring, with their Secretaries, out of the Ring, I flattered myself all correspondence about the Worcester concern was at an end. Guess, then, my surprise, on reading a newspaper of last Sunday, to find the Editor had devoted a large portion of his “valuable columns” to that subject; but in my opinion, four months’ consideration should have produced something better.

He commences operations by giving his brother Journalists a wipe on their ignorance of the affairs of the Ring, and invites them, in a manner, to look up to him as the only *Fly Cove* of the lot, and tells them no man is fit to write on sporting subjects, but one that can see the wheels within wheels; and to illustrate his metaphor, very sapiently tells us, that a man placed on an elevated situation above the surface of the earth can see all round; but this is badly applied; for if he was on the top of St. Paul’s he can see no further into the left side of a man than I can if walking *check by jowl* with him. I have heard of a foreigner, that lately invented a telescope, through which, with the assistance of a good pair of *ogles*, he could see houses, roads, weekly improvements, and men, in the moon. This may go down with the *flats*, but this Editor beats the moon-gazer a guinea to a shilling, for he tells us he can see our thoughts and intentions, and what is or is not to take place a month hence.

To be serious, I must confess I felt hurt that any man to say nothing of an accomplished scholar, which an Editor of a Paper should be, take so wrong a view of my actions and draw such illiberal, mercenary, and unjust conclusions that I feel myself called upon to refute the assertions, by giving a short narrative of my acquaintance with Langan “Facts are stubborn things,” and I think they will prove self-interest was not the god I worshipped. Nearly two

years ago, I went with Pat Halton to see Langan, he then kept a public-house in King-street, Dublin, which was the first and last time I was in his company, till I met him in England. Previous to our meeting in Lancashire, a friend informed me Langan had arrived in Manchester, and was striving in vain to get work as a sawyer. He was an Irishman in distress; that was sufficient claim to enlist me in his cause, independent of my having seen him in happier circumstances, and I immediately sent for him to the Ship, in Shude-hill. After spending an evening in his company, I invited him to breakfast. He accepted the invitation, and in the course of conversation the next morning, I asked him his situation and his prospects, and if I could in any way assist him. He then told me in consequence of a law suit he had become embarrassed, left Dublin with a trifle, and lost it on board the packet, had strove to get work, but could not obtain it, and finally, that he was pennyless, in a strange country, without a friend. His situation interested me in his favour, and I instantly told him to make my table his own, and for pocket-money he should have 12s. per week for a month, or until he could get work. Two or three days after this conversation took place, I asked him if he would like to fight for a living. He answered his tactics were bad, but if he could get one as awkward as himself, he had no objection, and would fight willingly for five or ten pounds. I then introduced him to some Gentlemen Patrons of my own, and begged they would extend their patronage to him; they granted my request on condition that I should teach him to fight a little better—the match with Matt. Wheeping was the consequence; after Matt. we could get no other customer in Lancashire, till Spring arrived in Manchester. Langan at this time had challenged in the Papers, Oliver, Sampson, Acton, and Bob Burn, but got no answer; the only two therefore he could fight was Spring and Josh. Hudson; the latter with as good science as the former, possesses a method of going in and hitting hard, which I thought might confuse Langan's new tactics, and an unlucky blow might have sent him out of time. Spring, on the contrary, I knew could never hit him out of time, and that confusion which always attends a Pugilist on his first entry to the London Ring, I calculated would wear off in two or three rounds without danger, and with Langan's ameness, strength, and activity, I flattered myself the battle was our own to a certainty; but he did not fight one

quarter so well as I expected, or as he will next time : but even as it was, if the umpires had been honourable, and the Ring cleared of Spring's friends, with which it was full, it would have been over in less than two hours and three quarters. On this subject I have said enough, without taking up so much more of your time. I have only to say on this subject, if a Turk had been in Langan's place at Worcester, without fee or prospect of reward, I would have exposed the robbery. He next states his confidence that I had my *regulars* of the 250l. collected at Worcester. I can positively state, without fear of contradiction, that I never received a *single shilling* from Langan or any other person for my loss of time in training, or any other trouble I had on his account, except 10l. Lord Deerhurst gave me after the fight.

He says, I was not nice in blaming individuals. What I charged them with I proved ; they have not contradicted me by disproving a single article—of course silence gives consent.

He next alludes to my having a bumper at the Fives' Court on St. Patrick's Day ; let me ask him, did I ever have a bad one before I knew Langan ? He next states with confidence, it never was intended the 200l. should be put down last Saturday night, and Langan saying he would put it down himself only bounce ; but he now finds out that he is wrong, as I know him to be wrong in most of what he has stated. I wish I could stop here ; but I have promised a faithful narrative, and will redeem my pledge. Langan, with three or four hundred pounds in his pocket, became a different man to what he was when he had not three-pence. Gold was now his god ; and he grudged the half share that was my due of our country sparring, and twisted a thousand different plans to get rid of me, and hire a man for a trifle a week to spar with him, and by so doing, have all the money to himself. He has told a friend of mine since, the reason he did not take me to Dublin was, he did not expect the money would be made good by his friends, and what he got in Dublin he would put down ; but this is mere excuse, for I told him I was willing to put down all my share of any benefits in Dublin, or any other place, for the battle, and if he won I would only take back what I put down. With respect to backing out, it is false ; there is no back out in Tom ; and I firmly believe, if he goes into the ring half as well as he did last time, he cannot lose. But his selfish con-

duct has been the grave of that friendship I once felt for him; for if his conduct had been as honourable to me as mine has been to him, death staring me in the face could not have made me flinch from his side.

*Running Horses, Salford,
May 4, 1824.*

I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble servant,
THOS. REYNOLDS.

Spring's benefit at the Fives' Court, on Tuesday, June 1, 1824, not only produced a *bumper*, but the body of the court was crowded to *suffocation*; the GALLERY, overloaded even to danger, and Powell full of uneasiness. The little room, the SWELLS' *re-treat*, once secure from the vulgar eye and intrusion of Commoners, was now as full as a *tick*, of all sorts: and EARLS, RIGHT HONOURABLES, *Honourables*, M.P.'s, all squeezed, as it were, together; but no complaint, and quite satisfied with obtaining only now and then, by a *push*, a glimpse of the stage. In fact, numbers of persons could not be admitted, and the doors were closed to prevent accidents from the great pressure of the multitude. Spring addressed the populace in the street from one of the windows in the Fives' Court, to the above effect.

MAKING THE STAKES GOOD.—In the evening, a dinner was held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, at which fifty-two gentlemen were present. The chair was taken by Mr. Rayner, well-known for his excellent performances of *Tyke, Giles, Fixture, &c.* and the deputy-chair ably filled by the President of the *Daffy Club*. When time was called, *Spring*, supported by his backer, and *Cribb*, who had entered the room a short time previous, appeared at the scratch, and posted the *blunt*. On the part of Langan, the money

was also ready, and loud approbation was expressed by the whole of the company, when it was announced that ONE THOUSAND POUNDS were deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. LANGAN was present for a short time. The dinner was excellent, and served up in great style ; and the wines were also pronounced to be of the first quality. The evening passed off very pleasantly. FOUR-SCORE to TWENTY, and TWENTY to FIVE, were betted in favour of Spring.

The second great match between LANGAN and *Spring*, was decided on Tuesday, June 8, 1824, contiguous to *Man Wood*, close to *Birdham Bridge*, within three miles of *Chichester*, and 66 miles from the Metropolis. This match was for one thousand sovereigns. In spite of all the bets to the contrary, in opposition to all the *car-wigging* and information on the subject, and in defiance of the numerous obstacles which presented themselves against this *mill*, the fight between Spring and Langan has taken place ; public curiosity has been gratified ; no accident has happened ; and the *Lads of the Fancy* once more *safe at home*.

Warwick, in the first instance, was the place decided upon where LANGAN should *peel* and SPRING *strip*, to show their skill ; and also to give the worthy inhabitants of that ancient place a *Benefit*. To be candid, then, we wished it had been so ; we longed once more to have wandered over the most beautiful castle in the kingdom : we fully anticipated this treat for ourselves. The romantic situation of Warwick Castle is delightful ; nay, more, it is grand, imposing, and sublime. The extent of its noble hall, the armoury,

numerous fine paintings by the old masters, its lofty tower, &c.—and to be denied this pleasure when almost in one's reach, is a positive loss. Not to get only a peep at that venerable ruin, KENILWORTH CASTLE, too, rich in antiquity, and attractive from its once splendid scenes in history, fills us with regret. Also, to be *cut* completely out of a stroll through one of the cleanest and prettiest summer retreats in the kingdom, LEAMINGTON; to *lose*, likewise, a *dip* in the baths; to forego a *taste* of its renovating springs; and not to be entertained with the *chit-chat* of the *Great Creatures incog.* at ELLISTON'S Library, makes us almost *mad*. But above all, it grieves us, when it steals across our recollection, to have been debarred in paying our respects at the tomb of the immortal SHAKSPEARE. A good sportsman, it is said, marks down his game well; and if the above fight had been at Warwick, we should have killed four birds with one stone. But *Chichester* was the *office* all of a sudden; and we have no doubt but some hundreds have been *thrown out* by the change. It was too near the *settling-day* at TATTERSALL'S; in consequence of which numerous Sporting Gentlemen could not be present at the fight.

CHICHESTER, however, was overflowing with company as soon as it was known to be the right scent, but no more to be compared with Worcester than "Ossa to a wart." Amongst the *gay company*, which arrived at the Swan Hotel in the course of Monday, was the celebrated *Corinthian Tom* (Mr. WRENCH,) his friend *Bob Logic* having arrived a few hours before him. In excellent spirits and health, Spring, with

his backer, Mr. Sant, also reached the above hotel about eight o'clock in the evening, and were received with three loud cheers. Colonel O'Neil, LANGAN, Belcher, &c. arrived nearly at the same time at the Dolphin Hotel, and were equally well received by the populace. *Dabs* were now in high request, and the *downy* ones were not to be had by the commoners. *Snoozing* was out of the question; to obtain a few *winks* was a treat: the arrival of carriages, the noise of the tinklers, and the calls for the *dab covess* throughout the *darkey*, if it did not put the FLATS fly, it made them *awake*; yet still they had a good price to pay for it.

Early on Tuesday morning the bustle of the scene increased; and the whole town was as lively and gay as Bond Street. The stages from London, Portsmouth, Brighton, &c. brought lots of customers; and the *swells* came galloping in as fast as four tits could get them over the ground. Single horse chaises, carts, waggons, and vehicles of every description. It was a new feature to the peaceful inhabitants of Chichester altogether; they were all *abroad* with surprise; and the *mugs* of the *yokels* exhibited *gape-seed* enough to have filled a corn-chandler's shop. The morning passed off quickly, till it was time to start for the field of battle.

The stage was built securely, according to the articles, and said to be well adapted for the purpose: an outer roped ring was formed at some distance, behind which the spectators on foot were placed; and the whole was surrounded by numerous waggons, forming an amphitheatre. Two small stands were erected for

the accommodation of the tip-top person of society, and every individual witnessed the fight with as much ease as sitting in their own dwellings.

A few minutes before one o'clock, *Spring*, arm in arm with his backer and a baronet, made his way through the crowd towards the stage, and was received with loud huzzas: Cribb and Painter close behind him. Spring threw up his hat, which alighted upon the stage; he then ascended the ladder, and jumped over the rails.

While Spring was taking off his boots, *Cribb* and *Ned Painter* put on knee-caps, made of shamoy leather, and stuffed with wool, on account of the following circumstance. It having been circulated in Ireland, that Painter used his knee against *LANGAN*, when he was on the ground in the fight at Worcester. A Serjeant-Major in a marching regiment quartered at Norwich, and occasionally visiting the house of Painter, observed, "By J——s, *Mr. Painter*, I'll take care you do not hurt *LANGAN* this time with your knees: I will have a couple of knee-caps made for you both, and if you mean to give Jack fair play, I insist that you wear them during the battle." The Serjeant had them made according to his own order; and as Ned Painter and *Tom Cribb* are lovers of fair play, and no imputation should be levelled against their characters, both of these pugilists, with the utmost good humour, placed the caps, tied with a narrow blue ribbon, round their knees.

Langan immediately followed, under the patronage of Colonel O'Neil: *LANGAN* was also cheered. *Belcher*, *Harmer*, and O'Neil his bottle-holder, were in

attendance. The Irish Champion ascended the stage, and in a very modest manner dropped his hat upon the stage. He was perfectly prepared for action ; but the Champion not being ready, he walked up and down the boards with the utmost composure.

A black silk handkerchief was placed loosely round LANGAN'S neck, which we understand was tied by the delicate hands of the lady of a gallant Irish Colonel O'B——, before he left the inn, at which the lady stopped in her journey to the Isle of Wight. Mrs. O'B—— offered him a green handkerchief, as a token of his country ; but LANGAN politely refused, saying, " I am not of importance enough to make it a national affair : I do not wish it, indeed, Madam, it is merely to decide which is the best man ; therefore, if you please, I prefer a black one, having fought under that colour. Mrs. O'B——, on tying it round his neck, romantically exclaimed, " You are Irish : colour is immaterial to a brave man : glory is your only object. Go, then, and conquer !" LANGAN returned thanks very politely for the attention paid to him, and the good wishes of the lady. Every thing being ready, the colours, dark blue with a bird's eye, for Spring, and black for LANGAN, were tied to the stage, and Mr. Jackson arranged the spectators round the ring in an orderly and comfortable manner, the battle commenced. Betting 2 to 1, and 5 to 2.

Round 1. Spring, to our *peepers*, never looked so big, nor so well, in any of his previous contests, as he did at the present period ; and an experienced sporting gentleman well known in the P. R., as a backer, offered to bet that he was nearly a stone and half heavier than his opponent. He also appeared perfectly at his ease : coolness sat upon his brow,

and his deportment altogether was a fine personification of confidence ; indeed, to use the expressions of a *Corinthian Sprig* of Fashion, related to one of the Mansions of the Arabian Nights' *quality* for riches and grandeur, " There is something about the person of the Champion, if not *truly* NOBLE, yet manly and elegant." Langan, also, looked well ; his face exhibited a tinge of the sun, and his frame robust and hardy. His loins appeared smaller than in his former contest. His countenance was equally as pleasant and placid as his opponent's ; his *ogles* sparkled with fire and animation, and in his mind he seemed to say—

Thy gallant bearing, Tom, I could applaud ;
But the name of Champion I must wear,
Or perish in the attempt.

Previous to setting-to, Langan went up to Spring, opening his drawers, and observed, " See, Tom, I have no *belt* about me ;" the Champion immediately followed his example, and said (also opening his drawers) " Nor I neither, Jack !" This circumstance produced great applause from all parts of the ring. " Well done, Langan ; bravo, Spring !" Spring now shook his brave opponent by the hand. Cribb laid hold of Tom Belcher's *mauley* ; and Ned Painter shook O'Neal's the new Long One, *untried* Patlander) *bunch of fives* with manliness and friendship. The men placed themselves in attitudes. The glorious moment had now arrived ; and the seconds, in strict compliance with the articles, retired to the four corners of the stage. Quite different from the battle at Worcester, Langan stood up within the reach of his adversary, and it was pleasing to witness the activity displayed by the combatants, both prepared, moving over the stage to obtain the first hit. A stand still, steadfastly looking at the eyes of each other ; at length Langan made an offer, which Spring stopped well. The Champion made a hit, which told slightly on Langan's nob ; the latter fought his way into a close, in which Spring endeavoured to illustrate " a bit of good truth," by *fibbing* his antagonist. Here the struggle began for the throw—it was desperate ; the art of wrestling was not resorted to by either of the boxers ; and main strength was the trial. Langan separated from the arms of Spring, and a stand still was the result. Langan observed, " First blood, Tom ;" which slightly appeared at the corner of Spring's mouth. The Irish Champion made good stop, but he was *blowing* a little. Spring planted another facer, when Langan fought his way into a close : a

desperate struggle ensued: telling the *truth* and *fibbing* was again the scene of controversy, when Langan went down on his knees. Spring patted the Irish Champion on the back with the utmost good humour, as much as to say, "You are a brave fellow." (*Handfuls* of applause. A thundering report of approbation, and "Well done, Spring!") Four minutes and a few seconds. The Referee, on being asked who drew the first blood, replied, "He did not see any on Spring; but he saw a little on the left cheek of Langan, just under his eye."

2. The spectators were completely satisfied that Langan must have possessed more than ordinary confidence on looking at the disparity of the men, when in attitudes, opposed to each other. Spring stood over the Irish Champion with the utmost ease. Langan made play; but Spring, with the nimbleness of a harlequin, showed the utility of a quick step. The Irish Champion made a rush, when they were again entangled for a short time, pulling each other all to pieces, until Langan broke away. A stand still: breath wanting: and consideration necessary. Langan gave Spring a severe facer with his right hand, and he tried to repeat the dose; another harlequin movement prevented it, Spring smiling. A little bit of in-fighting: a desperate struggle for the throw: downright strength, when Spring went down, Langan falling heavily upon him. *Bravo! Langan! you are a brath of a boy.*

3. The attitudes of the combatants were highly interesting, and both extremely cautious. Spring got away from a *rum one* that was intended for his nob. The science displayed on both sides was so excellent in *stopping* the efforts of each other, that in the ecstasy of the moment the great Commander-in-Chief loudly exclaimed "beautiful!" Another skilful stop was made by Spring; and one also by Langan. "Well done: good on both sides," observed Mr. Jackson. Langan planted a hit. A pause. "Fight, Langan," from Belcher; "you have all the best of it." Spring drove Langan to the corner, but the hero of the black *fogle* got out of his danger in style. He made also an excellent stop while on the retreat. Langan made himself up to do mischief; and Spring received loud applause in stopping a tremendous hit. The Champion also bobbed his *nob* aside in the Dutch Sam style from a *sickener* that might have proved; a *floorer* to a certainty it must have been, had the

blow arrived at its intended destination. The Champion also made another good *bob*, (applause,) worth to him perhaps 500l. Spring now took the lead famously. He planted a *conker* without any return; repeated the dose, and also administered a *third pill* without charging a halfpenny for his exertions. "How cheap!" said a *Sheeny*. "O, my nose," observed a flash cove." "It's *bothered* his snuff-shop," cried a smoke-a-pike blade. Langan again got out of the corner like a trump. A short stand still. Heavy counter hits. "Very nasty, Mr. *Broad-day*, for both of their *tell-tales*, I should think," was the remark from a *sly chap* belonging to the Partiality Club, and a disciple of the Sage of the East. A pause. Spring made another facer. A stand still. The Champion stopped well, and also drove Langan into the corner; but the Hero of the *Black Wipe* would not be detained; he fought his way out manly; and, in closing, the struggle was terrible, but Spring obtained the throw. (*Loud applause.*) This round occupied nearly seven minutes. The left hand of Spring was *going*, if not GONE.

4. The "good bit of stuff from ould Ireland" endeavoured to take the lead, and had the best of this round: for why? Because he fought first. He planted one or two hits, and not light ones neither, and would have kept it up to the end of the chapter; but Spring said "it would'nt do," and stopped him. In fact, this was a well contested round on both sides; but Langan, after a terrible *try* for it, got Spring down.—(*Applause.*)

5. The left ear of Langan exhibited strong symptoms of *pepper*; he was also *piping* very much; and his want of *condition* was visible to every judge of *milling*. The superior science of Spring enabled him to get away from a number of heavy blows. Langan followed his opponent, *trying* to do something. Two counter-hits, which reminded both of the men they were *milling*; the *claret* ran from Spring's nose. Spring planted a facer: and after a most determined struggle on both sides, as Langan was going down, the Champion very cleverly hit him a hard blow on the nose. "*That's the way, Spring, you'll soon win it.*"

6. A stand-still for a short time; Spring always taking his time to do his *work*. Counter-hits that were nothing to any body, and a little too much for the combatants. Such *CARLET remembrancers* in the courts of law would have

put an end to a *long yarn* much sooner than a nod from the *Big Wig*, with all his power. Langan began to *snift*: indeed, Spring had given him a little *claret*: but the Hero of the *Black Fogle* was equally as generous whenever he had an opportunity of *serving* the Champion in his turn. Both down, but Spring uppermost.

7. This was a prime milling round. Langan stopped well. Counter-hits, and good ones. The stopping on both sides was truly excellent, and obtained loud applause. "Be ready, my boy," said Belcher, "fight first; he can't hurt you!"—"Walker," replied Tom Cribb, "*gammon* him to that if you can." Langan followed the advice of his able second, and put a tremendous hit under Spring's left ogle. The Irish Champion tried to repeat it, but it was "no go." A pause. Spring planted a *facier*. Langan got away from another intended for him. The left hand of Spring told well on his opponent's body: he also planted three *facers* without any return. Counter-hits, of no consequence to any persons but the owners; and far from being welcome to either Spring or Langan. The Hero of the *Black Fogle* with his left hand touched Spring's body. A stand still. "Keep up your head, Langan." Spring followed his opponent, administering *pepper*, and Langan's face *clareted*. Langan endeavoured to put in a heavy blow, but the harlequin step of Spring would not have it. Langan *napt* two or three hits in succession; in fact, he was quite *groggy*; but nevertheless he fought like a man, and was *mischievous*, and gave Spring a *nobber*. In closing, Spring could not throw him, when they separated. In closing again, after another struggle, Langan received a *topper* as he was staggering and going down.—(*Great applause.*) "It won't last long—5 to 2, and 3 to 1, Spring will win it in a few rounds;" the backers of the Champion were smiling, and said "It is all right."

8. Belcher got his man up very heavily; but on his being placed at the scratch, he showed fight and got away from a hit. However Spring had decidedly the best of the round and Langan was thrown. Twenty-six minutes.

9. This was also a short round, but against the Irish Champion. Spring planted two or three *nobbers*; and he also got his opponent down.

10. It was evident to every one that Langan up to this time had had the worst of it; and the general opinion was,

that he must lose the battle. Spring planted two successful blows, without any return. Langan was getting better, and he made an exchange of blows with some effect. Belcher again cried out, "Fight, Jack." In struggling for the throw, Mr. O'Neil sung out, "Give him a back fall, Jack, but don't *hurt* him." And sure enough Mr. Spring received a back fall.

11. Langan was now fast recovering his second wind, and he went to work. An exchange of blows. A pause. Langan planted a slight body hit with his left hand. Counter-hits. Langan down, and Spring fell upon him.

12. In the struggle for the throw, Spring was undermost. "Bravo, Langan!" The head of the Champion had an ugly knock against the lower rail of the stage.

13. Spring is one of the most difficult boxers on the list to be got at; however, Langan put in a body blow. In closing, both down, Spring uppermost.

14. Spring was getting weak, and Langan was improving: so said the most experienced judge of boxing belonging to the P. C. Indeed it is accounted for without any difficulty whatever; as a superior fighter, Spring ought not to have wrestled so much with his opponent. The strongest man in the world must have felt weakness had he been engaged in such violent pulling, hauling, grappling, catching hold of each others hands; like the two combatants. This round was little more than a struggle for the throw, Langan undermost.

15. It was now known to all the Ring that the left hand of Spring was *gone*; indeed it was swelled and puffed up like a blister. Langan planted a left-handed blow, but Spring stopped his right. In closing, the struggle was great, and as Langan was going down, Spring hit his *nob*. (*Foul, foul!—Fair, fair!*) It was not intentional on the part of Spring, he was in the act of hitting, and therefore it could not be decided as *wrong*.

16. Considering fairly on the subject, under all the disparagement of the circumstances, Langan was a very troublesome customer. The remarks made by some persons were, that he did not fight well, although they were compelled to allow that he was an extraordinary *game* man. But the fact speaks for itself. Langan was the shorter and the lighter man; and he ought to be entitled to praise for hitting so.

leary a boxer as Spring at all. The *counter-hits* in this round were again well placed ; but it was regretted by several sporting men to see such numerous and desperate struggles between them. Yet, to their credit be it spoken, neither of the men wished to go down unhandsomely ; and that accounts for such *wrestling*. After almost pulling each other's joints out of their sockets, both went down together. Langan patted the back of Spring with the utmost good humour, both smiling.

17. The fine science of Spring was again exhibited in skilfully stopping his opponent ; but in closing, he received a dangerous cross-buttock, which shook him terribly, and his legs rebounded from the ground. A cheering ray of applause for Langan.

18. It was not very flattering to the backers of Spring to have witnessed the manner with which Langan had got round. The Irish Champion went resolutely in, and planted two hits. In closing, Spring tried the *fibbing* system, when Langan broke away. Both of the combatants, in turn, retreated from the blows of each other. Both down.

19. The Champion showed weakness : it would indeed have been a singular circumstance if he had not ; and he bobbed his head aside, from a tremendous right handed blow of Langan's, which might have settled the account in favour of the hero of the *Black Fogle*. Spring, however, in this round, threw Langan with ease.

20. Spring stopped several blows ; and the Irish Champion was thrown violently on his head ; and Spring also fell very heavy upon him. Forty-five minutes had occurred. " That fall is a settler. He can't fight above another round or two."

21. Spring nobbed his opponent : a severe struggle took place at the corner of the stage, and some fears were expressed that the men might fall through the rails upon the ground. Langan received another heavy fall.

22. Langan, according to the advice of Belcher, fought first, but his efforts were stopped : and he again went down, Spring uppermost. During the time the Champion was sitting on the knee of his second, he nodded, and gave a smile to his friends, intimating " it was all right."

23. This was a short round, and Spring fibbed Langan down, very severely to all appearance ; yet, strange to say,

on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, when asked to have some brandy and water by Belcher, and who told Harmer, who was below the stage, to hand it up, "*Stop a bit, Harry, only keep it cool.*" The President of the Daffy Club, who was standing close by at the time, observed, "What a strange fellow!"

24. After three heavy falls in succession, and a heavy fibbing in the next round, yet Langan came up with as much *pluck* to the scratch as if nothing had happened to him. Langan put in a body blow, but he was thrown.

25. Spring, although he had got the lead by his superior science and length, yet, nevertheless, he was determined not to give a *chance* away, and was as cautious as when he first commenced the battle. He retreated from Langan's blows, but planted some blows with success; and ultimately Langan was down.

26. Langan made play, but Spring was too leary. Both down; Spring uppermost.

27. The Champion was evidently distressed, and his right hand was also getting bad. Some exchanges took place; but in a trifling struggle at the corner of the stage, it appeared to Spring's umpire that Langan went down without a blow; when he observed to Belcher, "Tell your man not to go down without a blow; I shall notice it." "I assure you, Gentlemen," replied Tom, "some blows had passed in the round, and it could not be termed going down without a blow, according to the rules of fighting." Blows, most certainly, had passed between the combatants.

28. Langan walked up to the umpire, and said, "Sir, I did not go down." Time had been called, when Cribb sung out, "Why don't you come to the scratch; what manœuvres are you about, Mr. Belcher?" "I want nothing but fair play," replied Tom; "lick us fairly, and I shall be satisfied." Langan again made play, but ultimately he was thrown.

29. Spring planted a heavy facer. "That's a little one for us, I believe," said Cribb; "our hands are gone, are they?" *laughing*. Langan suffered a dreadful fall.

30. It is quite certain Langan could not get the lead in his favour, but still he was not to be viewed with indifference;

he was still dangerous, as a throw might have won the battle for him. Both down; Spring undermost.

31. This round, more particularly at this stage of the fight, exalted the character of Langan as one of the *gamest* men alive. Langan planted a body blow, but he napt three *facers* in succession. A pause. Langan received a heavy body blow. He was now terribly exhausted, and fell down on his *latter* end.

32. This round, it was thought, would have proved the *quietus* of Langan. He was thrown heavily upon his head, which touched the lower rail. "*That's a finisher! He'll not come again,*" were the remarks of the spectators.

33. Spring's conduct towards Langan was generous and manly; and deservedly applauded by the spectators. Langan rushed in, and made a blow at his opponent, which Spring parried; and then laying hold of Langan let him down without any *punishment*.

34. The *determination* of Langan not only astonished all the amateurs, but *alarmed* a little the backers of Spring. Without an accident it was *booked* almost to a certainty that Spring must win: but still an *accident* might happen; nay, it was impossible to assert that an *accident* might not occur. Langan could not persuade himself that any thing alive could *master* him: his backers were aware of his opinion, and therefore they would not oppose his resolution. The Irish Champion had again the worst of it, and went down very much *distressed*. One hour and seven minutes had transpired; therefore all the bets that Spring proved the conqueror in an hour, were lost.

35. This was a milling round. Langan would not go away although hit to pieces. His face was covered with *claret*, and he went down as if he would not have been able to come again. Four to one.

36. This was ditto, with repeated, if not increased *punishment*; yet Langan returned, and Spring, with a caution that all his backers must give him credit for, got away whenever any thing like a heavy blow was levelled at him. Langan fell down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away! Where are his backers?" "Very good, indeed," replied Belcher; "you are not hurt yet, Jack; and his hands are too far gone to hurt you now!" "I will not give in," said Langan, "I shall win it."

37. Langan fought in this round much better than any of the spectators could anticipate. He planted a couple of hits: it is true they were not effective, but it shewed the fight was not out of him. The Irish Champion, it should have been recollected, fought under the Black Flag, "Death or Victory." NO, he would not say, Langan could not have got such a sentence out of his mouth. Langan went down in a way that every brave heart felt pity for him.

38. Belcher brought his man up to the scratch, nay, almost carried him, when, singular to relate, game-cock like, all his energies appeared as if they returned to him; and he commenced *milling* like a hero. Spring, in succession, planted four blows without any return, till he went down.

39. Langan was again down on the stage.

40. The Hero of the *Black Fogle* showed fight till he went down quite exhausted.

41. A short round; but it was surprising to witness the strength exhibited by Langan to obtain the throw. Both down, when Spring patted him on the back.

42. Langan was undermost in this round, but Spring really had his work to do to place his opponent in that situation.

43. Langan again undermost, and Spring fell heavily upon him. "Talk of giving in, Jack! why you have not got a scratch yet."

44. Spring planted a *facier*, but he met with a return. In struggling for the throw, Langan took hold of the drawers of Spring, when Cribb and Painter called out, "Let go his drawers." Langan immediately relinquished his hold. The Irish Champion was thrown.

45. Langan hit Spring on the side of his head, and fought well in an exchange of blows. Spring, however, obtained the throw.

46. It was astonishing, after getting the worst of it in the previous rounds, to witness the resolute manner with which Langan contended in this round. He was still dangerous in an exchange of blows; and in struggling both fell upon the stage, Langan undermost.

47. Langan, on being placed at the scratch, was ready for the attack. In a short time, after struggling both went down. The John Bull Fighter roared out—"I am sorry

for you, Tom Belcher ; you will certainly be *lagged* if you do not take your man away." "Well done, Josh," replied Belcher, "that comes well from you ; we shall win it ; Spring can't hurt a mouse now." He then gave Langan some brandy and water.

48. Spring exhibited weakness, but he threw Langan heavily.

49. Astonishing ! Langan still made a fight of it. In an exchange of blows, however exhausted the brave boy from Paddy's Land appeared to be, Spring used the Harlequin's step to prevent all *accidents*. In struggling for the throw, both down.

50. At the scratch Langan again showed himself ready. "My dear boy," said Belcher, "it is all your own if you will but fight first." Langan put in a body blow, and he also countered with his opponent ; but the Irish Champion had the worst of it, and went down.

51. Seeing is believing ; but to the reader who has perused the whole of the above rounds, it must almost appear like a romance to state that Langan held Spring for a short time against the rails to get the throw, till they both went down, and Spring, with all his weight, fell upon him.

52. Spring stopped a blow ; and it is also true that Spring got away from another ; but ultimately Langan was hit down.

53. Langan went to work and hit Spring on his nose ; but the Champion returned the favour, with interest, by *nobbing* his brave adversary down. "Is there any thing the matter with that hand, I should like to know ? (laughing.) Lord ! how Spring did hit him in the middle of the head !" Cribb observed.

54. "'Pon my soul, it's no lie ! I'll bet a thousand of it." Langan threw Spring cleverly. Great applause followed this circumstance. "He's an extraordinary fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "he is really a very good man."

55. Spring again had all the best of this round ; but Langan kept fighting till he went down.

56. This round it was thought had settled the business. Langan exchanged several blows ; but in closing Spring hit up terrifically on the face of his opponent, till he went down like a log of wood.

57. Langan commenced *milling*, and planted a blow on the side of Spring's head; "do that again," said Belcher. Langan endeavoured to follow the directions of his Master, but the Champion got away. Spring now hit him *staggering*; repeated the dose, when Langan went down.

58. This was a good round, considering the protracted state of the battle. Langan returned some blows, till he went down.—"Take him away."—"He has no chance."

59. Langan appeared so completely exhausted that every round was expected to be his last. He went down from a very slight hit; nay, little more than a *push*.

60. "Wonders will never cease!" said a cove who had lost a trifle that Langan was licked in forty minutes—"why he has got Spring down again; and it is not so *safe* to the Champion as his friends may think.

61. Langan was now as *groggy* as a sailor three sheets in the wind; and a slight blow sent him down. "I never saw such a fellow," said Jack Randall, "he'll fight for a week! He don't know when to leave off."—"You are right, Jack," replied a Military Hero, "Langan reminds me of a remark of General Suwarrow, who was so tired of mowing down the Prussian Grenadiers, that he exclaimed angrily, 'damn these fellows, there is no getting rid of them. The more we kill, greater numbers appear on the field—they ought to know when they have got enough of it.'" Langan seemed to belong to the above corps.

62. The *distress* exhibited by Langan was so great that every time he went down, it was thought he could not appear again at the *scratch*. If the spectators did not think Langan dangerous, Spring got away from all his *hits*, to prevent any thing being the matter. Langan again sent down.

63. Langan was still determined to have a *shy* for the 500l. and he made a hit at Spring; but he was sent down.

64. The three to one, and even betters of a higher description, were not exactly *easy* in their minds upon the subject. Some little *palpitations* were discovered, although the odds might, at this period, be ten to one in their favour. For the last fifteen minutes it was next to an *impossibility* Spring could *lose*; yet, contrary to all calculations upon the subject, Langan still contested the fight. The hands of Spring were in such a dreadful, not to say painful state,

that he could not perform the *execution* he wished. Here was the *danger*, as it was possible that he might be worn out ; but his caution and generalship did every thing for him towards victory. Langan was so piteously distressed, that a slight touch on his arm sent him down. A good blow must have put an end to the fight in an instant ; but Spring could not hit effectually.

65. Langan, when at the scratch, not only showed fight, but he hit Spring on the head ; the latter, however, had the best of the round, but Langan got the throw, Spring undermost. "Where's the brandy," said Belcher. "Here it is," replied Tom Cribb ; "a brave fellow shall not want for any thing in my possession !" "Bravo !" cried Belcher, "that is friendly, and I shall not forget it."

66. The chance was decidedly against the Irish Champion ; but nevertheless he attempted to be troublesome to his opponent. Spring put in a *nobber*, and also threw him.

67. Exchange of blows. A pause. Langan on the totter ; but he planted two hits on the Champion's face ; Spring followed him up, and gave Langan two blows, one in the body and one on the head, which *dropped* the Hero of the *Black Fogle*.

68. The bravery of Langan was equal to any thing ever witnessed in the Prize Ring. The hands of Spring were now in such a dreadful state, that he could scarcely close them, and most of his blows appeared to be *open-handed*. Langan, in an exhausted state, was hit down. "Take him away !" "Do you hear what they say, Jack ?" "Yes," replied Langan ; "I will not be taken away ; I can win it !"

69. In struggling for the throw, Langan's head fell against the stakes ; both down.

70. Langan again *napt* on the nobbing system, and was sent down. *One hour and forty-two minutes* had elapsed. Loud cries of "Take him away !"

71. The backers of Spring were anxious to have it over ; and the spectators in general cried out, on the score of humanity, that Langan ought not to be suffered to fight any more. Col. O'Neil, the friend and backer of the Irish Champion, assured the umpire that he did not want for *humanity* ; and he was well satisfied in his own mind, that, from the state of Spring's hands, no danger could arise. Langan was fighting for 200l. of his own battle-money,

therefore he had no right to interfere; he had, previous to the fight, left it in the hands of his skilful second, Belcher, who, he was certain, would not suffer the fight to last longer than was safe to all parties. Langan, after a short round, was sent down.

72. It was the struggles of a hero to obtain glory; and to a brave mind defeat is more terrific than death. The Irish Champion was ambitious of conquest; and he felt the inspiring words of our immortal bard to the utmost extent;—

“What man dare, I dare!

And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold! enough!”

Langan was brought to the scratch by Belcher, who said, “Fight, my dear boy, Spring can't hurt you.” Langan, with undaunted resolution, plunged in to hit his opponent; but, after receiving additional *punishment*, he was sent down. Loud cries of “Take him away.”

73. It was now evident to all persons, that Langan, while he retained the slightest knowledge of what he was about, would not *give in*. Spring fibbed Langan in the severest manner he was able, to put an end to the fight, till he went down. Here Jack Randall came close to the stage, and said, “Tom Belcher, take him away, he cannot win it now.” “He says, he will not, Jack; and he can fight longer,” replied Tom Belcher.

74. This round was a fine picture of *resolution*; it was a beautiful portrait of the capabilities of the *mind* when under the most dangerous and distressing circumstances. Langan without the slightest shadow of chance. *Nature* fatigued, over-done, completely worn out, and refusing to second his *will*; Langan angry that his limbs would not do their duty, Langan, in spite of all these overwhelming difficulties, came again to the *scratch*, and with efforts of true courage fought till he was sent down. While sitting on the knee of his second, Cribb thus addressed him: “You are a brave man, Langan!”—“A better was never seen in the Prize Ring,” joined Painter; “but you can't win, Langan; it is no use for you to fight, and it may prove dangerous to you.” “I will fight,” said Langan; “no one shall take me away!”

75. When time was called, Langan was brought to the scratch, he could scarcely walk, but he placed himself in attitude, although staggering at all points. He attempted to hit, when Spring caught hold of his opponent, and fibbed

him severely. "Give not a chance away now," said Cribb, "you must finish the battle." Langan went down quite stupid. (Take him away from all parts of the ring.)

76. and last. Strange to relate, Langan again showed at the *scratch* ; he was nearly in a state of insensibility, and it might be truly asserted that he fought from instinct, and under the doctrine of the *black flag*—"rather die than to yield !" It did not require much *punishment* at this period to send the brave Langan off his legs ; and to the credit of Spring be it recorded, he did his duty towards his backers as a fighting man, and he acted humanely towards an opponent, that he must to the end of his life have the highest notions of respect for as a man. Langan put up his arms in attitude ; but they were soon rendered useless, Spring fibbing him down without giving much *punishment*. When time was called, Langan was insensible to it.

After a contest of ONE HOUR and FORTY-NINE MINUTES, the hat was thrown up, and SPRING was declared the conqueror amidst the loudest shouts of approbation. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sant immediately ascended the stage : Mr. Sant congratulated Spring on his victory ; but concluded, "if you ever fight again, I will never speak to you any more. Tom, I never saw such bad hands in any battle." Spring replied, "Sir, I never will." He then left the knee of his second, and went up to LANGAN, and laid hold of his hand. The Irish Champion had not yet recovered, but on opening his eyes, he asked in a faint tone, "*Is the battle over?*" "Yes," replied Belcher. "O, dear !" articulated LANGAN. Spring immediately shook his hand again, and said, "JACK, you and I must be friends to the end of our lives ; and any thing that is within my power, I will do to serve you. When I see you in town, I will give you ten pounds." Spring then left the stage with his friends to go to

the Swan Hotel, Chichester. He was received by the shouts of the populous all along the road ; and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows as he passed along. LANGAN, as soon as he had recovered a little from the effects of the battle, left the stage amidst very loud tokens of approbation. " You are an extraordinary fellow, LANGAN, a brave man," &c. The Irish Champion, accompanied by Belcher and his backer, also received great applause on his return to the *Dolphin*, in Chichester ; and the fair sex were equally liberal in waving their handkerchiefs as LANGAN passed by their windows. Spring was immediately put to bed, and bled, and a warm bath prepared for him. His hands were frightful, and his face also exhibited much more *punishment* than appeared upon the stage ; but he was cheerful and collected. The same kind attention was paid to LANGAN ; and on being asked by the writer of this article how he felt himself ? he replied, " Very well ; I have lost the battle, but it is owing to my want of condition ; I am not quite twelve stone ; I have been harassed all over the country ; I have travelled two hundred and sixty miles within the last two days ; I was feverish, and was on the road instead of my bed on Saturday night ; I wanted rest." On making his man comfortable, Belcher, accompanied by his bottle-holder, and also Colonel O'Neal, in the true spirit of chivalry, all rivalry now being at an end, paid a visit to the bedside of Spring. Here all was friendly, as it should be ; and all parties now only anxious for the recovery of both of the pugilists. " How is LANGAN ?" said Spring to Belcher. " He is doing well," replied Tom. " I am

glad of it," said Spring. "We have had a fair fight, we have been licked, and I am satisfied," observed Belcher. All parties shook hands over the bed of the conqueror. On leaving Spring, Mr. Sant, followed by Tom Cribb and Ned Painter, immediately returned with Colonel O'Neil to the bedside of LANGAN. Mr. Sant observed, "Well, LANGAN, how do you do—do you know me? You can't see me." "Yes, Sir," replied the fallen hero. "I am Spring's backer," said Mr. Sant, "but nevertheless, your friend." "I am obliged to you, Sir," answered LANGAN, "if it was not for such Gentlemen as you in the sporting world, we should have no fights. Indeed, Tom Spring is a smart, clever fellow, and I wish him well." "That is liberal," said Painter, "and I am happy to hear one brave man speak well of another." The visitors now retired, and left LANGAN to repose himself.

REMARKS.—The above contest was one of the fairest battles we ever witnessed: it was truly delightful to view such conduct. LANGAN and *Spring* had twenty-four square feet for their exertions, without the slightest interruption throughout the *mill*. The seconds and bottle-holders did their duty like men: they remained as *fixtures* during the whole of the fight, except when the rounds were at an end, and their assistance became necessary. The umpires were gentlemen: an *Englishman* for Spring, and an IRISHMAN for LANGAN; and they both acted like gentlemen: they watched every movement of the men, that nothing like foul play should be attempted on either side: and they had the satisfaction of feeling there was no difference of opinion between them in any

instance whatever, and likewise no necessity to call upon the *Referee* for a decision to decide between them in case of a dispute.

LANGAN has been *beaten* against his will ; and it decides our report of the battle at Worcester, and therefore sets all disputes upon that head at rest. The conduct of Belcher deserves the highest praise as a *second* in this battle : he stuck to his man like glue ; and his *humanity* ought not to be called in question : he was anxious that no reports should reach IRELAND, or be *scattered* over England, that he had *given in* for his man. LANGAN previous to the battle requested, nay, insisted, that neither his bottle-holder nor second should take upon themselves that privilege which only rested in his own bosom. They complied with ; and LANGAN, we repeat, has been conquered against his will.

He could not control the uncertain chance of war ! but the *argument* is—the COMPARISON. We assert, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, it was no match between *Spring* and LANGAN, and LANGAN only was to *blame* to make it. But the Irish Champion was ambitious, and dearly has he paid for that ambition : that there was something about it aspiring and noble. The greatest fault we find with LANGAN, and it is a fault we hope he will correct in future. He held his opponent too *lightly* : and he also began at the wrong end of the P.R. the *bottom* of the TREE is perhaps the *best* to commence at for a *novice* : with the *middle* of perhaps, there might not have been any danger, and even a good *chance* for LANGAN, had he been engaged with a *customer* near the *top*, for his first essay ; but

to endeavour to *out-top* the TOP of the TREE was *trebly hazardous*, and he has fallen in the aspiring attempt. But, nevertheless, he has risen in the estimation of his countrymen ; he has also risen in the hearts of all brave Englishmen ; and twenty thousand or more spectators, at *Man-Wood*, near Chichester, pronounced him one of the bravest men alive ! We shall offer no excuse for LANGAN—and the ridiculous IF, we shall not resort to. LANGAN, most certainly, was out of *condition* ; his mode of *training*, if *training* it could be called, could not do him any service. He was not a *week* together in any single place. After the match was made he went to Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, &c. &c. ; and his journey to *Leamington*, (which was purely accidental, and could not be avoided,) then back again, on the place of fighting being altered, no man will deny that such a journey took some rounds out of him in the battle, which rounds he wanted very much towards the end of the fight.

After thirty minutes had elapsed, it appeared to be the general opinion of the ring, by the advantages Spring had gained, that the battle would be decided in forty minutes ; but at that period LANGAN recovered, and Spring became weaker, and the best judges declared they did not know what to make of it. The strength of LANGAN, certainly for several rounds, did not make it decidedly *safe* to Spring. LANGAN, at all times, will be found a dangerous customer ; he is a hard hitter, possessing great energy, undaunted resolution, and immense strength, with flesh like iron. We do not wish to offend ; but we must tell the *truth*. The superior *science* of Spring won him the battle

but we always viewed Tom as an *artificial* fighter, and that he had no natural *hits* belonging to him. It is owing to this circumstance that we have always placed Spring in the highest place on the boxing list. The late celebrated John Kemble was the most artificial actor of his day, but he was admitted by all the critics to be the greatest performer of his time. So with TOM SPRING; he has overcome the defects of NATURE, and, without any NATURAL *requisites* for fighting, he has become the CHAMPION of ENGLAND. He has made himself master of the art of self-defence: if Tom *cannot* HIT HARD *himself*, he prevents others from *hitting* him scarcely at all. This, at all events, is balancing accounts. He likewise *stops* skilfully; gets out of danger by the goodness of his legs; he is always cool and collected during the battle; and one of the safest men in the P.R. to back, because he cannot be *gammoned* out of his *own* mode of *milling*.

Spring has also *licked* all the men he has ever fought with in the Prize Ring; and has in the whole of his contests lost but one battle. It is a curious coincidence, that on *Whitsun-Tuesday*, in 1823, he defeated Neat, near Andover, and on *Whitsun-Tuesday*, 1824, he overcame the brave LANGAN. Spring, therefore, has won *three battles* in one twelvemonth, and one thousand pounds into the bargain: for instance—

With Neat	-	-	-	200 <i>l</i> .
Langan,	-	-	-	300
Ditto	-	-	-	500

1000*l*.

The above battle was a noble, manly, and generous fight! but LANGAN had not *weight* enough to win;

his person was not *tall enough* to win; his arms were *too short* to win; and his *condition* was not good enough to win; but the HEART of the Hero of the *Black Eagle* was *big enough* to beat all the men in the world; at least, poor fellow, he thought so! Well, then, let us give him credit for what he has done! As a complete *novice*, he contended with the Champion, in his first battle, for *two hours and twenty-nine minutes*. Spring, at that period, treated LANGAN too lightly. In the second battle, when Spring was perfectly prepared for his opponent, it took the Champion ONE HOUR AND FORTY-NINE MINUTES to obtain the conquest. This circumstance alone, is a volume in favour of the *goodness* of LANGAN. The whole of the *points* towards winning were in favour of *Spring*, except one; and that *one point* was highly important to LANGAN; namely, the excellence and strength of his *constitution* over the Champion. Under all the circumstances of the fight, "*which was never safe till it was over*;" we think it an honourable victory to Spring, as both of his hands *were gone* THREE QUARTERS of an hour at the least before the battle was decided. He might be compared to a man fighting without weapons. But to prove the conqueror of a man like LANGAN, is an honour to any pugilist; and to triumph over one of the *gamest* of the GAME, equal to any boxer who has preceded him, and never excelled in bravery, is quite sufficient without any further comment upon the subject. Success to them both! When LANGAN is again *tried* in the P.R. we think Spring will rise higher in the estimation of his friends. That the hero of the *Black Eagle* will be a

tough bit, in future, for any one to *carve, cut, and come* again, is certain; and before the *joint* is finally disposed of, a good *stomach* will be necessary, if not a *glutton* required, to show himself at the table. The exact weight of Spring was 13st. 11lb.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE.—Spring left his bed early in the evening; and his first visit he paid to LANGAN, at the Dolphin; they met like brave men, and on taking his departure he shook LANGAN by the hand, leaving ten pounds in it. A military band, in honour of the brave conduct of LANGAN, played several airs under his window:—*Erin go bragh—St. Patrick's Day, &c.* The above band then went to the Swan Hotel, and also played *Rule Britannia, St. Patrick's Day, and God save the King!* A gentleman out of the balcony of the above hotel proposed the following toast, which was drank by the populace with three—loud cheers—ENGLAND AND IRELAND FOR EVER!

The Champion left Chichester at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning in an open barouche, accompanied by Mr. Sant. He was cheered out of the town by the populace; and on his entrance into the metropolis he was also greeted with loud marks of approbation.

The trifling Advantages of a Fight to Landlords near the Scene of Action.—"Mine Host" at the Dolphin, the hotel where LANGAN and his backer put up, Belcher, &c. made the following *modest* charges in his bill:—Six guineas for six beds, for LANGAN, for one night only, Belcher, Harmer, and O'Neil, and the

Colonel, and his friend ; and *four guineas* for conveying LANGAN to and from the ground.

The high shoes, or half boots, worn by the combatants, were made by *Ben Burns*, which for lightness, elegance, yet united with strength, we never saw any thing so handsome. Several amateurs have since expressed a wish to purchase them at any price.

THEATRE, CHICHESTER.—On Monday evening, Randall, Josh Hudson, Dick Curtis, and Oliver, amused the provincial amateurs and other spectators with some excellent specimens of the art of self-defence.

The road to and from the fight on Monday and Tuesday last, it should seem, put all the inhabitants of Surrey and Sussex into good spirits ; and the *ladies* were as lively and cracking their jokes upon the subject with equal wit and repartee as their male companions. A celebrated pugilist, on his return to town on Tuesday last, stopped with his patron, in his barouche and four, to change horses at Pulborough, when, being extremely thirsty and oppressed with the heat, he told his companion that he should take some cold brandy and water. “ *Mine hostess* ” being at the door on the look out, and anxious to please her customers, and a lively creature into the bargain, waiting for orders, the gay pugilist, with a face full of gravity, having been on the wrong side of the question, thus addressed “ *Mine Hostess.* ” “ Pray, madam, have you a good *well* ? ” — “ Yes, Sir,” was the reply, (*smiling*) “ and an *excellent* SPRING, too ! ” — “ That must be always an advantage to the ladies ; and a recommendation to your house, madam,” an-

swered the pugilist, whose former gravity was now turned into laughter.—“ I hope so,” rejoined the lovely dame ; “ and if you ever come this road again, mention ‘ THE SPRING,’ and you shall be recognized, you may depend upon it.”—“ Bravo !” said the *Swell* in the barouche, “ a hit, Tom, without a blow. Drive on, post boys.”

SPRING, it cannot be denied, has received considerably more *punishment* in this battle than in any of his previous contests. This speaks for itself, and refutes the imputation of LANGAN being a bad fighter. The hero of the Black Fogle hits hard at a greater distance than most boxers—vide Spring’s *ogles* ! Mr. Jackson went round the ring and collected several pounds for LANGAN ; and in the course of a few minutes, as a proof how high the Irish Champion stood in the opinion of the Amateurs, Pierce Egan collected on the stage, from a few gentlemen, 12*l.* 16*s.*, out of which sum Mr. GULLEY subscribed five sovereigns.

TO THE EDITOR OF PIERCE EGAN’S LIFE IN LONDON.

Well, Sir, there is redemption in Gath, and the Philistines are discomfitted, the Puritans overthrown, the parliament of the Barebones dissolved, the opponents of the fancy defeated in their designs, the impugnors of manhood laughed unto scorn. There have *now* been no *beaks*, no *x x s*, like clouds and storms upon the Pugilistic hemisphere ; we have had a noble, manly, fair British fight—the flag of the P.R. is again triumphant, and the colours of both the combatants covered with glory. The conqueror has reaped new laurels—the conquered has renewed and refreshed his—Spring has been truly triumphant, but Langan is not disgraced : as the old Major says, “ quite the contrary.”

You have acted, and you have written nobly, Sir, about the discomfitted son of Erin ; you have rendered unto Cæsar Cæsar’s goods. I am an Englishman, and I love, I reverence the land of *mawlies* and roast beef ; but I can respect our

brethren of the Union, and speak well of the country of *sheelaks* and potatoes. The hero of the sable banner shall *yet be a conqueror*—"quoit it down, Bardolph!" and so my jolly *daffs*, let us have a stave for the Black Fogle.

JOHN OF CORINTH.

THE BLACK FOGLE.

"*Hic Niger est hunc tu Romane caveo.*"—THE OLD CLASSICS.

"He sports a *black flag*, ye *mollers* beware of him."

THE MODERN CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.

Hail to brave Pat! though he's had a sound thumping,
 Long life to the Champion from Ireland so dear;
 Strike up, ye fancy coves, and be all jumping,
 To give the brave Paddy a benefit clear.
 Crest of John Langan—
 Faith, 'tis a queer 'un.
 A *fogle of sable*, as black as can be,
 And he hath stuck to it,
 Though without luck to it,
 Whack for the *fogle* and JACK LANGAN's spree!

Oh! 'tis a colour that ne'er shall grow whiter,
 The blues and the yellows may flaunt it amain,
 But the *black flag* that waves for the Paddy Bull fighter,
 If torn a small bit shall not nourish a staju;—
 Hudson may puff away,
 Sampson may blarney gay,
 Still 'tis no *Gaza* to yield to his blow;
 Shelton may shake a fist,
 Ward he may try a twist,
 And be one in *Chancery* if he does so.

Drink, Paddies drink, to your hero from Erin!
 While manhood shall flourish, and true friendship thrive,
 So long for your Champion his ensign be wearing,
 'Tis defended and held by a good *bunch of fives*.
 While the ring flourishes
 And Erin nourishes
 Freedom and Fancy and true sporting joys,
 The black flag shall have a toast,
 The P. R. shall ever boast
 The *Fogle of sable*, and Langan, my boy!

The writer of the above chant hopes Mr. Egan will deem it fly enough for his patronage. It is written by one who has received considerable gratification from Mr. E.'s account of the late fight, from one not altogether unknown in the sporting prints, and who has run in the same *drag* with him he addresses. *Verbum sat.*

FIVES' COURT—LANGAN'S BENEFIT.

On Thursday, July 1, 1824, the above interesting place of the *Fancy* was crowded to suffocation; and numbers went away disappointed, in not being able to procure admittance. *Lots* of IRISHMEN; *mob*s of ENGLISHMEN; *swells* in crowds; NOBLEMEN in numbers; and myriads of *commoners*, all pressed forward to give JACK LANGAN *a turn* for the bravery he displayed in his recent battle with Spring. Hundreds of amateurs were quite satisfied at getting a short *peep* now and then at the stage, and a great number of persons left the Court without being able, with all their efforts, to obtain a single *glimpse* of the *sparring*: indeed, it was such an overflow, as almost to render the safety of the spectators doubtful. The building is an old one, having been erected upwards of two hundred years since. The sets-to were generally good.

Loud cheers greeted the appearance of *Spring*, and also LANGAN, upon the stage. Neither of the above heroes had yet recovered from the effects of the late fight. It was a *fac-simile* of the battle in Chichester; and the length of Spring gave him rather the advantage; this set-to, however, gave general satisfaction. At the conclusion of which, LANGAN addressed the audience in the following words.—

“Gentlemen—The first wish nearest my heart, is to return thanks for the kindness and attention I have received in this country. I trust you will believe me, when I say, that I do not appear here in any thing like a national point of view. There is no man loves Ireland and her sons better than I do. My pretensions are to show as a man among pugilists, and to contend for the Championship of England. I will contend with honour, and that shall be my pride, or I should be un-

deserving of that patronage, which you so liberally bestowed upon me. When I met the Champion of England at Manchester, my friends backed me for that sum which was asked, 300*l*. I would be proud to have my name enrolled in history amongst those brave champions, Jem Belcher, Pearce, (the Game Chicken,) John Gulley, Crib, and Tom Spring. I am now willing to accept a challenge to fight any man in England—to fight for that proud and enviable title, for the sum asked of me by Spring—300*l*.”

Jem Ward, who is the son of Irish parents, like Jack Randall, then mounted the stage, and said he was willing to fight LANGAN for 200 sovereigns.

LANGAN—I’ll accept your challenge if you’ll make it 300, but I’ll not fight for less—it would be beneath the dignity of the distinction at which I aim, to fight for a smaller sum.

Ward—I am willing to fight for 300*l*. if my friends will make up the sum.

Here the matter ended, and nothing decisive was done.

TO THE EDITOR OF PIERCE EGAN’S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—No man is more averse to newspaper correspondence than myself; more especially when the circumstances complained of are not worthy of the notice of the public, and had much better be settled in private. However, as I am compelled in my own defence to reply to some attacks made upon my character by Mr. Thomas Reynolds and Mr. Thomas Belcher, I trust the following statement will plead as an apology for taking up your time, and also in occupying a place in your sporting journal. Mr. Reynolds charges me with *ingratitude* towards him; and he also declares that I was *pennyless* when I first met with him in Manchester, and could not get work at my trade. I declare this statement to be a complete falsehood. Before even I saw Reynolds, I was engaged to work at Rochdale; and in consequence of being challenged by three or four persons was the reason I did not embrace the employment offered to me. At that period I was living at a respectable tavern in Manchester, kept by Mr. Crawley, when Reynolds sent his friend with a

message that he wished to see me. I met him, and we took a benefit together, which was fairly shared between us. I then fought Wheeping; after which I went to Dublin, to settle a law-suit. I returned to Manchester, having been challenged by Robin Rough; but he would not fight me. I then went to Oldham, and followed my business, till Spring arrived in Manchester, the result of which is known. I came to London in consequence of a benefit being offered me at the Surrey Theatre of 120*l.* for the week; but it turned out a failure, in consequence of the bad engagement made by Mr. Reynolds. I only received 10*l.*; and so far from being *ungrateful* towards Reynolds, I bailed him when he was arrested at the Surrey Theatre, and although he did not appear at my benefit at the 'Tennis' Court, I bailed him a second time, and put down money for him to prevent his being locked up in a gaol. I likewise set-to for his benefit, and exerted myself in every point of view to serve him. As a convincing proof of the falsehood of Mr. Reynolds's statement, it is well known I never set-to with any man in England but himself, and he shared with me the receipts of our exertions. I have also to *thank* Mr. Reynolds for an anonymous letter, sent to the Globe and Traveller, while I was in Dublin, which I have since traced to him, stating that I never meant to come back to England to fight Spring, and my intention was only to get money and keep it. I could repeat a variety of other circumstances respecting my connexion with Mr. Reynolds; but I trust I have satisfied the sporting world that I have not behaved *ungratefully* towards him.

Respecting "*my ingratitude*" towards Mr. Belcher, I am totally at a loss to account for such a charge being made against me; but it should seem, according to the old adage, that the creed of Mr. Belcher is, "no longer pipe, no longer dance." The fact is, "I was Mr. Belcher's *puppet* for a long time; and when I began to *act* for myself, he appears affronted." How can I be *ungrateful* in not setting-to for Mr. B.'s benefit at the Tennis Court, when my own appeal to the public was to take place in two days afterwards at the 'Lives' Court. Had I have set-to at the 'Tennis' Court, I should have been without the assistance of all my brother pugilists at my own benefit. I am under no obligations to Mr. Belcher: it is true that several gentlemen who visited the Castle Tavern, put down a part of my battle money on the late night. In return for this support, I *used* Mr. Belcher's house, and no other, for his interest and advantage. Mr. Bel

cher also received twenty guineas for acting in the capacity of a second towards me ; and in the course of a few hours after the battle was over, he came to London, leaving me in the hands of an inexperienced man :—so much for his care and attention. I do not wish to say any more upon the subject, and what I have said has been extorted from me. I cannot conclude without returning my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the liberality and patronage I have received from all classes of society. I acknowledge it with pride and reverence ; and whenever I prove unmindful or guilty of ingratitude towards any person or persons, I hope I may be deserted, and treated as all ungrateful people ought to be, with contempt and neglect.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

July 3, 1824.

JOHN LANGAN.

The Irish hero arrived in Bristol, on his way to Dublin, on the 11th of July, 1824, but the packet not being ready to sail, he immediately set off by the steam-boat for Tenby, in Wales, in order to meet with the steam-packet for Waterford. In his journey through Pembroke and Milford, he met with a very kind reception from the Welsh people. LANGAN put up at the Nelson's Hotel, in Milford. Crowds of persons surrounded the house during his stay, and the sailors, who were wind-bound, came on shore, along with the crews of two revenue cutters, just to get a *peep* at the Irish milling cove. The inhabitants of *Tenby* wished him to *spar* for a benefit ; and some gentlemen amateurs offered him their assistance, but LANGAN refused to accept of their kind offer on account of his father's illness. He sailed in the *Ivanhoe* steam packet for Waterford, on the 14th.

In the second fight with Spring our hero, during one of his severe falls on the stage, injured his shoulder so seriously, that upon LANGAN's application to

Mr. Cline, the celebrated surgeon, for advice, the latter gentleman informed him he must not fight for a twelvemonth. In consequence of such advice, LANGAN kept aloof from the Prize Ring, and he went on a Sparring Tour in various parts of England, with Spring. He also paid a visit to Dublin, Cork, and various other parts of Ireland, with great success.

He likewise went on a similar expedition with Peter Crawley, to Liverpool, Manchester, &c. JACK, it is said, improved considerably during his practice with Peter.

Lots of *chaffing* and letter-writing passed between LANGAN and *Shelton* on the subject of a fight; but it all ended in *smoke*. Ward and our hero had also a few words on the subject of a *mill*, but no battle was the result. For several months after LANGAN's fight with Spring, the pain in his shoulder operated as a great drawback to his exertions in setting-to. JACK could not hit out with effect.

We have copied the following letter from an Irish journal, to shew the feelings of our hero upon the subject of a challenge:—

TO THE EDITOR OF FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

SIR—May I request you will contradict a statement which appeared in your paper of Saturday, in a letter signed "Paul Spencer," in which it is stated that during my stay in Cork I was challenged to fight an English soldier for 150*l*. and that I did not accept the challenge. I have not been challenged by any person whatsoever, and therefore the statement in the letter signed "Paul Spencer," is utterly without foundation. There are certain persons in Dublin, *with whom I would not associate*; and who, in consequence, have felt a soreness that fully accounts for the

occasional squibs which now and then appear in print to my prejudice, and which I hold in the utmost contempt.

I remain your obedient servant,

April 22, 1826.

JOHN LANGAN.

For several months, LANGAN was completely lost sight of by the London Fancy; in fact, it might be deemed a sort of rustication. But at length, he was discovered in a snug lush-crib, at Liverpool, where he resides at the present moment (Jan. 1828,) carrying on a roaring trade. His industry, civility, and attention to his visitors, added to his liveliness of disposition, tend to fill his house from morning to night. LANGAN is quite a *star* amongst his warm-hearted countrymen, whose powerful interest towards his prosperity, we hope, will ultimately lead to a competency. It is not ten to one but LANGAN may have another *shy* in the Prize Ring, before he retires altogether from *milling*.

JOSH. HUDSON, THE JOHN BULL FIGHTER.

MINE Host in the Market, a prime jolly fellow,
As rough and as ready as here and there one;
In his *Lush Crib* when seated, good humour'd and mellow,
Looks very like *Bacchus* astride on his tun.

But more to advantage, with DAVY beside him,
This JOHN BULL like picture of frolic appears;
Discoursing on subjects which those who have tried him,
Confess to have rung a peal effect in their ears.

JOHN BULL FIGHTERS'S

SPLENDID SILVER CUP.



PRESENTED TO
JOSHUA HUDSON.

At the request of the Subscribers by

PIERCE EGAN,

On Thursday the 6th of May 1824, as a Reward for the

TRUE COURAGE.

He displayed throughout all his Contests in the C.R.

But how shall the Muse the shrewd *cut* of his *chaffing*,
 Pourtray as he *runs it*, to set off a *spree*,
 At which gravity's self must e'en burst out a laughing,
 And clearly lose the credit of all their *ennui*.

East Ham.

J. C.

SINCE the publication of the third volume of *BOXIANA*, in which the battles of the *John Bull Fighter* have been detailed, no boxer has kept "the *game* alive!" half so much as our hero. The following challenges, and battles, are not only specimens of true courage, but also serve to shew his anxiety upon all occasions to furnish amusement for the Patrons of Milling.

In June, 1821, HUDSON offered to fight Tom Oliver for 100*l.* aside. :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—The JOHN BULL fighter, as he is termed, without meaning any offence, and a long preface on the subject, wishes you to make it known to the amateurs, that he can be backed for 100*l.* aside against Martin, if it meets with the approbation of the latter. Also, the same sum is ready for me to enter the lists with Garrol, the Suffolk Champion; but if Garrol cannot get 100*l.* I have no objection to *accommodate* him for 50*l.* I am to be found at all times ready to make a deposit to the above effect.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

October 10, 1824.

JOSHUA HUDSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—Having understood by a friend of mine, who (at a late meeting of pugilists, at which Mr. Thurtle was present) offered to make a match for me to fight Martin for 100 guineas, that Mr. Thurtle was pleased to assert I knew nothing of the pugilistic art. Knowing, as I do, Mr. Thurtle is in the fighting list (having once challenged Mr. T. Belcher,) I beg, through the means of your valuable paper, to state to Mr. T. that I differ in opinion, and to satisfy him, I will fight either him or Martin (who, from an unforeseen accident in my shoulder, it will be recollected, beat me some time since)

for 100 guineas aside, within two months ; and to add, that my friends are ready to stake 50*l.* for that purpose, at any time and place either Mr. Thurtle or Martin may please to appoint.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

October 20, 1821.

JOSH. HUDSON.

11, Redcross Street, London Docks.

P. S.—J. H. having once in his pugilistic career had the honour to fight a gent.—if he had to choose in this instance, he would prefer Mr. T.'s accepting this challenge, knowing, with due deference to Martin, Mr. T. to be a *gent. by birth*.

The second fight, which was to have taken place between JOSH. HUDSON and the Suffolk Champion, on Tuesday, the 11th of December, 1821, after Neat defeated Hickman, for 50*l.* aside, was off, in consequence of some demur about the stakes ; such as fighting 80*l.* on the part of HUDSON, to 20*l.* An appeal was made to Mr. Jackson, who advised the money to be returned. The Suffolk Champion threw up his hat in the ring, but HUDSON did not think it necessary, under the above circumstances, to answer it. Had the fight have taken place, Tom Owen was on the ground to second his boy, JOSH. The forfeiture of 20*l.* was given to HUDSON by the consent of Garrol's backers.

A match was made immediately after the above forfeit, between HUDSON and the Chatham Caulker, for 100*l.* aside. Bowen, six feet two inches and a half in height, and could fight a little bit ; he also defeated *Josh.* a few years ago, at Chatham, in seventeen minutes ; and DAVID HUDSON likewise surrendered to his conquering arm. However the *gay boys*—the prime *East Enders*, with *ould* Tom Owen at their head, said as *how*, JOSH. should have another *shy* for

it, if he loses his *stick*. The odds were six and seven to four against him. "What of that," says Tom Owen, "do you mind me; the bigger the *Caulker* is, the better I like it; because d'ye see, my boy, JOSH. will have a prime mark to hit at. This battle was decided on Wimbledon Common, on Tuesday, February 5, 1822.

Soon after peep of day, several of the *fancy* were seen in motion to reach Banstead Downs, the appointed spot for the *mill*: but the secret had slipped out from some of the *chaffing boxes* of the lads, and the *Beaks* had, in consequence, got hold of the scent, yet timely notice was given to the amateurs to prevent their preceding farther than the Cock, at Sutton. Some doubts had also existed upon the subject on the preceding evening, at the sporting houses in town; and several of the *swells* preferred starting for Croydon to be in readiness for the result. Sutton, however, was the rallying point; and after some little consideration, Smitham Bottom was the next place determined upon, to accomplish which, two roads presented themselves (and *precious ones* they were,) when the *coves* brushed off in all directions: and *bad* was the *best*. To describe the ludicrous incidents which occurred across the country for nearly seven miles, a small volume would scarcely suffice. In many instances, the *gaiety* of several of the horsemen, mounted on *prime prads*, scampering over the hills, jumping over hedge and ditch, and giving the *go-by* to the rest of the *squad*, might be almost termed like a steeple chace: and to heighten the effect, at one period *Sly Reynard* appeared in view, followed by the

hounds and huntsmen in full cry: and to those riders who were upon horses (now reduced to *hacks*,) which, in better times, were *hunters*, their situations became rather dangerous; for, like old coachmen, who love the smack of the whip, they dashed off after the hounds in spite of their masters; and one poor cockney, after the manner of Mr. *Green* (in *Tom and Jerry*) at the Adelphi Theatre, who was floored slapdash into the mud, observed, with tears in his eyes, and a face as long as my arm, “that the stable-keeper had not used him *well* by putting him upon a *Nunter!*” The puffing and blowing of the poor *toddlers* to keep up with the carriages, who, every now and then, stuck in the mud, and were compelled to stop to pick up their *stampers*—numerous gigs shivered to pieces—others, both upset and their springs broken, and which were of necessity left behind—also post-chaises so fast up to the doors in clay, that it would have required dray horses to have removed them quick enough to have kept up with the motley groupe:—altogether formed so comic, but interesting a sketch, that the pen cannot do justice to the risible effect it produced. *Boreas* too, to add to the embarrassment of the scene, took unwarrantable liberties with the *nobs* of the company, without making any distinction between *Corinthian* and *Commoner*, and many a hero’s *topper* was not replaced on his *napper*, without scampering a quarter of a mile or more for it. A cart was completely turned over, owing to the effects of the wind. Smitham Bottom was at length obtained in a tremendous shower of rain; the turnpike-gate was paid without murmuring; and all the preceding trou-

bles were forgotten on the ring appearing in sight. But here another difficulty arose ; the stakes had been scarcely put into the ground, when a *Beak* unexpectedly appeared in sight, attended by his clerk, and put a stop to the battle : this, we understand, was a Reverend Gentleman, upon whom no remonstrances could avail. A funny fellow immediately observed to the *Beak*, " that it would not hinder him from receiving one jot less of his tithes ; but if he was determined to prevent the contest taking place, he might in lieu thereof be kind enough to give them a *sarmon* against the noble Old English practice of boxing. This might have two advantages—make them disperse, if not, perhaps change their opinions upon the subject." But the only answer elicited was—" that he would follow them all over the county." Therefore, from this threat, no time was to be lost, and the amateurs again hurried off in all directions to gain Wimbledon Common. The sudden influx of company which poured into Croydon, put all the good people of that place on the *stare* ; and the doors and windows of the houses were crowded with persons (the majority females,) to witness the movements of the fancy. The *toddlers* by this time were *dead beat*, in fact, they were run off their legs. The *prads*, too, were almost knocked up to a *stand-still* : and the " storm coming on thicker and faster ; and black just as pitch was the sky," many of the *blades* preferred the comforts of a good inn, and a *prime* dinner, to a doubtful chace ; as numerous bets were laid that no fight would take place on that day. The Champion CRIBB (and his *double*, CALLAHAN, of the Adelphi

Theatre,) being of this opinion, and also their friend *Bob Logic*, they preferred toasting *milling* over a glass of *black strap*, instead of quitting the table: but the OUT-AND-OUTERS—whom neither wind, weather, hail, rain, nor sunshine, can get the best of their *game*, regardless of the “pitiless pelting storm,” braved its fury for many a long mile, without a dry thread upon their backs, and not a murmur escaping them till they again met *Bill Gibbons* with the stakes on Wimbledon Common. The ring was soon made; but the spectators were extremely few: some thousands of the amateurs were left behind, in consequence of their *tits* being quite done up, and not a pin to stand upon; neither had the *Beak* pluck enough to encounter either the *storm* or *distance*—the *Fancy* having gone nearly 40 miles before they had any thing like a chance of witnessing the battle. It was a fine *turn* for the turnpike gates: the *blunt* coming in as it were on the sly—it was like a *gift*. At 17 minutes to five o’clock, HUDSON, attended by Tom Owen and Randall, threw his hat into the ring; and the *Caulker* immediately followed him, attended by Sutton and Jackson, a butcher, from Chatham. The *Caulker* was decidedly the favourite, 6 and 5 to 4. HUDSON immediately went up to his opponent and shook hands with him. The President of the Daffy Club held the *ticker*.

Round 1. The person of the *Caulker* was completely unknown to the prize ring: it is true, his *character* (or *fame*) had gone before him, and he had also been represented to the London *swells* as nothing else but an out-and-outer—a terror to all the *milling coves* in the neighbourhood of Chatham: likewise the best and strongest man in the Dock-

Yard—and the rough *Johnny Raws* who had crossed his path, he had disposed of by dozens. Dav. Hudson proved a mere *chick* in his hands, and Josh. had been likewise *licked* against his will in 17 minutes. The *Knowing Ones*, who do not like to remain *idle*, and who always endeavour to get a guinea upon a *safe* suit, were, from the above *STORY*, *gammoned* to lay the odds upon the *Caulker*, and in many instances they sported their *blunt* rather heavily. It was likewise said of him that he was a second *Neat*, and his right hand, whenever it told, was a sort of *quietus*. On the appearance of the *Caulker* in the ring, the general remarks were in his favour—"that he was a good *nobbed* one—snake headed—had the length of his adversary, and looked like a dangerous *customer*. However, on *peeling*, and getting rid of the swell white upper-tog (which, by the bye, seemed to fit him like a Purser's shirt upon a handspike,) he appeared a thin, lanky man, yet with, nevertheless, good arms. On shaking hands with Hudson, previous to the attack, he stood over the latter several inches; but the round frame and ruddy face of Josh. was a fine contrast to the pale mug of his opponent. It was admitted on all hands that the *John Bull* fighter was too fat, when a wag observed the contest was between ROAST-BEEF and SOUP-MAIGRE, and that John Bull was perfectly in character. Very little sparring occurred before the Caulker endeavoured to put in his right hand, but Hudson got away from its force with much dexterity. The Caulker endeavoured to repeat this line of attack, when Hudson again retreated with success. Some hard fighting now ensued, several hard blows were exchanged, and the length of the Caulker gave him the superiority. Hudson planted a tremendous hit upon his opponent's *ivories*, that not only made them *chatter* again, but also produced a *pinky* appearance upon his lips. The Caulker, however, was not behind hand in returning the *favour*, and put in such a *rum* one under his right ogle, that started the *claret*, sent him off his balance, he also dropped down on one knee, and would have fallen, if he had not been caught hold of by Tom Owen, when the round was finished. The *Chathamites* were all up in the *stirrups* at the success of their hero, and loudly offered to back him at 6 to 4, observing, with a smile, "Poor JOHN BULL has *napt* it. What an ogler! How are you for *winking*?"

2. This triumph was but of short duration; nay, the scene was changed in a *twinkling*, and Josh. convinced the

spectators, beyond a doubt, that he was by far the best fighter, as well as the hardest hitter. JOHN BULL, it might be urged, was now in his glory—full of fight—with a rare appetite—a perfect *glutton*, ready to demolish any thing that opposed his progress—and *milling* to him was so much like *fun*, that, laughing at all danger, he went to work without any hesitation, resolutely went in to his opponent, and some tremendous blows were exchanged in favour of Hudson. Indeed it was all fighting; and if the combatants could not be said to be in *Cannon-street*, no one could deny that they were *bang-up* in *Pepper-alley*. For a rally, there is not a better boxer, or a more determined one on the list, than Josh. Hudson. The latter finished the round in fine style and floored his adversary by a terrific hit on his *knowledge-box*, that gave the Caulker quite a different view of the battle. The *East-enders* were now dancing with joy, roaring with delight, and offering to sport their *blunt* like waste paper. In the ecstasy of the moment, 10 to 1, 5 to 1, and 2 to 1, current betting. The *Chathamites* looking *blue*, almost thunderstruck, and their *choppers* as long as “Paterson’s Road Book.” “My boy,” said Tom Owen, “I always knew you was good at a *short-cut*, but I did not think you could play half so well at *long bowls*. Do you mind me, Josh. another such a *tickler* will send all the *Chathamites* to *Gravesend* with pockets to let. Why it’s the *three Lords* to a dump.” “I’m awake, my Tommy,” replied Josh.

3, and last. John Bull came up to the scratch as jolly as if he had been well *blowed* out with prime roast-beef and plum-pudding, ready to commence offensive operations; while, on the contrary, the Caulker came up tottering, and as *weak* as *soup-maigre*. The Caulker, however, as a last resource, endeavoured furiously to attack Hudson, who got away laughing. The combatants now got into a desperate rally, and Josh. received the most *pepper*, till he put in a *Gaslighter* in the middle of his opponent’s *mug*, that not only sent him staggering some yards, but produced the *pink* gushing out of both his peepers, and he appeared as stupid as a man without a *nob*. Hudson lost no time, but, from the length of his opponent, two blows fell short upon his shoulder, till he finished the battle by another *Gaslighter* under his opponent’s ear, when the Caulker fell down in a state of stupor, and did not recover from its effects till some time after Josh. had regained his post-chaise. When time

was called, the battle had only occupied three minutes and a half and a few seconds

REMARKS.—This proved an electrifying touch indeed to the backers of the Caulker, and the fancy in general began to grumble at witnessing so *short* a fight after so long a *run*.—"How have we been *gammoned*," said the *judges* one to another. "This man a terror to all the Dock-Yard men and milling coves in the neighbourhood of Chatham! Why, what must they all be made of?" It is necessary, perhaps, to state, that when HUDSON fought the Caulker, at Chatham, he was a mere stripling, just returned from sea, and did not weigh above 10st. 4lb. If the Caulker had turned his length to advantage, another account might have been given of the battle; but the in-fighting of HUDSON was so terrific, that the Caulker had no chance when in close quarters. Large sums of money have been lost in Kent upon the Caulker. *Sir Oliver* rendered the ride home very pleasant, i. e. to the winners.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—I wish, through the medium of your Paper, to inform Mr. Martin, that I am ready to fight him for one or two hundred pounds, either before, or after his fight with Randall. Should he accept this challenge, I am ready at any time he shall appoint, to meet him at Mr. Holt's, Golden Cross Chop-House, Cross Street, Long Acre, to make a deposit; should he refuse, (having been once defeated by him) I must, to use the language he so *generously* adopted when challenging Randall, pronounce him a rank Cur. I also wish to inform the Sporting World, that the challenge to Ned Turner, which appeared in your Paper of last Sunday week, as coming from me, I know nothing of; and be assured, the John Bull fighter, as I am termed, possesses such a John Bull heart, that he scorns to exult over a fallen opponent; and

Messrs. *Old Tom* and *Old Time*, having made great inroads upon the constitution of poor Ned, it was farthest from my thoughts to give a challenge, (which I know his proud heart could not brook) nor his health admit him to accept.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

May 4, 1822.

JOSHUA HUDSON.

Golden Cross Chop-House.

JOSH. HUDSON'S ANSWER TO ABBOTT'S CHALLENGE.

SIR—With reference to your letter of Sunday last, I shall be happy to accommodate you for fifty aside, and any day this week you will find me or my money at the Cock and Cross, Red Cross Street, London Docks, to make the match. If your friends will back you for 100*l.* I wish to say my money is ready, and in that case I will wait upon you to make a deposit of 20*l.* as far West as you may appoint. I went the other evening to Mr. Belcher's, and did hope to have found you, or some friend, to have made the match ; but was there informed by one of your backers it was a mistake.

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

July 14, 1822.

JOSHUA HUDSON.

The *John Bull Fighter* was matched with a countryman of the name of Barlow, called the Nottinghamshire Youth, for 50*l.* aside. The above battle was decided on Tuesday, September 10, 1822. Great sums of money were depending on this *mill*, and the road from London to St. Alban's was covered with vehicles of every description, anxious to behold the "new hero" make his *debut* in the prize ring. Barlow, according to report, had beaten *twelve* of the primest coves in Yorkshire, and the *knowing ones* were *chaffed* into the delusion that he would *swallow* Josh. at a *bolt* ; afterwards *dispose* of Shelton ; and ultimately finish the Gas. So many waggons on the ground well filled with country gentlemen (particularly from Yorkshire) have not been witnessed for a long time. A few minutes, before one, Josh. threw his

white topper into the ring with more than usual animation, as much as to say, "I mean to win, and nothing else!" He was followed by that "Special Original," Tom Owen, and Randall, also in white hats: HUDSON was loudly received by the spectators. The backer of JOSH. also accompanied him within the ropes, wearing the same *emblem*: but this *trump*, from the Tower, did not sport, as upon former great occasions, his *Julius Cæsar Vest*, when an *East-Ender* is about to exhibit. Barlow was not forgotten by the crowd on making his appearance arm-in-arm with Belcher and Harmer, on shying his *castor*. HUDSON went and shook hands with him. JOSH. *peeled* instantly, and got ready to fight; but the countryman was so long in preparing, George Head tying his shoes on, &c. that Tom Owen sung out, "What are you *arter*, Mr. Bel-s-h-a-r; you are keeping us waiting. You're man don't seem to like it much! D'ye mind me?" HUDSON likewise observed, "Come, I'm ready, let's go to work." 5 to 4 on Barlow.

Round 1. On *peeling*, the frame of the Nottingham hero, by comparison with his opponent, did not appear calculated to *punish* Josh. and most of the pugilists present immediately made up their minds Hudson must win. It is true, the *John Bull Fighter* was rather too fleshy; but, nevertheless, he was in fine condition, and united with his laughing, open, and confident countenance, setting defeat at defiance, made a considerable impression in his favour with the surrounding multitude. On setting-to, Josh. stood as firm as a rock, with his left arm extended, nearly touching the fists of Barlow, for half a minute; while, on the contrary, the knees of the countryman trembled (who, by the bye, is a bad legged one,) and he appeared puzzled, and quite at a loss how to commence the attack. Josh. finding his opponent in no hurry to begin, let *fly*, and counter hits occurred between them. The *ivory-box* of *John Bull* received a small taste; but the

conk of Barlow napt a hit on the tip which produced the *claret*. (Josh. laughing, said to the Umpires, "first blood.") This decided numerous wagers. (The *East-enders* began to *chery* it was all right, and the *Special Original* offered 10 to 1 on Hudson ; when Belcher replied, "I'll take it." "Stop till the round is over," said Owen, "and it will be then 20 to 1.") Hudson put down his hands, and rubbed them on his drawers ; but the countryman did not take advantage of this fine opening for the exercise of his *milling* talents. Josh. saw that he had got him, stepped in (in the Randall and Curtis style,) and without ceremony planted a tremendous hit under the *listener* of Barlow, that sent him down like a shot on the ground, and his head rose above a foot from the earth with the violence of the shock. The countryman was in a state of stupor, and he was *dragged* up on the knee of his second. The shouting by the boys from the Tower was uproarious in the extreme, and 5 to 1 was offered all round the ring. Any thing like description from the pen must fall short in portraying the emotions of the various countenances connected with the event. The *mugs* of the *chaff-cutting* countrymen, who had been so *jolly* before, were instantly turned into tragedy faces—all struck of a heap, as it were, and agitated for the fate of their hero. The few *Knowing Ones*, too, who *knew* every thing about the Katterfelto feats of Barlow (who were let into the *secret* behind the curtain, "as how, the Nottingham boy had beaten twelve men in the country ; he had knocked Tom Belcher about in a private set-to : and had also got the *best* of Gully in a bout with the gloves,") and had *booked* his winning to a certainty, began to drop down a little, and to look blue for their *blunt* ; while the *out-and-outers* of the East were mad with joy, laughing, chaffing, jumping, and offering their "little alls" that *John Bull* would again prove victorious. "Do you mind me, Josh." said Tom Owen, "It is as right as the day ; you have only now to go in, and lick him off hand." "Yes," replied Josh. laughing, "I've got him safe enough now ; why, I liked him when I first saw him."

2. The countryman was reduced to a mere *dummy* ; he was quite *abroad*, could scarcely put up his hands, and tottered only to the *scratch* to be *floored* by Josh. in a twinkling. 10 and 20 to 1 offered, but no takers. It was all UP with Barlow, and Hudson as strong as a horse.

3. Similar to the last, and Barlow again measured his length on the turf.

4. Barlow, although no *chance* to win, showed himself a *game* man, and came tottering to the *mark* as a last effort; but it was only to be hit down. Here the President of the Daffy Club interfered, and requested he might be taken away.—The *long faces* of the “I’s Yorkshire” begged all description, on seeing no *means* of saving their *blunt*. “Take him away!”

5. and last. Barlow came again to fight, but found himself in Pepper-alley; and Belcher, quite satisfied that he could not win, put up his arm to save further *punishment*, and he fell down. Josh. jumped out of the ring as the conqueror, only six minutes and a half having elapsed.

REMARKS.—The friends of Barlow shewed great want of judgment in selecting such a well-known, often-tried, high-couraged man as JOSH. HUDSON for his trial fight in the London Prize Ring. It was a hundred pounds to a farthing against Barlow after the first round: and it was next to an impossibility that he recovered from the stupifying effects of so tremendous a hit, to have fought another round. That he is a *game* man, there is no doubt; his conduct in the Ring decided that fact. Barlow, with a more equal man, in another contest, may prove himself a good fighter. The above Battle afforded no opportunity of judging accurately upon the subject. HUDSON had not a single mark upon him, and it was one of the easiest things he ever had in his life. Barlow on recovering from his *surprise* in the post-chaise, wished his friends to let him again renew the combat on the ground.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—You will much oblige me by inserting the following Challenges in your valuable Paper. I understand that the friends of the Suffolk Champion have been at the other end of the town, in order to make a match against me; in answer

to which, I have only to say, my friends are ready to meet them any day next week, where they think proper, to make a deposit, for One Hundred Guineas aside, to fight once within two months. I am also informed, that Mr. Abraham Belasco wishes to have another trial with me : if any Gentleman will make the match for Belasco, my friends will meet them at Randall's any day next week they shall choose to appoint. I have only to add, that if either of them wishes to do as they say, they must enter the Ring before Christmas, as I mean to be like the rest of the pugilists, declare off. Answers from the Suffolk Champion, and Belasco, will oblige me, that I may know where to meet them on the subject, if they mean to come to the *scratch* !

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

October 4, 1822.

JOSH. HUDSON.

Cock and Cross, Red Cross Street.

Tom Shelton, after considerable chaffing, was matched with HUDSON for 100*l.* aside, to take place on Tuesday, November 19th, 1822 ; but owing to some reports having got into circulation that it was to be \times on the part of Shelton, Mr. Jackson refused the use of the P. C. ropes. The friends of Shelton, nevertheless, were so satisfied with his integrity—to win, that they immediately made the following match :—

“ *Golden Cross, Cross-Lane, Long Acre.*

“ Thomas Shelton agrees to fight Josh. Hudson, on Tuesday, the 10th of December, in a twenty-four feet ring, for 100*l.* aside.—Half minute time. To be a fair stand-up fight. Mr. Jackson to name the place, and to hold the stakes of 200*l.* Six pounds aside are now deposited in the hands of the P. of the D. C. and the remainder of the stakes, 94*l.* aside, to be made good at Mr. Holt's, on Saturday, the 23d of November, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening, or the above deposit money to be forfeited. An Umpire to be chosen on each side : and Mr. Jackson to name the Referee.”

November 22, 1822.

The above tremendous battle was decided on Arpenden Common : JOSH. was defeated in less than 15

minutes, occupying fourteen rounds. He was hit out of time; and Shelton was so *dead beat*, that it was with difficulty he appeared at the scratch to answer the call of "*Time!*"

FOOLISH TURN-UP BETWEEN JOSH. HUDSON AND GAYNOR (A BATH LAD.)—On the 27th of December, 1822, Josh. (full of *Christmas* before it began, or as *groggy* as a sailor three sheets in the wind) had a turn-up in a room with Gaynor, a strong, wiry *chap*, and said to be a bit of a *plant*. HUDSON's hands were quite *gone*, and altogether he was not in a fit state to fight, and *if* he had any friends present when the *row* took place, they ought to have prevented the battle. The *high* courage of JOSH. brought him through the piece; but he was severely *milled*, and also met with a very *troublesome* customer for 35 minutes before Gaynor could be *choked off!* And to mend the matter—it was for *love!*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—My late defeat by Shelton having occurred through accident, has induced me to wish to meet him once more in the ring, for the satisfaction of myself, friends, and the Sporting World, for which purpose I have seen TOM *personally*; but for reasons best known to himself, he declines fighting any more, at least with me. I am therefore disengaged; and as my friends are ready to back me for 100*l.* against any one, (that fact coupled with the idea I entertain of myself,) I wish, through the means of your ever-read and valuable paper to say, should either Bill Neat or Tom Spring have a leisure hour, once within three months, to display in reality the scientific art of Self-Defence, I am ready at any time and place, either of those Gents may appoint, to make a deposit to fight for the above sum.

I am, (with respects to Neate and Spring,)

Your's obediently,

JOSHUA HUDSON.

January 25th, 1823.

Cock and Cross, Redcross-Street,
London Docks.

FIVES' COURT.

The *John Bull Fighter* (JOSH. HUDSON) took his turn at the above milling shop, on Tuesday, February 11, 1823, and the *in-go*, as to the *steeven*, was a prime account ; more especially after the gift of Mrs. Hickman. The *heavy* swells, i. e. the *pinks* from the West, did not *show*, but the *trumps* of the East stuck to JOSH. like glue. HUDSON's name is a tower of strength all round the Tower, St. Kitt's, and in the vicinity of the *Lour Locker* ; in short, he " pulled them *in* " like a shewman, and the result was an excellent benefit. The sets-to were various, but interesting. The grand feature and attraction of the day was the bout between Spring and Ward. Every spectator felt interested—all eyes were directed towards the stage ; and the *office* given for " *toppers off* " all over the Court. It was a fine opportunity for Ward ; and he did not lose sight of it. Spring, always steady, an excellent stopper, and troublesome to be got at, received one or two sharp hits from the *Black Diamond*. The *capabilities* displayed by Ward against such a man as Spring, tends to raise him, as a boxer, high indeed ; and if his recent *transgression* can be obliterated from the memory of the Amateurs, he will not want backers against any twelve stone man in England. Spring, previously to leaving the stage, addressed the patrons of pugilism on behalf of poor Harry Sutton, (the man of colour :) " he is nearly dead," said Spring ; " he is in the last stage of a consumption ; he has not left his bed since he was in the Court, when you were pleased to do something for him. He has a wife and three children, without any means of

support. I am sure you are too generous to let a brave man want; and I never knew an appeal made here in vain."—"Well, then go it," answered one of the East-Enders, "I like to have a *shy* for my money." Half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, were instantly thrown upon the stage, and a tolerable collection was made for Sutton. JOSH. HUDSON and *Shelton* finished the amusements of the day: it was similar to the fight, but *Shelton* had rather the best of the *nobbing*: yet the *John Bull Fighter* was always at the *finish* of the thing. The science of HUDSON is good, and he is nothing like the same straight-forward boxer he was a twelvemonth since. On returning thanks he was loudly applauded, and the Amateurs left the Court in good humour; as did the JOHN BULL BOXER, with the *blunt* box under his arm. JOSH. smiling, said to an old pal, rattling up the *pewter*, "this is what I call *counter-hitting*, with the TILL, as a little *one in*."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—*Shelton* having publicly challenged me at the Fives' Court the other day to fight in June for 100*l*. I beg to inform him, through your valuable paper, that my friend, Mr. Roberts, will meet him or his friend, at Randall's, Chancery Lane, on Wednesday night next, about eight, and make a deposit of 20*l*. to fight for that sum at his own time, and I beg to add, if he can get backed for 200*l*. instead of 100*l*. it would be an accommodation to me.

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

JOSH. HUDSON.

February 22d, 1823,
Cock and Cross, Redcross-Street,
London Docks.

The second match was made between HUDSON and *Shelton* for 100*l*. aside, but on Thursday evening, May 23d, 1823, JOSH. and his friends attended at *Shelton's*

house, to make his money good for the ensuing fight on the 10th of June. The money of HUDSON, 50 sovereigns, lay on the table for ten minutes. Shelton, in reply, said he was under recognizances, and should not fight, nor forfeit. Thus the battle went off; but HUDSON received 30*l.* as a forfeit.

HUDSON was anxious to make a match with *Neat*; but the friends of the latter never appeared at the *scratch*. HUDSON attended at Randall's house for the above purpose, on May 30th, 1823.

But the *John Bull Fighter* never let a *chance* go by him, as the following epistle clearly decides his anxiety at all times to *accommodate* a customer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR—On perusing the Daily Papers, I understand that Ward challenged me at the Fives' Court, on Tuesday last; you will therefore have the kindness, through your Sporting Journal, to inform him that the JOHN BULL Fighter, whether *abroad* or at *home*, is always ready to *accommodate* any of his Friends to afford a "bit of sport." If Mr. Ward, or his backers, will call at Mr. Randall's, the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, on Thursday evening next, Hudson will make a match either for 100*l.* or 200*l.* aside, according as it may *suit* his opponent.

I remain Sir, your's, &c.

JOSH. HUDSON.

August 28th, 1823,
Birmingham.

Upon the arrival of HUDSON in London, the following Articles were agreed upon without delay:—

" *Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane.*

" Josh. Hudson agrees to fight James Ward for 100*l.* aside. To be a fair stand-up fight, in a twenty-four foot ring. Half-minute time. Mr. Jackson to name the place of fighting. The battle to take place on Tuesday, November 11th, 1823. The men to be in the ring, and ready to fight,

between the hours of twelve and one o'clock. An umpire to be chosen on each side, and a referee to be appointed on the ground. Ten pounds aside are now deposited in the hands of a person well known to the Prize Ring; forty pounds aside more to be made good at Mr. Shelton's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Gate Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, on Tuesday, October 7th, 1823, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening, or the ten pounds aside to be forfeited. The remainder of the stakes, 50*l.* aside, to be made good a fortnight before fighting, on Tuesday, October 28th, 1823, at Mr. Randall's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening, or the money deposited to be forfeited.

“ Signed for JOSH. HUDSON, G. H.
 “ Witness B. BENNETT.” “ JAMES WARD.”
 September 4th, 1823.

Upon the above articles being signed, 12 to 8 was offered to be taken by the friends of Ward; and several bets were proposed that Ward's money would be made good. HUDSON, in his late battle, proved himself a much better boxer than was expected; which, added to his “ NELSON sort of courage,” rendered him one of the most, if not decidedly the most, formidable opponent of the present race of pugilists.

The following remarks were made respecting the various *milling* capabilities of the Combatants, previous to the great match:—

The friends of the *Black Diamond* in the rough (Jem Ward) flatter themselves he is so much *polished* by his recent experiments on the nobs of the *Provincials*, as to be able to take a *high number* among the metropolitan boxers. Ward, in point of frame, is second *Hen. Pearce*, so say the *ould ones*; and the *best* of the former, is also thought to be equal in point of anatomical beauty, and exhibiting immense strength, not to be surpassed by any boxer on the P. L. Ward

is likewise a most scientific fighter, active on his legs, and *mills* on the retreat in first-rate style. The principal drawback against his capabilities is said to be, that he is more of a *tapping* than a heavy *punishing* hitter; and it is also a question at present, which time can only answer (in order to make his resemblance to the *Chicken* complete,) whether the little but important word of *game* is to be added to his character. *Ward*, on account of his youth, is much *fancied* by a great part of the Betting World at the West End of the Metropolis, who assert, and even back their opinion, he will win it like *chaffing*! While on the contrary, something like *grief* has escaped the lips of the *coreys* near the *Blunt* Magazine; and the Sage of the East has also been caught on the sly *wiping* his *ogles*, that the necessity of the case should compel the "*Two Stars*" of the East End to be opposed to each other. "But d'ye mind me," Tom Owen has it, "not as the Stage Players, say at the theatre from *Ould Shakspeare*—'Ossa to a Wart—but Greek to Greek.'" Josh. and Ward being positively in want of a *job*; and sooner than remain idle or stand still, are anxious to take each other by the *hand*, no opponents from any part of the kingdom offering to enter the lists with them. Something after the style of the late Tom Johnson and Big Ber "Tammy," said the latter, "you and I never *fell* out and that is the reason why I think we ought to fight. This is exactly the opinion of the John Bull boxer who delights in *fighting*, but detests *quarrelling* laughing heartily at the incidents of a *mill*, and weeping over *imaginary* distress at the *spell*! Great sum

of money are already betted upon the battle between HUDSON and *Ward*. The former hero is thought to be too *fleshy* ; but his lion-hearted courage, among his staunch admirers, over-balance all his other defects ; and numbers take *Josh*. for choice, while others are so *fond* of him, as to bet the odds.

The above match was decided on Tuesday, November 11th, 1823, on Moulsey Hurst. HUDSON was always an attractive feature in the prize ring ; and WARD, by anticipation, was expected to turn out a hero of the first *milling* class. Since the time Dutch Sam fought Nosworthy, we do not recollect to have seen so many vehicles upon Moulsey Hurst. A fine sparkling of CORINTHIANS ornamented the ring ; numerous SWELLS ; a great variety of heavy-betting Sporting Men ; thousands of independent respectable spectators, attracted by curiosity to witness a Prize Mill ; lots of *Commoners* ; plenty of persons, also a shade below the last-mentioned individuals ; and likewise a multitude of *chaps* still a *shade* lower in the estimation of the CHESTERFIELD part of mankind than the preceding *coves*, formed the motley group round the amphitheatre, in which *Ward* and HUDSON were to exhibit their prowess. The whole was conducted in the most respectable and orderly manner, under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief, and seconded by the efforts of the Commissary-General. The exertions of Messrs. Oliver, Scroggins, Harmer, Sampson, Turner, Carter, &c. also tended, in a great degree, to give every individual an opportunity of viewing the fight. Five and seven shillings for each person, was demanded for a standing place in the waggon ; and

the watermen, in ferrying the swells across the Thames, were well paid for their exertions. The Red Lion, at Hampton, was head quarters; and every room in the house overflowed with company. The accommodation was excellent. Between twelve and one o'clock JOSH. HUDSON, in a drab white coat, with a blue bird's eye round his neck, attended by his seconds, *Randall* and *Peter Crawley*, followed by *Jem Bunn*, threw his hat into the ring. HUDSON was received with several loud shouts. He looked cheerful, nodded to several friends, and appeared quite at his ease in disposition. After walking about the ring for the space of ten minutes—"Ward—Ward" was the cry. "He ought to have been here before," said JOSH. "Half-past twelve o'clock was the agreement." The *Black Diamond* was seen arm-in-arm with his backer and trainer, making his way through the crowd, followed by his seconds, *Spring* and *A. Belasco*. He was cheered as he passed along, and threw his hat spiritedly into the ring. WARD looked extremely pale on his entering the ropes; and the contrast between the *mugs* of the combatants was decidedly in favour of HUDSON. While the *Black Diamond* was sitting on the knee of his second, preparing for action he turned round, and surveyed his opponent from head to foot; Randall tied the colours of JOSH.—"true blue," to the stakes; and Spring placed Ward—green, along-side of them. "Go to work," was now the order of the day:—

Round 1. Hudson, on throwing off his *togs*, amused the spectators by a sort of dramatic touch: a new feature in the P. R. something after the manner of the Grave-digger in

Hamlet. On getting rid of his *drapery*, which had been nicely got up by his laundress for the occasion, next a flannel *cameza* was discovered, and the eager *peepers* of the amateurs were again disappointed in not beholding Josh's *canvas*: a second portion of Witney obscuring it. "Hallo!" said the NONPAREIL, "How many more of them have you got on." "Why, you are made up of flannel," rejoined Peter. "Leave it all to the cook," replied Josh., smiling, "ask Ward about that by and by." When, to the great astonishment of the crowd, Randall divested a THIRD from his frame, before Josh.'s *aldermanic* rotundity of abdomen, broad jolly shoulders, and fat arms were exposed for action. At length the JOHN BULL Fighter appeared in all his glory: "his soul up in arms, and eager for the fray." "Let no person assert that Josh. has not been *careful* of himself," observed a young sprig of the Fancy. "Careful, indeed!" replied an old sporting man, "do not say a word about being *careful*; he is in no *condition* at all: he is not fit to fight. For myself, I never make my calculations upon his *training*: Josh. cannot bear *restraint*: no, no, *system* and Hudson are not *pals*. And the Old Sage of the East (Tom Owen) has deplored this defect in his darling boy, times and often, with *watery ogles*. And, do you mind me, youngster, it is the true courage he possesses that I rely upon: it is also his noble, manly heart, which looks forward under all circumstances towards victory, that is my criterion: and lastly, it is his invincible bottom that never flinches while *Nature* holds her empire over his frame, that renders Hudson a safe man to back at all times. Exactly after Ben Burn's character of Tom Cribb, "I would'nt mind fighting Cribb," said Ben, "but Tom has not sense enough to leave off. Cribb never knows when he has got enough." The "John Bull" was now only waiting to shake the hand of his opponent to show the spectators that ANIMOSITY had no resting place in the contest, fame and glory being his only object in view, and inspired with that sort of confidence so beautifully described by our immortal bard:—

By heaven's! methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned HONOUR by the locks!
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without a rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Ward was in tip-top *condition* : in fact, he could not have been better ; he was nearly, if not quite as heavy, without the *grossness* and unwieldy qualities of his opponent, added to all the advantages of *training*. The bust of the Black Diamond was pronounced " beautiful " by all the admirers of anatomy on the Hurst ; and had Messrs. Abernethy, Carlile, or Sir Astley Cooper been present, we feel confident they must have joined in the above appropriate remark. To the students of Bartholomew and Guy's Hospital, the action of the muscles of Ward would have proved an animated and instructive lecture : indeed the whole-length figure of Ward was of so manly and interesting an appearance, that the lovers of statuary would feel highly gratified in viewing a model of a pugilist taken from Ward by those distinguished artists Messrs. Flaxman and Garrard. The battle now commenced on the combatants placing themselves in attitudes. Hudson stood firm at his post with his left arm extended, looking steadfastly at his opponent, ready for any chance that might offer, well knowing that he had a *leary*, active, and scientific boxer before him. The *forte* of Ward immediately presented itself to the amateurs on the latter preparing to fight. Hitting and getting away seemed to be the decided object he had in view. After a short pause, and both moving a few paces on the ground Josh. let fly with his left hand ; but the *Black Diamond* got away with considerable activity. Ward endeavoured to make a hit, but his distance from Josh. was too *respectable* to do any mischief. Hudson looked cheerful and Ward smiled. Hudson aimed a heavy blow with his right hand ; but the Black Diamond was not to be had, and retreated. Josh., perceiving that long bowls were of no service, determined to try if a broadside would not bring his adversary into action. This opinion was correct. Hudson went to work, *sans ceremonie*, and an exchange of heavy blows was the result. The Black Diamond napt a *wisty castor* on one side of his neck, which if it had been planted a little higher, in all probability the battle would have been at an end. In closing at the ropes, Ward commenced the weaving system very actively ; but the situation of Josh. gave him the opportunity of beating the back part of Ward's neck and head heavily. In struggling for the throw Ward obtained it very cleverly, Hudson being undermost. *Shouting, and well done Jem : that's the way, my lad, you can win it by throwing only.* " WALKER ! " said a old sailor from the Cock and Cross, " lick my old

messmate by a *throw* indeed ! You don't know him, I am sure."

2. Josh's forehead was a little *rouged* ; and the right ear of the Black Diamond *vermilioned* from the effects of the last round. Ward would not make play ; and Hudson found his man very difficult to be got at. A short time was occupied in dodging of each other, when Hudson again resolutely commenced the attack. Several blows, of no tender nature, were exchanged between them, till they fought their way into close quarters. Ward, with great spirit and activity, fibbed, a la Randall, his opponent, but not without return. After severe struggling they separated, and both went down.

3. Josh. stopped well, and also got away from a heavy hit. Ward smiled. A smart rally took place, in which Hudson received a rum one, that caused him to stagger, stagger, and stagger till he went down on his rump. It is true, it was from the effects of the hit ; but, perhaps, it would be too much to term it a knock down blow. In the above rally Ward also received a teaser on the tip of his nose, which produced the *claret*, and he dropped down a little exhausted on one knee at the conclusion of the round. "Ward will win it," from his partizans ; he'll be able to make a fool of the Old Fat One after ten minutes." The odds continuing decidedly on the Black Diamond.

4. This round was short, but very sweet to the backers of Hudson. The latter, on setting-to, floored Ward like a shot. The scene of joy was so great on this event, that the Bullites roared out like bulls : dancing, shouting, and chaffing like people out of their mind. The Black Diamond's friends looking a little blue at this momentous triumph.

5. This was an out-and-out round on both sides of the question. Ward was on his mettle ; and nothing else but milling occurred. Josh. made play, and Ward turned to with equal gaiety, when some heavy blow passed between them, and Josh. turned round in breaking away from his adversary. A short pause, when Hudson kept creeping after Ward, who was retreating, till another rally was the result, in which the Black Diamond had the best of it, till Josh. again broke away. Hudson was terribly distressed ; and Ward committed the error of letting the John Bull fighter make a pause till he recovered his wind a little without attacking him. In fact, Ward would not fight first.

The high-couraged Ould One, puffing and blowing like a grampus, again commenced play ; but he received three facers for his temerity. Another pause. Hudson was now tired almost to a stand still, and his bad condition was visible to every Amateur, but like one of the "Death or Glory sort of characters" he would attempt to *mill* undismayed, till he received a tremendous blow on his left cheek bone, which not only produced the claret, but sent him down in a twinkling. This was a clean knock down blow. The *Black Diamonds* were now in turn brilliant with their *slum*. Bailey, Sheridan, Walker, and Johnson's Dictionaries were all *dummies* compared to the rich phrases which escaped from the East End uproarious, overjoyed *coal-ies*. "That's the way my Jem's eye.—It's all your own.—We'll back you now two to one, nay, three to one.—You can't lose it." "The sheep shall be roasted whole for you this *darkey*," roared out a carcase butcher from Whitechapel Market. "Another one like that, and the John Bull will be *cut up*."

6. The heart of Hudson was as sound as ever, and his eye still possessed its wonted fire ; but his distressed state cannot be described. Two severe counter hits separated the combatants some distance from each other ; and both of them felt the severity of the blows. Ward retreated very fast from Josh. ; but the latter kept creeping and creeping after him, till the Black Diamond was near the ropes, and compelled to fight. Here the John Bull fighter found himself at home—that is to say at close quarters—a sort of yard-arm and yard-arm fighting, where all his blows told. Josh. not only stopped skilfully ; but he put in two such tremendous hits on Ward's body, that caused the face of the Black Diamond to exhibit some excruciating grimaces. Hudson also finished the round, by throwing Ward. Another uproarious shout—the spectators all alive, and the John Bull fighter, if not the favourite among the betting men, seemed to have the interest of the unbiassed part of the audience ; that is to say, those persons who admire boxing as a national sport, and who never lay a shilling on any event.

7. Hudson, while sitting on Crawley's knee, appeared quite exhausted in strength ; but not in pluck, and laughed at Randall's telling him to recollect his invitation of dining with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow. On time being called, Josh. with much judgment kept sparring at the scratch in order to recover his wind. Hudson cleverly stopped a heavy

blow. In closing at the ropes, the activity displayed by Ward in fibbing his opponent was the admiration of the ring ; but in reality it was more *showy* than effective. Hudson, though awkwardly held, nevertheless administered the most punishment. Ward again threw his opponent cleverly. "Well done, Jem, a round or two more, and the *blunt* is your own." "Josh. is quite tired of it."

8. Some pause occurred, Ward waiting for his opponent to make play. "You must come to me, Jem," said Josh. "I shall not go after you. I shall stand here all day." "So can I," replied Ward. Hudson soon broke through his resolution, and went to work, Ward fighting and retreating till he was against the ropes. Here the combatants closed, and the Black Diamond endeavoured to fib his adversary, until Josh. in rather a singular manner had extricated himself from the gripe of his adversary, and found himself outside of the ring, when he put in a blow across the ropes which floored the Black Diamond. Loud shouting in favour of Hudson, but in betting generally Ward was the hero of the tale.

9. The face of Hudson was red and puffy ; and it was astonishing to witness a man fight at all who laboured under such an evident state of distress. The skill of Ward, added to his goodness on his legs, should have given him confidence to have fought immediately with Josh. on his appearing at the scratch. Owing to the want of this *confidence* he lost the battle : at all events he gave a great chance away. "The John Bull" again commenced play ; but Ward would not be hit.—Hudson on the creeping system, gently followed Ward all over the ring, until the latter was in a situation that he was compelled to fight. A slaughtering rally took place, hit for hit, till both of the men went down. Spring, on picking up his man, and looking at Hudson, observed, "I should like to have a calf's head as fat as Josh.'s face." "Softly," says Crawley, "you don't know how soon your own *nug* may be in a much worse condition !"

10. This was a fine fighting round altogether, exhibiting skill, bottom, and bravery. Josh. after a short pause, endeavoured to feel for his adversary's *NOB* ; but Ward was too *leary*, and retreated. The Black Diamond, however, returned upon Hudson quickly and missed a tremendous blow aimed at Josh.'s head, but which alighted upon his shoulder. A severe but short rally occurred ; till the combatants separated from distress. It was piteous to view the state of

Hudson ; yet it was a fine picture of the MIND, seen nobly struggling against the infirmity of NATURE. It was, mentally speaking, "I cannot be defeated by this man if my strength does not entirely leave me ; I cannot, I will not say NO !" Sir Walter Scott, in his fondness of *nationality*, might, from such a scene, have picked up a line or two with advantage, whenever he may descant on the bravery of the English character ; and even the pencil of the inimitable Wilkie might also enrich his canvas with such a portrait of true courage. The Duke of Wellington, we are confident, would have fastened on it with the grateful remembrance that he had had thousands of such "bits of stuff" under his command when he *floored* the great Prize Fighter of Europe. Every individual who saw it must feel proud at such conduct, and who could assert "I am one of that nation." (Nay we even go so far as to think that the scurrilous writer in the *Times*, behind the curtain, who so recently expressed his opinion "that mankind would be benefitted and all crimes be at an end, if the whole race of Pugilists and their supporters were swept off the face of the earth," would have dropped down upon himself, begged pardon for his ignorance and insolence in publishing such a libellous paragraph, and have clapped his hands in the ecstacy of the moment, and have cried—"bravo !") But to return—Hudson was determined to put his opponent to the test ; and the exchange of blows were truly severe ; till they were compelled to make a pause. "To lick or be licked," says Josh. "here goes !" when hit for hit occurred till both of the men went down amidst the most uproarious shouts of applause. The friends of the Black Diamond had almost *booked* it Ward must prove the conqueror from the worn-out appearance of Hudson. A stranger to the Ring would have betted ten to one without hesitation : indeed, so certain did some of the oldest Ring-goers look upon the event, that during the battle 5 to 1 was betted upon Ward. The *trembling* and *shaking* sort of betters got their money off like *winking* at any price ; but those who were well acquainted with the qualities of the John Bull's gluttony were determined not to leave him under any circumstances, being well assured it was never safe to his opponent till the battle was at an end.

11. The effects of this round led to the decision of the battle. Ward was *pinking* Josh.'s nob, and retreating, as the John Bull kept creeping after him, till a severe rally was the result. Josh. put in a tremendous blow under Ward's

left eye, which closed it up in an instant; and the head of the latter almost appeared to leave his shoulders. The Black Diamond was wild and quite abroad from its severity; hitting at random. It was now blow for blow, till Ward was *floored*. The shouting on the side of Josh. beggars description—"It's as safe as the bank—Hudson has only to fight two more rounds, and it will be over." 'I'll bet a pound to a half-crown,' says Jem Bunn:—"Done with you," cried an old swell—"I'll bet it twenty-times over," with eagerness replied Bunn.

12. It was evident that Ward could not measure his distance accurately, and his blows were given like a man feeling for his way in the dark; yet, nevertheless, this was a complete *mill*ing round. Hudson's mug was red in the extreme, and he did not appear to have wind enough in his body to puff out a farthing rush-light. Ward was also terribly distressed; indeed, it was the expressed opinion of some of the oldest fanciers, that "it was any body's battle." When time was called, a MINUTE, if it could have been allowed, would have proved very acceptable to both parties. After a short pause at the scratch, Ward got away from a heavy body-blow. At the ropes, a smart exchange of blows occurred, when they separated. Hudson stopped in great style a heavy blow. At the ropes again another sharp encounter took place, till both of the men were distressed to a stand-still. Ward endeavoured to put in a nobber, which Josh. stopped so skilfully, as to extort applause from all parts of the crowd. "Bravo! fine! beautiful!" &c. In a struggle at the corner of the ring, Ward was sent out of the ropes, and Hudson fell from weakness on one of his knees. The backers of both parties were on the *funk*—there seemed no decided certainty about it in their minds—hopes and fears—palpitations of the heart—long faces—uneasiness—and on the fret—was the picture of the *mugs* of the betting men round the ring at this juncture. It was an awful moment for the cash account—the transfer of some thousands was at hand.

13. Hudson's little smiling eyes, although nearly obscured by the bumps and thumps they had received above and below them, had not lost their fire; and he said, to Randall, coming up to the scratch—"I am satisfied, Jack, I have got him!" "Yes," replied the Nonpareil, "its all right, and you are now sure to dine with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow, and also to lunch with the Lord Mayor, if you like

it." The face of the Black Diamond was completely metamorphosed—quite pale, and his peepers nearly darkened. On setting-to, Hudson planted a *nobber* which sent Ward staggering two or three yards, and he was nearly going down. Hudson followed his opponent and some blows were exchanged ; when in closing, Josh. fell on Ward with all his weight. " John Bull for £100—5 to 1," and higher odds.—Victory was now in sight, and " Hudson can't lose it !" was the general cry.

14. Badly *distressed* as Josh. appeared to be, on his coming to the scratch, he was now by far the best man of the two. Ward, did what he could to obtain a turn, and in closing at the ropes, endeavoured to fib his adversary ; but Hudson pummelled Ward so severely behind his nob, that in a confused manner he let go his hold. A few blows were then exchanged ; when the John Bull gave Ward a *coup-de-grace* that sent him down flat on his back. The shouting was loud indeed—the friends of Hudson mad with joy—and twenty to one. Ward will not come again—its all over. Indeed it was now ADOLPHUS's flash library to a Rosemary-lane *mag* chant !

15 and last.—When time was called, Spring brought his man to the scratch, but Ward was in so tottering a state, that he was balancing on one leg. " Take him away !"—" Don't hit him, Josh." The John Bull fighter, with that generosity of mind which distinguishes his character, merely pushed his opponent down ; when the battle was at an end. Josh. took hold of Randall's hat and threw it up in the air, and at the same time he tried to make a jump, however, it was not quite so light, graceful, nor so high as the *pirouette* of an Oscar Byrne ; yet, it was that sort of indication to the multitude, that he did *jump* for joy. Hudson immediately left the ring amidst the shouts of the populace, crossed the water, and very prudently went to bed at the Bell, at Hampton. The battle was over in 36 minutes.

REMARKS.—*Ward* must be pronounced a fine fighter : he completely understands scientific movements, and, perhaps, it is not too much to assert, he is master of the Art of Self-Defence. His most conspicuous fault in the above battle, appeared to be in not *fighting*

FIRST; and also evincing too great an anxiety to avoid the blows of his opponent. The Black Diamond is excellent upon his legs—few, if any boxers, better; but in his fondness for *retreating*, his blows, however numerous, did not reduce the courage of the John Bull Fighter. It has been urged that *Ward* was *shy* of his adversary. The name and character of JOSH. HUDSON, as one of the *gamest* of the GAME boxers on the list, no doubt, has some *terrors* attached to it, and we think it had more than a little effect upon the feelings of *Ward*.

HUDSON is in his 27th year, and Victory has crowned his efforts SIXTEEN times. In the above battle with *Ward*, the extraordinary courage he displayed, was the theme of every one present, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon his efforts. To COURAGE, and COURAGE alone, he may attribute his success; but at the same time, we cannot help thinking that he might have been in much better *condition*, if he had paid more attention to his *training*. HUDSON, after all, we must assert, relied too much upon his *bottom*; in fact, he was so completely exhausted two or three times in the fight, that his most sanguine friends were doubtful of the result. *Ward* proved himself a troublesome customer: and very difficult to be got at. JOSH. won the battle out of the fire; and we hope that we shall not have to *scold* him on the subject of *training*, at his next exhibition in the Prize Ring. *Ward* was considerably punished about the head, and immediately put to bed after the battle, at Hampton. Upon the whole, it was a fine manly

fight, and afforded a high treat both to the Corinthians and Commoners.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE MILL.—On the fight being over, “*Home, sweet home,*” was the object in view; and the *darkey* fast approaching, the proverb of the “Devil take the hindmost,” seemed to be uppermost in the minds of the *Fancy*. The *toddlers* brushed off by thousands to the water’s edge, and in spite of the entreaties of the ferrymen, the first *rush* jumped into the boats in such numbers, as nearly to endanger their own lives. However, the watermen soon got the “best of it,” by demanding a *bob* or more, to carry over in safety *select* companies, or, in other words, those persons who were *well breeched*. Yet so great was the pressure of the crowd, and so eager to cross the water to Hampton, that several *kids* embraced Old Father Thames against their will, amidst the jeers and shouts of their more fortunate *pals*. A nice treat to meet with a *cooler* in an afternoon in November; and 16 miles distance from *home*! The other side of the Hurst produced equally as much fun and laughter in witnessing the barouches, rattlers, gigs, heavy drags, &c. galloping off towards Kingston Bridge, through fields covered with water, to save time. In which several barouches and gigs were seen sticking fast in the mud; the proprietors of which begging assistance from those persons whose *prads* were strong enough for the purpose. But “a friend in need,” was out of the question; and the lads were laughing at the misfortunes which thus presented themselves, as they rode by, without offering any

help to relieve the troubles of others. Two or three *drags* that were overloaded with "live stock," broke down in similar situations, which a wag observing, sung out, by way of consolation to the *coves* in the water, "that they were going home *swimmingly*." One block up of this kind, operated on a string of carriages upwards of half a mile in length. Upon the whole, it was a most lively interesting picture. The vehicles were so numerous, that two hours had elapsed before the whole of them had passed over Kingston Bridge, to the great joy and profit of the heroes of the gates. Several temporary fights took place between the charioteers with whips, sticks, &c. by endeavouring to break the line to get upon the bridge, in consequence of three roads meeting close to it. Broken pannels of coaches; the shafts of gigs splintered; black eyes and noses pinked; and persons thrown out of their vehicles, formed the *tie-up* to HUDSON and *Ward's* fight. For miles round Moulsey Hurst, it proved a profitable day for the inns; and the *blunt* that otherwise might have remained idle in the *clies* of the amateurs, was set to work in the consumption of articles tending to benefit hundreds of tradesmen, who otherwise (like *Dennis Brulgruddery*) might have been on the look-out for a customer.

SUCCESSFUL SPECULATION OF HUDSON ON HIS WINNING THE BATTLE.—JOSH. purchased several pieces of blue silk handkerchiefs, and as a sort of convincing proof to his friends that he meant nothing else but winning the battle, he presented one to each of them under the following circumstances. If HUDSON won the battle, he was to receive a guinea; but if he was

defeated, not a single farthing was to be paid to him. It is thought HUDSON will clear one hundred pounds by the above speculation, several of his backers having already presented him with five pounds a piece for the *blue fogle*.

HUDSON, on meeting with *Ward*, in London, the morning after the battle, enquired after his health ; shook hands with him ; and in the most generous manner presented Ward with a five pound note.

A SILVER CUP VOTED TO JOSHUA^d HUDSON.—At a meeting of the “ PARTIALITY CLUB,” held at Mr. Tuff’s, the Blue Anchor, East Smithfield, on Thursday evening, November 13th, 1823, it was proposed by PIERCE EGAN, seconded by Tom Owen, and carried unanimously, that a Silver Cup of the value of One Hundred Guineas, be presented to the *John Bull Fighter*, for the true courage displayed by him at all times in the Prize Ring. The room was small ; the company but few in number ; yet in less than five minutes, so jolly was the East End upon this occasion, that the subscriptions amounted to 20*l*. The *blunt* was immediately put down, and Mrs. Tuff, (wife of the landlord) as an admirer of true courage, begged the favour of being permitted to add her guinea.

FIVES’ COURT.

Crawley’s benefit was well attended on Wednesday, November 12th, 1823. On HUDSON *showing* himself in the Court, he was warmly congratulated by his friends ; and upon his ascending the stage, he was greeted with loud cheers.—“ Gentlemen,” said HUDSON, “ I have been informed by Mr. Egan, that Shel-

ton has made an assertion, that Ward has received one hundred pounds to lose the battle with me. I will bet any person 5*l.* to 1*l.* he does not prove it.—(*Bravo!*) I will also fight Tom Shelton from 25*l.* to 200*l.* aside, when the time he is bound over for expires. If Ward is in the Court, let him come forward and answer this charge made against him.”—(*Applause.*)

Shelton appeared on the stage, and observed, “ he had been informed by Ben Burns, that Ward had received one hundred pounds. He, therefore, gave up his author.” (“ That’s right, Tom ; you have acquitted yourself,” observed a spectator.)

Burns also exhibited himself on the stage, and declared he had heard so.

Here Ward rushed up the stairs, and said, (as he stood between Shelton and Burns) “ it was a direct falsehood, and he would fight either of them for 100*l.*—(*Great applause.*) I also publicly assert, that no individual whatever offered me a single farthing to lose the battle.”

JOSH. HUDSON (*angrily,*)—“ I will fight Burns any time he thinks proper, 100*l.* to 60*l.*”

Burns attempted to reply, but the disapprobation was so great, that we could only catch—“ he had not had fair play ; and they did not act towards him like Englishmen.”

The sets-to were above mediocrity ; and the Amateurs departed well pleased with the amusement ; but more especially, that all suspicions which might have existed on the fight between HUDSON and *Ward*, had been so manfully refuted.

HUDSON and *Sampson* were matched on the bustle for 100*l.* aside ; partly, we believe, owing to a *word* and a *blow* ; the latter entertaining an opinion he had improved not only as a boxer, but was a better man in every point of view than heretofore ; and the *John Bull Fighter* always thinking he could polish off *Sampson*, at any period, in a twenty-four foot ring, articles were entered into ; but JOSH. in order to gain three weeks in training, forfeited 10*l.* to *Sampson*, at Mr. King's, the Cock and Cross, East Smithfield, on March 8th, 1824. A new match was made on the above evening, to take place for 100*l.* aside, on Tuesday, May 11th, 1824. The following impromptu appeared in *Pierce Egan's Life in London*, on the occasion :—

IMPROMPTU.

If what the Ancients say be true,
That Samson many thousands slew,
And with a single bone ;
How can JOSH. HUDSON's skill in fight,
Avail 'gainst modern Sampson's might,
Who carries *two* 'tis known ?

ANOTHER.

JOSH. HUDSON now is *High* in fame,
Should this against him go,
His glory passes like a dream,
He'll then be—HUDSON Low—e.

HUDSON thus announced his benefit in most of the public journals :—

JOHN BULL IN HIS GLORY.

Those Amateurs from the country, who never had an opportunity of visiting the FIVES' COURT, Tuesday next,

March 30th, 1824, will be a prime opportunity to witness the OLD ENGLISH SPORTS. It is JOSH. HUDSON'S Benefit, the John Bull Fighter of the P. R.; in addition to all the first-rate Pugilists on the list, who will exhibit, some new matches are likely to be made. E. Baldwin and Martin Boro, for 100*l.* aside. The Suffolk Champion will also show himself, in order to challenge MANNING for Fifty Pounds.

To the Lads of the Fancy, and the Sporting World in general, the JOHN BULL FIGHTER takes off his *topper* in the most *gentlemanly* way, and also endeavours to express himself in the politest terms, that he feels extremely anxious to *accommodate* all parties; therefore PEACE or WAR for those that like it. *Turn-UPS* and *caper-sauce*, or *cut* and *come* again, gratis! A *hand* and *glove* for every body, and *COUNTRY* and *colour* no objection.

Lots of *game* belonging to a Manor, without any Lord being master of it, and yet obedient to the law. *Face-painting* on a *principle* rather different from the late celebrated Sir Joshua's mode, yet the *colouring* far more *natural*, and *touched* off without a *brush*! *ELECTRICITY* performed without the formality of an apparatus, and *illustrations* given on the KNOWLEDGE-BOX in the most clear and decided manner. *HEAD-work* and *handy-work* in *taste* and *feeling*, without any thing to do with the classics; and *FUN* in a variety of shapes. JOSH. is not particular as to *shade* respecting *TICKETS*. All his friends are welcome, either from the West, the East—the North, and the South.

THE JOHN BULL FIGHTER'S INVITATION IS
"ONLY COME!"

Tickets 3*s.* each, to be had at all the Sporting Houses; and of P. Egan, Life in London Newspaper Office, 113, Strand.

The GLOVES on at Two precisely.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

The JOHN BULL *Fighter*, in company with *Tom Oliver*, and their conductor, *Tom Owen*, went on a sparring Tour, and were well received at Bristol, Southampton, Portsmouth, &c. The *Sage of the East* kept a sharp eye on JOSH. as to his *training*; in fact, he was under the especial care of TOM OWEN.

PRESENTATION OF THE SILVER CUP TO JOSH. HUDSON.

On Thursday, May 6th, 1824, previous to the above prime piece of *wedge* being deposited for safety in the *mauleys* of the JOHN BULL BOXER, the *Partiality Club Dinner* took place, at Mr. Tuff's, Blue Anchor, East Smithfield. The festive board, although a cold collation, was truly inviting; plenty of every thing that the season afforded: the wines were excellent; and the table was well *wedged* from one end of it to the other; and a silver cup which had been given to a gentleman of the name of DOCKER, for his spirited and manly conduct in behalf of the oppressed poor in the parish, as one of the links connected with "true courage," was also placed in sight of the spectators.

"PRESENTED TO JONATHAN DOCKER, Esq.

By forty of his most particular Friends, as a small testimonial of the high respect and esteem they entertained towards him for his friendly character and honourable conduct—his spirited opposition against Oppression—readiness of access to all who required his assistance, and general philanthropy. A.D. 1822."

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the John Bull Fighter's *Cup*, filled with five bottles of red port, was placed in the front of the Chairman; and HUDSON took his seat on the right-hand side of the President. The following bumper toasts were then given:—

"The KING," *four times four*.

"The Duke of York, and the Royal Family."

"Success to honourable Milling."

The Chairman, (PIERCE EGAN,) after a short speech,

which tended to show the advantages resulting from models of TRUE COURAGE, in a national point of view, both in the Navy and Army, concluded his argument by observing, that if TRUE COURAGE did not reside in the heart of that man who had twice entered the lists with a *Sampson* with success, was ready for the *third* attack, and who had also made an engagement with a CANNON, he did not know where it was to be found.

The President then drank the health of HUDSON; and presented him with the Cup.

The JOHN BULL Fighter received the cup into his hands with great emotion. The LION was subdued into the *lamb*: his feelings were touched in a manner he could not describe; his heart was too big for his body; and his eyes beamed rich with gratitude. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot make a speech; I don't know how; and if I was to attempt one, I should fall to the ground. [*Here the SAGE OF THE EAST pulled out his FOGLE, and applied it to his peepers, which were overflowing with joy in witnessing the prime reception of his boy. 'Tom, d'ye mind me?' was all abroad.*] But believe me, Gentlemen, my gratitude and thanks are sincere; and as you have honoured me with this cup in the name of TRUE COURAGE, my best endeavours shall be to support TRUE COURAGE to the end of my life. Gentlemen, I cannot say any more, but drink all your very good healths, your wives, and families."

The cup then passed from one person to another throughout the room, and the health of HUDSON was drank by all the company: several of whom also sported the John Bull's colour round their necks.

SONG, "Will Watch the bold Smuggler," by Cribb. The Amateurs who had never heard the Ex-Champion *chant*, were surprised at the excellence he displayed in the above interesting song.

The healths of Mr. Jackson, Mr. Cribb, and several supporters of the P. R. of the highest rank in society, were drank, accompanied with loud cheers.

Upon HUDSON's taking leave of the company to return to the country to finish his *training*, this favourite hero of the Prize Ring was loudly applauded, till he made his exit at the door. The *John Bull Fighter* was visibly affected by the kind and generous treatment he had met with from his friends.

The following original *chant*, on the presentation of a silver cup, voted by the Partiality Club, assembled at Mr. Tuff's, Blue Anchor, East Smithfield, in commemoration of the bravery displayed by JOSH. HUDSON in his various battles, was sung by an Amateur.

TUNE—Paddy my honey :

THE land of the East is the land of delight,
Where JOSH. HUDSON has had a cup given this night,
He's a heart for the fair, he has arms for his foes,
And both are triumphant, as all the world knows.

CHORUS.

Then let us be merry, while drinking of sherry,
For friendship and harmony can't last too long :
No company ever, at milling so clever,
As the lads of the East End, they muster so strong.
If you talk of politeness, JOSH. beats you at that,
For when he sent a challenge to the brave Langan Pat,
Says he Mr. Langan, don't be at a stand,
But just say the word—"I'm at your command."
Then let us be merry, &c.

Folks talk of their living, 'tis blarney and stuff
 To the old English fare to be met with at *Tuff's* ;
 Is not teaching a Frenchman to live all my eye,
 Let them come over here and we'll teach them to die.
 Then let us be merry, &c.

Their frogs and soup meagres are nothing but froth
 To roast beef and plum pudding and plenty of broth :
 What part of Old England like the East End can boast,
 It's the birth place of JOSH. and his generous host.
 Then let us be merry, &c.

Brummigems and Cannons may boast as they please,
 But father Owen cries out, " JOSH. 'tis nothing but *cheese*."
 They may talk about *milling*, but it's all they can say,
 For when they get pricked they will soon *bolt* away.
 Then let us be merry, &c.

Then with his two battles may JOSH. have good luck,
 And return to the scratch to enjoy his own cup,
 That the lads of the East may ever be told,
 Their brave champion JOSH. HUDSON would scorn to be sold.
 Then let us be merry, &c.

Mr. *Fogo* amused the company with several songs
 of his own composition ; among which, the merits of
 the *Partiality Club* were duly appreciated.

The evening was kept up with great spirit, and no-
 thing else but friendship and harmony reigned during
 the night. In short, it was a most *honourable* thing
 to all parties ; and the PARTIALITY CLUB, with TOM
 OWEN at their head, may boast, that not the slightest
 row occurred, although lots of *milling* coves were
 present.

The following Inscription is engraved on the Cup,
 supported by two Game Cocks :—

THIS CUP
 Was presented to the JOHN BULL FIGHTER,
 On THURSDAY, the 6th of MAY, 1824,
 As a Reward for the
TRUE COURAGE
 which
JOSHUA HUDSON
 displayed throughout all his Contests in the
PRIZE RING.

JOHN BULL in the ring has so oft play'd his part,
 The form let it be in the *shape* of a **HEART**—
 A true British one ! at its shrine take a sup :
 Can a more NOBLE MODEL be found for a CUP ?—P. E.

This piece of Plate was raised by Subscription ;
 The Contributors were
 Several Members of the **PARTIALITY CLUB** ;
 a few frequenters of the **WIDOW MELSOM** ;
 (and in confirmation that “ *None but the brave deserve the
 Fair !*” the **HOSTESSES** of the above houses ;)
 and by those Amateurs who are supporters of the noble
ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

The above Cup represents the shape of a heart. Upon the top, or lid, which takes off, stands a Sailor, supported by an anchor, with a cable round it.

In the front of the Cup, a small heart appears over four divisions, intended for the Boxers' coat of arms, although the Herald's College had nothing to do with it. The first division represents the Pugilists in attitudes. The second portrays one of the Combatants down on his knees—his opponent with his arms held up walking away, in order to show that he will not take any unfair advantage. The third division exhibits the battle at an end. The defeated man sitting upon the knee of his second, in the act of shaking hands with the victor, to evince that no malice exists between them. The fourth depicts the honours of con-



JOSH. HUDSON,
(THE JOHN BULL FIGHTER,)

quest. The Conqueror carried out of the ring upon the shoulders of his seconds, with the purse in his hands. Several other appropriate embellishments appear on the different parts of the Cup. On the bottom of which, the Lion is seen in all his glory; with the Lamb reposing at his feet; and at no great distance from the Lion is seen the English Bull Dog, as a kind of second to the King of the Forest. In short, it has been pronounced one of the handsomest things of the kind ever witnessed; and reflects great credit on the taste, workmanship, and execution of the artists employed upon it. The Cup was made by Messrs. Grayhürst, Harvey, and Co. 65, Strand.

NO FIGHT

On Tuesday, May 11th, 1824, near Heydon Grange Farm,
FORTY MILES from LONDON,

BETWEEN

JOSHUA HUDSON AND PHILIP SAMPSON.

THE ARGUMENT:

All Manner of SCREWS loose—Blowing-up till you were tired of it—and CHAFFING without end. DIAMOND cutting DIAMOND—SHARP quarrelling with SHARP—every body on the Fret—dissatisfaction to be seen in all the Mugs upon the ground—the Ring made—the Waggon placed—the Boxes screwed tight—the Blunt collected—and the Amateurs reduced to the characters of FLATS!

To detail only half of the reports that were in circulation; a small slice of the *whispers* which occurred between *One KNOWING Cove* to another *deep ONE* upon the subject; the *nods*, the *winks*, the *shrugs* of

on the ground, "consented to lose the battle for 500*l.* and JOSH. has now proved himself a *dishonest* fellow, because he has not kept his *word* to *commit* a ROBBERY." It is too true, the fight was *spoilt* by some party; and some thousands of persons had the mortification of being *humbugged*, and at no *trifling expense* neither. But to put an end to an unpleasant subject, in a few words, I have only to observe, that I feel anxious for the honour of the boxers, both HUDSON and Sampson; and I also feel assured that the JOHN BULL FIGHTER will *dare* any man to the proof, that he ever *consented*, directly or indirectly, to do *wrong* in the intended battle between him and Sampson. It is an easy thing for any individual or individuals to calumniate brave men; but it is a very difficult task indeed to overcome enemies in the dark.

He who steals my purse steals trash !
'Tis something ; nothing ; 'twas mine ; 'tis his,
And has been slave to thousands : but he
Who robs me of my GOOD NAME,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
But makes me POOR indeed !

Sampson declared "it was a cruel shame to serve him so. He was never in his life half so well before ; and there was a party, he was certain, who were determined that he should not have the stakes if he won them. He was also sure that HUDSON meant nothing else but fighting. And if he (Sampson) had been a losing man in several of his battles, no person could challenge him with acting unfairly towards the Sporting World."

HUDSON was equally enraged, upon the above re-

ports being made known to him ; and he defied any man on the ground to say that he intended to fight a ×.

It was likewise roundly asserted, that the match altogether was a complete *farce* between the backers ; and that although the 100*l.* was, in appearance, forfeited to HUDSON, it was no go ! and the *blunt* would be returned upon the *sly* to the backers of Sampson. Such reports, at least, tend to put an end to boxing altogether.

The whole of the morning was consumed in *mur-murs* and dispute. by the oldest friends of the Ring ; and the general opinion expressed, that it must operate as a *death-blow* to Prize Milling. Never before, perhaps, were so many *learned* NOBS seen round the P. R., on the look out for “ new lights,” as on the present occasion. The *Cantabs* formed an assemblage of themselves, the London Amateurs being very few in number, by comparison.

HUDSON originally was the favourite, 5 and 6 to 4 ; and very large sums had been betted upon him ; and his *winning* was also connected with many *double* events, and several *treble* ones. But on the preceding day, at Tattersall's, *Sampson* became the favourite at *even*, then 5 and 6 to 4. At Royston, on the evening preceding the battle, *Sampson* was also made the favourite, and early in the morning on the day of fighting. This sudden change of odds, not only *shook* the nerves of several of JOSHUA's friends, but they endeavoured to get their money off. However, the backers of HUDSON, who had made the match, never *flinched* ; and even increased their bets, so high did

their confidence remain on the integrity of the JOHN BULL FIGHTER.

The ring was formed in a most delightful situation, and at one o'clock, HUDSON threw his hat into it, in the most determined manner ; but previous to which, the backers of *Sampson* publicly declared, they preferred the least evil of the two, to forfeit the 100*l.* to HUDSON, than running the risk of losing more than 1000*l.* which they had betted, upon the event of *Sampson's* winning, in consequence of numbers of the sporting men saying they would not pay if HUDSON lost the battle.

In proof that the backers of JOHN wished a battle to take place, they offered to cancel the old articles, and make a new match of 100*l.* aside, and to fight at two o'clock. But the friends of *Sampson* would not let him fight on that day. In the heat of the moment, much altercation occurred between the opposite backers of the men ; but upon reflection, it was much better for the Sporting World that the fight was off altogether. If the battle had taken place on the 11th of May, all the bets must have been paid.

After the wrangle had subsided a little, two Cambridge men, of the names of *Sam. Larkins* and *William Shadbolt*, who had been previously matched for 25*l.* aside, threw up their hats in the ring. They were both denominated Champions ; and this *mill* was to decide which should be the *Champion of Cambridge*. Great interest prevailed among the *Cantabs* in the event. *Larkins*, who had youth on his side, was seconded by *Paddington Jones* and *Jem Ward* ; and

Shadbolt was waited upon by Tom Oliver and Stockman. Shadbolt, the favourite, for choice.

LARKINS, in the course of nineteen rounds, proved the conqueror.

HUDSON walked round the ring, conversing with his friends during the above battle. The JOHN BULL FIGHTER was never in such excellent condition in any of his previous battles ; and he loudly expressed himself dissatisfied at receiving the battle money without a fight for it. "The Sporting World," said JOSH. "are my best friends : to them I owe every thing ; and I am very sorry they should have come so many miles on my account, and then to be disappointed. It is not my fault, and I hope they will not *blame* me for circumstances that I have nothing to do with." On leaving the ground, and passing the Grange Farm House, HUDSON met with *Sampson*, when they shook hands together. The ground was soon cleared ; the company was off like a shot ; and the landlords in *grief*, at the *brushing off* of such otherwise good customers at their inns. HUDSON returned to London in a post chaise and four, and arrived about two o'clock in the morning. Sampson also made for the metropolis with the utmost speed. The sporting houses were soon filled with company, and almost every person "out of humour" with himself for having travelled nearly 100 miles to be laughed at as a flat.

TO THE EDITOR OF PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—The following ballad, on the Fancy at Fault ; or No Fight between JOSH. HUDSON and *Sampson*, on Tuesday, May 11th, at Haydon Grange, is at your service.

Cambridge,
May 14th, 1821.

AN EYE WITNESS.

THE FANCY AT FAULT;

OR, THE "NO FIGHT."

Good people all, with one accord,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you will but take my word,
I'll not detain you long.

I ask you not to laugh, but cry,
While I a tale unfold;
'Twill freeze your very heart's blood dry,
And turn your bosom cold.

On Tuesday last, to Haydon, Herts,
The fancy bent their way,
To see a mill—perform their parts,
Each at the manly play.

Seconds and backers, betters all,
With one accord did go,
To see the "*John Bull Fighter*" maul
Sampson, his thrice-told foe.

Ten thousand persons all around,
With gaping mouths, await
The hour of one—the welcome round—
Time—and the opening gate.

The clock struck one, JOSH. HUDSON came
And shied into the ring
His knowing topper—for the game
Boldly he 'gan to sing.

But lo! no *Sampson* could be seen,
Nor come when time was called,
And all around on Haydon Green
Found that their sport was mauled.

Some rascab-legs, black as the de'il,
With Day and Martin shining,
To save their blunt, had spread a tale,
To mar our sport combining.

Distrust thus kindled on both sides,
No fight was there that day,
So each his panting pad bestrides,
To plod his homeward way.

God prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all,
And may all those who cross a ring,
To dire confusion fall.

HUDSON had been previously matched with *Tom Cannon*, the Windsor Champion, for 100*l.* aside; and booked to win at 2 and 3 to 1. It was the general opinion throughout the Fancy, that the best country-man in England would be of *no use* when opposed to the powerful blows and true courage possessed by the *John Bull Fighter*. This match was decided on Wednesday, June 23d, 1824, at Hullfield, in the parish of Yatley, near Blackwater, 38 miles from London. But owing to *bad condition*, in the course of eighteen rounds, occupying *twenty minutes*, HUDSON was defeated. JOSH. could not answer to the call of "*time!*"

The friends of HUDSON were anxious he should have another trial with *Cannon*; but the backers of the bargeman refused to comply with their request for a less sum than 500*l.* The following letter appeared on the subject:—

TO THE EDITOR OF PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—If you will be kind enough just to give Mr. Cannon a trifling *hint* that I think he is rather too *hard* upon me, by refusing to give me another *chance* under the very heavy stakes of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS aside; and that it is likewise an unusual thing for any P. P. like Mr. Cannon, so little known in the P. R., to require so great a sum. But having "*said my say,*" I shall now proceed to business. I must candidly acknowledge it will be a very great difficulty for me to get so much *blunt* together: and in order to accomplish so desirable an *event*, I must *try* all my friends (nothing else but *trumps*) in the EAST; make the most respectable solicitations for assistance among the *Swells* in the WEST; I must also see what can be done in the NORTH! and likewise put on a good face among the prime fellows and patrons of *milling* in the SOUTH. But to the point: I am ready to put down a "*tiny bit*" of the *soft* by way of a deposit to make the match, at any time, or at any house Mr. CANNON may think proper to appoint, for FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS aside! And on that *day* three

months after such deposit has been put down, I will have another *shy* with Mr. C. in the Prize Ring. I *wish* it: my friends *wish* it; and I think the Sporting World will like to witness a second battle between us.

Before I conclude, I have one favour to request of Mr. CANNON—that he will take the trouble to give my most grateful thanks to his backer, for his liberality and gentlemanly conduct in offering to be 50*l.* towards my battle money.

July 31st, 1824.

Cock and Cross, Redcross St.
East Smithfield.

I remain your's, &c.

JOSHUA HUDSON.

The second fight, for FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS aside, between JOSH. HUDSON and Cannon, was decided at Warwick, on Tuesday, November 23d, 1824, upon a twenty-four foot stage. In *twenty-one minutes*, HUDSON was again defeated; but a more determined, or brave battle, on both sides, is not to be met with in the Annals of Pugilism. HUDSON, as in the previous battle, could not answer to the call of "*time*;" and Cannon had scarcely strength enough to appear at the scratch, to obtain the proud title of conqueror.

The *John Bull Fighter* by the advice of his friends, in consequence of his disposition towards corpulency resisting the effects of *training*, took his leave of the Prize Ring; and, according to the words of the Sage of the East, "as he had altered his *situation*," or in other words, "been *matched* for LIFE with a most amiable and respectable young woman," JOSH. could not do better than open a *Lush Crib*, and accordingly he opened the *Half-Moon Tap*, in Leadenhall Market, on Wednesday, January 23d, 1825. We are happy to state, up to the present period (Jan. 1828)

the above speculation has proved a most successful HIT.

TENNIS COURT.

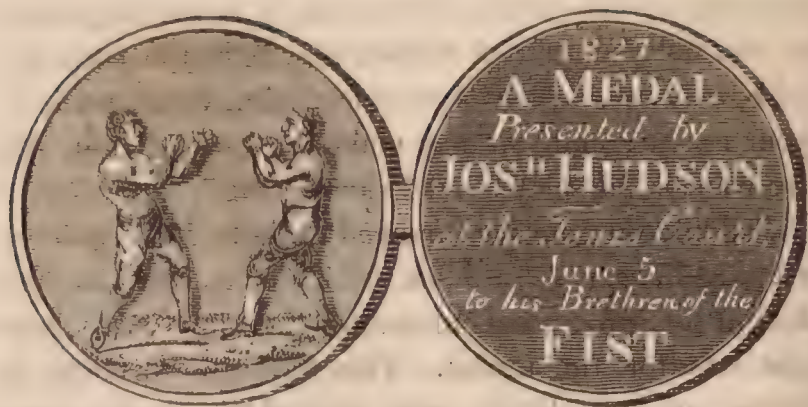
The *John Bull Fighter* took his benefit on Monday, June 4th, 1827, at the above place of *milling* amusement ; and taking into consideration the numerous attractions against him in different parts of the metropolis, more especially the settling day at Tattersall's, it was a capital assemblage of the amateurs. The sets-to, generally, were above par. But the great object of attraction was the introduction of the new *Man of Colour*, introduced to the P. R. by JOSH. HUDSON. The *Black* was designated as "Young Molineaux." Most certainly he is not so finely formed as the late opponent of Cribb, but nevertheless he "*will do* ;" and is quite big enough to prove a *teazer* and an *ugly* customer. He put on the gloves with Oliver Burn ; and, as might be expected from a *novice*, he was not so expert as an experienced performer with the *mufflers* at the T. C. Oliver had the best of him in numerous points ; but now and then he "let out a tiny bit" as Bob Gregson would have observed, that gave proof, he has not every thing to learn in the *milling* way. He planted one or two *facers* cleverly. Ben Burn mounted the stage, and challenged the *Black* on the part of Oliver Burn's brother for 50*l.* or 100*l.* aside. "No, no," replied JOSH. "Avast ! We don't know what he can do yet. He shall fight for a subscription purse any body in the kingdom at Ascot Races ; and no questions asked, nor

any objections made. However, it is not very clear to me, but the Man of Colour may fight too soon for *sum-body* yet. I have introduced him, Gentlemen, to your notice; and you may make the most of him. All we want is fair play!" "Bravo, JOSH."

Paddington Jones announced to those *Milling Coves* who had *sparred* for JOSH. on Tuesday, and also had fought for 50l. stakes, to ascend the stage and draw the lots for the medal. This was soon decided in favour of Deaf Davis, who proved the lucky man. The *John Bull Fighter* returned thanks for the patronage he had received; and the Amateurs dispersed, well pleased with the amusement of the day.

JOSH. HUDSON'S SILVER MEDAL.

The Medal promised by the *John Bull Fighter* to his brother pugilists, and which was drawn for on Monday at the Tennis Court, was presented in due form to *Deaf Davis*, at the Half-Moon Tap, in Leadenhall Market, on Friday evening, June 8th, 1827. The above crib was overflowing with the *lads of the Fancy*, to witness the presentation of it, and also to applaud the *eloquence* of the *John Bull Fighter*. The Medal is handsome; and was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey, and Co. goldsmiths, in the Strand, (the same persons who made JOSH. HUDSON's splendid and so much admired Cup;) on one side of it two boxers are seen in attitude, and on the other the following inscription:—



When silence was demanded, every *topper* was off, all *chaffing* had ceased, and you might have heard a *pin* fall. The deaf one cocked up his *listener*, stretched out his *peepers*, smiled with joy, boldly advanced to the *scratch*, and held out his *mauley*. JOSH. felt rather disappointed, having been promised one of the Lord Chancellor's State Wigs, to add dignity to the scene ; but having waited till the last minute, until the ceremony could no longer be delayed, by way of a *side note* to his *mace bearer*, he swore by the Plains of Moulsey Hurst, that he would *mill* the BARBATIC for playing tricks with him. After tossing off a *flash* of *lightning*, a jolly tankard of *heavy*, and giving two or three *hems*, to clear his wind, the John Bull Fighter called " *Time!*" " It is only a *tiny bit* of pewter," said JOSH. ; " but it is the right sort of *wedge* which your *Uncle* will always pay respect to, and set a *value* upon it, if you should ever be *bushed*, my deaf Cove!" Do you hear me ? (Bill gave a *nod*, with a grin upon his *mug*.) " Here, then, take your *winnings*, and make the most of the thing. I have *tipped* for it ; and the MEDAL is all your own." (Bravo ! That's your sort !

Capital ! ("Here JOSH." *from the Sage of the East*, handing him some *lush*, "*sluice* your chaffer before you proceed any *further* !") The *John Bull Fighter* took the hint, washed his *ivories*, *wetted* his *red rag*, smacked his *Tu-lips*, and thus proceeded : "This medal is *dia-bolical*," "no, no," from a schoolmaster in the *mob*, "symbolical !" "You are right, Mr. Birch ; but it will be all the same one hundred years hence !" "So it will, Massa," cried out JOSH.'s new black ; "me tank you, Massa, you be very good to fighting men. Clever fellow, my Massa is !" ("*Silence you black Rascal* !") "The Medal, Mr. Davis, is *sym-bolical* ; it is round, and will always remind you of the world ; and that you must *fight* your way through it. Always make *hits* if you can : *parry* off misfortune at all times : *floor* your enemies—be true to your *backers*—and be ever ready to support the honour of the Prize Ring." *Thunders of applause*. "Take care of the Medal, my boy ; that when after you become 'a stiff one,' it may be handed over to your *kid*." (Here the John Bull Fighter became so much *affected*, that he could not proceed—until he pulled out his *clout*, and wiped his *peepers*.) "*He wants lush*," said Tom Owen : "give him some brandy, or he will not come to time !" The reviving fluid did the job, when JOSH. exclaimed, "I am as right as a *trivet* ! And you, ye *Milling Coves*, also bear in mind, that one good turn deserves another ; treat the public well, and the public will not forget you at your benefits. There, my boy, (handing over the Medal to Davis) button it up safe in your *clie*—and join me, say, I am sure all of you will join with me, in drink-

ing the Health of the King. "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"—The evening was now spent in harmony and good-fellowship; and "success to milling" drank to the end of the chapter! Long life to his Majesty!

Notwithstanding the *John Bull Fighter* has ceased to practise in the P. R. as a *pugilist*, yet a more able supporter of it is not to be found throughout the *Fancy*. In the character of a *second*, JOSH. is repeatedly before the amateurs; and in several instances he has also distinguished himself as a *backer*. *Rough Robin* of Manchester; and Morgan, from America, denominated HUDSON'S Black (alias *Molineaux* the Second,) were introduced into the Prize Ring under the immediate patronage of JOSH. HUDSON.

Notwithstanding the *John Bull Fighter* took his leave of the P. R. as a boxer, in several instances since he has been compelled to "*take his own part*;" or else he must have put up with *insults*, also with *blows*, and been reduced to a mere *dummy* in his own *crib*. A most desperate *turn-up* took place one evening at the Half-Moon Tap, between a young man of the name of *Scarlett*, a plasterer, and JOSH. Our hero was very far gone in *liquor*; but nevertheless, sensible enough to resent a blow given him: reminding us of an old song in the Opera of the "*Farmer*."

Old England's a lion, stretch'd out at his ease,
A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas;
Should a monkey dare chatter, or a tiger claw,
His vengeance they dread as he lifts up his paw.
I love a neighbour's friendship—but he turned a foe,
I consent then to meet him, with blow for blow!

So it occurred with the *John Bull Fighter*, and with-

out any delay, he returned the compliment to his opponent. *Scarlett* had been drinking, but yet little the worse for the *lush*; neither was he a *novice* in the art of *milling*, having received several lessons from Dav. Hudson. It was almost like a *forlorn hope*, for JOSH. to have attempted the defeat of so powerful an adversary; more especially as he was labouring under the stupifying effects of inebriety; but his TRUE COURAGE brought him through the piece. *Scarlett*, an active spirited chap, flattered himself that he should not only take the *shine* out of the hero of the Half-Moon Tap, but ultimately plant the standard of victory over the *John Bull Fighter*. For a few minutes the plasterer, owing to his better state of condition, took the lead—was exceedingly troublesome, and administered *lots of pepper* to our hero; but the lion-hearted JOSH. in some degree shook off the oppressive effects of his intemperance—rallied himself upon the “death and glory suit,” and dealt out his blows with the *punishment* of an Hercules. One instance of his out-and-out bravery is worthy of record. In aiming a blow at his opponent’s nob, his fist encountered a large stone jar, the effects of which blow shivered the vessel into a thousand pieces; nearly breaking the joint of his fore-finger on the right hand, leaving a dreadful gash, and the blood flowing in torrents; but the *John Bull Fighter* heeded it not—he never noticed the circumstance, but stuck to his adversary like *glue*, and soon heard the pleasing sound of victory had crowned his efforts.

The exertions of the *John Bull Fighter*, however, had been so great during the above *turn-up*, added to

the powerful effects of the liquor upon his frame, that he *fainted* after the row was over ; and remained in a state of *stupor* for nearly an hour, before he was completely restored to his senses. *Scarlett* and HUDSON met together in a day or two afterwards, upon the good Old English system of—"forget and FORGIVE;" *Scarlett* acknowledged he had been in *error* ; JOSH. also admitted that he had not shown much *wisdom* in the affair—when they shook hands together, drank the health of each other, and *Scarlett* and JOSH. HUDSON remain nothing else but good friends.

We cannot conclude this sketch of the *John Bull Fighter*, without a few remarks respecting his situation as CATERER to the Sporting World. The *Half-Moon Tap*, in Leadenhall Market, is well worthy the attention of visitors from the country. A most excellent ordinary, every day, at half-past two o'clock, over which HUDSON presides, and on very liberal terms ; in addition to which, WINES of a superior quality, selected from the choice and rare bins of Mr. *Massey* ; spirits of an equal description ; and *heavy wet* not to be surpassed. A *chop*, or a *rump* steak, may be also had on the spur of the appetite, and served up in a style of comfort, truly gratifying to the whole of his visitors. For fun, frolic, and chaffing, the *Half-Moon Tap*, is a prominent feature in the Metropolis ; and " Mine Host " is a host within himself ; and JOSH. at his bar, is a complete original character. Not wishing to be imposed upon himself, he does not "*try it on*," upon other folks ; but truly generous in disposition, the hero of the *Half-Moon Tap* is at all times most anxious to accommodate his various cus-

tomers, who feel disposed to give him a *turn*. One night in a week, during the winter season, is set apart for *chanting*, under the title of the "*John Bull's Free and Easy*." The first floor; or rather the *Parlour*, abounds with sporting pictures: it is a complete panorama of the Sporting World—portraits of the boxers—numerous pugilistic contests—famous trotting horses—the dog *Billy* killing 100 rats—preserved beautiful birds, &c.; in short, let the visitor turn his *peeper* which way he will, some interesting sporting subject meets his eye; besides numerous miscellaneous pictures, which reflect considerable credit on the good taste of the proprietor of the *Half-Moon Tap*. The time of a stranger may be occupied two hours, and not then become acquainted with any thing like the pleasing subjects which present themselves to his notice. The *bustle* at the bar also, during the market mornings in particular, is a rich scene indeed; and worthy the talents of a *Cruikshank*: the mixture of *kill bulls*—the feather coves—dragsmen, and *chance-sort of chaps*, who look in for a "bit of life," and who always bear it in mind, that it would be a *libel* to pass a good fellow's crib without contributing their *mite* towards his support—give a *character* to the thing in every point of view: thus making it a "*long pull, a strong pull, and pull altogether*," to keep the JOHN BULL FIGHTER before the public, although out of the P. R.

Indeed, so high does JOSH. HUDSON stand in the estimation of the Sporting World, that a small, but truly-elegant Silver Cup, at Christmas, 1827, was presented to his *kid*, bearing the following inscription:

—“ JOSH. HUDSON, Jun. born the 28th of February, 1827, within the sound of Bow Bells.”

ROUGH ROBIN, FROM MANCHESTER.

THE above ROUGH *piece of stuff*, who had distinguished himself a ‘ *tiny bit* ’ in the neighbourhood of Manchester in the *milling line*, was introduced to try his luck in the London P. R., and accordingly he placed himself under the care of the *John Bull Fighter*. The latter boxer soon got him matched for 50*l.* aside against a Mr. *Bundolloch*; introduced to the notice of the Fancy, by Mr. Benjamin Medley, the game opponent of the late Dutch Sam.

Upon *No Man’s Land*, twenty-five miles from London, and four from St. Alban’s, did the above milling coves, on Tuesday, August 30th, 1825, try which should pocket the *blunt*. ROBIN, it was said, was an *out-and-outer*, from Manchester; and *Bundolloch* a “ good article ” from Cambridge. According to report, ROBIN had won twenty battles in the country, and he was sent forward as *Some-body*. ROBIN threw his *castor* into the ring, attended by his seconds, the *John Bull Fighter* and Harry Holt. *Bundolloch* appeared immediately afterwards, supported by Harry Harmer and *George Heud*. ROBIN decidedly the favourite, at 5 and 6 to 4.

Round 1. On stripping, *Robin* appeared rough and ready for action: his *mug* was completely red; smiling confidence also sat upon his brow; and, according to the phrase of the

P. R. he looked a "precious big one." Bundolloch appeared well, and was by no means a "little one!" Robin, contrary to all expectation, was cautious, and Bundolloch was equally upon the look out against squalls. "Who would have thought to have seen so much *science*," exclaimed Holt. Some time elapsed before Harry let fly, and the blow alighted on the rough one's nob. Robin, rather at random, returned the compliment. It was now *helter skelter*, any how, like *straggling shots* on both sides; but Bundolloch put in the most blows. In closing, Robin was the undermost.

2. Robin exhibited no *smashing* points, nothing of the slaughter-house kind; but he was unwieldy and rolling about. "Steady," cries Josh. Robin missed a heavy blow aimed at his opponent's body; another *ramble* come *scamble* set out: no mischief, till Mr. Bundolloch over-reached himself and fell down.

3. The Cambridge man had the best of the hitting; but he would not *look* up at his man, and what little execution he did was all at random. "Blow your dickey," said Tom Belcher; "hold up your head, and look at your man, and you can't do wrong." Exchange of blows, and not light ones neither, when Harry kept administering *pepper* on Robin's *mug* till he went down. The *Bundollochites* now were all happiness, and offered some odds upon their man. The *Half-mooners* looked a little comical, thinking Robin was not so desperate a man as they had previously anticipated. Blood was now seen on Robin's *snout*.

4. Bundolloch, rather gay, went into work, and might have done considerable mischief, if he had but have *stared* his man full in the face. He had decidedly the best of it, till Rough Robin planted "a pretty particular" stunning sort of a *taste* on the top of Harry's *sconce*, that floored the Cambridge article, and almost put the *dozing* system on his upper works. "Very nasty indeed, Mr. Broad-day. What, you have just got *awake*, have you?" said Josh.—"I suppose you call that, Robin, a *topper* for *luck*?"

5. Harry looked a little *stupid* on coming to the scratch, but he revived and planted several hits, by which Robin seemed none the worse. The Rough one, at the ropes, proved the strongest man, till Bundolloch slipped down.

6. Neither of the men answered the high characters which had been stated by their backers. Robin was not

active enough, and there was no *devil* in the composition of Bundolloch! Harry might have done wonders in the country; but neither Harmer, George Head, nor Tom Belcher, could get him to attend to their advice. In closing, Robin fell, not *lightly*, on his opponent. The majority of the spectators were 2 to 1 in favour of Bundolloch.

7. The Cambridge man began to *fall off* in his wind; symptoms of weakness were visible to all parties; he had, however, the best of the hitting, and Mr. Rough Robin received repeated "smacks of the chops;" but he replied, "Nought is the matter." Harry down.

8. "Come, be alive, Bob," said Josh. "and get through your job." "I will, Master!" answered Robin. The latter showed plenty of resolution, but he threw more of his blows away than *told*. Bundolloch generally had the *best* at the first part of the round, but he now went down weak.

9. It was curious to witness the *pepper* Robin's *mug* received in this round. Bundolloch planted one, two, three, four, five hits in succession. "My eye," says a cove, "how he nicks him." Harry might as well have belaboured a tombstone. Robin only laughed. "Holla!" cried Josh. "you'll have your face *spoiled*, if you don't look out." Bundolloch down.

10. Robin endeavoured to plant a *rum one*, but was stopped; and, after an exchange of blows, he napt a *wistycastor*, the best hit nearly in the battle: in fact, it must have *floored* Robin, if Holt had not caught him on his knee, thereby preventing the fall. Here several murmurs occurred, and "foul!" "foul!" was the order of the ring; but Holt apologized, and said, "it was unintentional on his part, as he could not get out of the way."

11. Bundolloch again took the lead in hitting, but finished the round badly. The Cambridge man was extremely weak. Two and three to one.

12. Robin was now the hero of the tale; and the *Half-Mooners* booked the event quite safe. "Keep up your head, Harry; look at your man, and you can't miss him." But Harry refused all advice, and went down exhausted.

13. This was the winning round for Robin.

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and last. Bundolloch, it is true, appeared at the scratch; but Robin sent him down in a *twinkling*. When time was called, Bundolloch was in a state of stupor. It was over in 25 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS. — One thing appeared clear, that neither ROBIN nor *Bundolloch* would obtain the Championship.

ROUGH ROBIN was matched against the well-known game *Gybletts*, for 50*l.* aside. This battle was decided on Tuesday, October 11th, 1825, thirty-three miles from London, at Castle Hill, a trifling distance from Stanstead, and three miles beyond Bishop Stortford, the above battle was decided in favour of ROUGH ROBIN. *Gybletts* only weighed ELEVEN STONE, and full of confidence; ROUGH ROBIN weighed FIFTEEN STONE, at least, and was backed at 5 to 4, but eagerly taken by the admirers of *Gyblett Pie*. *Gybletts* first threw his *beaver* into the ring, attended by Curtis and Reed. The *Rough One* soon repeated the token of defiance, waited upon by David Hudson and Manning. Six to four, and, in a few instances, two to one, were sported on the *protégé* of the John Bull Fighter.

Round 1. *Gybletts* was well known to the ring as a good fighter, and although he was so much under his opponent in weight, yet an opinion was entertained, if he was only in *condition*, so as to second his scientific qualities, the *chance* was in his favour of being pronounced the conqueror. Robin was an *orderly* man, and he *acted* up to his instructions; he could not *lead* to do *mischiefs*, therefore he *waited* at his leisure to be upon the defensive. *Gybletts*, on the bustle, put in a body blow with his right hand, and also jobbed with his left on the *Rough one's* cheek, producing the *claret*—Robin, however, returned on the *conk* of *Gybletts*, and “blood,” “blood,” resounded from both sides. The science of *Gybletts* again prevailed; a *facer* was the result, and he got away cleverly. Robin, like bricks and mortar, was as steady as a wall, and said as how “it would not do to follow his opponent.” *Gybletts*, full of *pluck*, went up resolutely, and fought with his man, and some *heavy work* occurred between them; but the *length* of Robin made him

dangerous, yet the skill of Gybletts enabled him to go in with success, and plant a jobber or two on the Rough One's nose and mouth, but Robin now and then returned the compliment. The *Pet of the Fancy* advised Gybletts to fight principally with his left hand, and to reserve his right till a good opportunity offered of his making use of it with success. The fighting of Gybletts was excellent, and attractive to the amateurs; in fact, Rough Robin showed himself to the spectators a complete *Receiver-General*—never *flinching* from a blow—napping at every point, and the *claret* running down in streams from his nose, mouth, and a severe cut under his right *ogle*. Gybletts, however, did not go “scot free,” but now and then he received a heavy *lick* or two. It was really astonishing to see the style in which Gybletts obtained the superiority over his adversary, more especially when the great disparagement was witnessed between the weight and size of the combatants. Robin (we suppose according to his orders) would not quit his corner of the ring, and therefore Gybletts was compelled to go to work, when he made himself up to do “*a bit of summut*,” and, after some successful manœuvring, Gybletts planted a tremendous *throttler*—a sort of *choker*, which *floored* Robin like a shot, and his legs appeared doubled under him—but such was the Rough One's *goodness*, that he got up like a *trump*. This round continued NINE MINUTES AND A HALF. The *cherying* was all on the side of the little cove, and Gybletts will win it.

2. “There's nothing the matter,” said an old milling cove, on witnessing the men appear so fresh at the *scratch*. Gybletts went to work with his left hand, but the Rough One got out of the way, although not quite so *nimble* as a dancing master. Gybletts tried it on again with success; but he napt a severe counter-hit from Robin on his right eye. It was *job, job, job, job*, and *job* again, with Gybletts; and the ring cheered him on account of the talents he displayed as a boxer, in fighting against such superior weight. The Rough One, it must be acknowledged, seemed insensible to *punishment*, yet now and then he put in some clumsy blows, that told in the scale of mischief. At last, Robin some how or other put in, with great severity, a sort of *quietus* blow on Gybletts' bread-basket, which *levelled* him on the turf. This round was not over till nearly five minutes had elapsed. The *mug* of Robin was terribly damaged, but his friends

backed him at 5 and 6 to 4, thinking his *strength* could not be reduced.

3. This was a "*Paterson's Road Book*" round, something similar to the one between Fuller and Molineaux, in Scotland, which occupied forty minutes. It was downright *milling* between the combatants during the whole of the time, and all *out* fighting; Robin doing the best he could at arms-length, and Gybletts making the most of his *skill*. The nob of the Rough One was completely covered with *claret*; the right *ogle* of Gybletts was damaged, but nevertheless he was as good as ever at the *jobbing* system; and the *head*, if it could be so called at this period, of Robin, was sore in every part, by the repeated attacks of his opponent. The Rough One's *conk*, *chaffing-box*, and right eye, were in a distressing state; the latter was nearly closed. The *John Bull Fighter* said, "he wished to throw a little light on the subject, at his friend Robin was nearly in the dark, and a *lancet*, if he could borrow one, might be of great service to Bob." "Do you want to *cut* it, then?" said a friend of Gybletts to Hudson. "*Cut it!*" replied Josh.—"we are stone walls; we can last for ever!" Robin was not to be *gammoned* from the corner, therefore Gybletts was obliged to go up to his adversary to fight, and Robin acted on the defensive, *countering* every now and then, not in the lightest manner. This mode of *milling* continued for a long time, till Gybletts retired a little, and both were "resting on their oars," as it might be termed, for a few seconds, in order to increase their strength and wind. Gybletts, however, soon commenced offensive operations, and Bobby's nose and mouth felt the repeated *handy-work* of Gybletts. "What a round!—what game fellows!—why it will never be over!" and a thousand such remarks, occurred all over the ring. *Thirty-seven* minutes had now elapsed. One of Gyblett's backers appeared on his knees close to the ring, and cutting a lemon in two pieces, cried out to the *Pet* of the Fancy, "*Here's the lemon!*" For two minutes longer the *mill* was continued, when Gybletts commenced a retreat, and the Rough One followed him to do *mischiefs*. Robin *napt* some severe *jobbers* for his temerity, but still he stuck close to Gybletts, and as Robin was in the act of putting in a heavy blow, Gybletts went down without a hit, as if to avoid *punishment*. Two to one on Bob. But another of Gybletts' backers rushed up to the ropes, and told him to fight and win, as the *lemon* was the office. This cir-

cumstance occasioned some little *chaffing* on the spot where it occurred. This round was THIRTY-NINE MINUTES.

4. The combatants came up steady to the scratch, but this round was altogether as short as the preceding one was in length. "Go to work, my dear Bobby ; he has almost got enough of it." The Rough One took the hint, and went quickly up to his adversary ; and Gybletts retreated, and, after a few exchanges, he went down.

5. Gybletts went to work like fun, and an excellent rally was the result, in which the *bread-basket* and *abdomen* of poor Robin suffered severely ; but the Rough One, like stone walls, did not flinch from the attack ; and Gybletts went down by a tremendous blow he received on his breast. Shouts for Robin. Harry Holt now called on the backers of Gybletts to take him away, as another round might prove very serious in its consequences to Gybletts.

6th, and last. Gybletts, full of activity, appeared at the *mark* ; and with his left-hand milled the face of Poor Robin, and also planted a *bodier* with his right. The *Rough One*, evidently, at this period of the battle, was the strongest on his pins, and at the cry of "Go to work, and give the *finish* to it," he rushed up to Gybletts, and planted a severe hit with his left hand on the side of his *nob* ; and as Gybletts was going down, Robin put in "a topper for luck," as the lads call it, right on the top of his canister. *Gybletts* now measured his length on the ground, when Holt jumped into the ring, and said "He should fight no more." Gybletts acknowledged he was very *queer*.—The fight was over in *one hour and three minutes*.

OBSERVATIONS.—From the disparagement of size and weight, it was only the *pluck* and good fighting of *Gybletts* which enabled him to make a stand and take the lead of his opponent. His fighting throughout the battle was the admiration and praise of the ring ; but nevertheless many persons expressed themselves surprised at the sudden change and termination of the battle. *Gybletts* complained of the *blow* on the top of his head ; he asserts, "it completely *stupidified* him ; and he was *abroad* afterwards as to fighting."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE KENT,

HISTORIOGRAPHER FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS TO THE P.R.

“Men’s evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.”—SHAKSPEARE.

GEORGE was born on the 19th of August, 1778, at Sunns Hill, Berkshire, and received his education at Edford School, in Hampshire. His parents were respectable; but KENT attributed his roving disposition and his numerous vicissitudes in the early part of his career, to his father’s second marriage with a very young wife. His home, by the above circumstance, was rendered uncomfortable; and in consequence of which, he quitted the company of his mother-in-law in disgust, and went to Riga, when quite a boy, on board of the *Alexander*, under Sir William Leighton. He remained in the sea service for three years. After which period he was apprenticed by his father to Mr. Varley, a seal engraver, in the Strand; but this business not suiting his taste, he left Mr. Varley, and in succession he was a cabinet-maker, glazier, calenderer, and currier; but his disposition was so unsettled, that he relinquished all sorts of pursuits, and enlisted in the Sixteenth Dragoons. GEORGE continued with this regiment for upwards of four years, and he was considered a clean, active soldier, and an excellent horseman. At the peace of Amiens, KENT obtained his discharge. Out

of employment, and rather at a loss to procure a livelihood, he accepted of the situation of an usher at a school at Camberwell. During this period he became acquainted with Captain Hardacre, proprietor of the *British Neptune* newspaper, and under his auspices he became a reporter. KENT, who was a great admirer of the sports of the field, Horse-racing, and the manly art of Self-defence, turned his attention to reporting the above events in the daily and other newspapers; and by his originality of *thinking*, and *peculiarity* of expression, soon distinguished himself, not only in the literary, but in the Sporting World. At one time, he had numerous supporters, and *Kent's Dispatch*, a weekly newspaper, was held in high estimation by the Amateurs; but unfortunately for GEORGE, he was not a man of business, and *Kent's Dispatch* died a natural death.

KENT was of a gay disposition, fond of life in every shape; and when perfectly sober was one of the most peaceable fellows in the kingdom; but when he got a little *liquor* into his *noddle*, a word and a blow were too often the leading features of his character. A good *milling* was quite familiar to his feelings; a *black eye* a common occurrence; carried home by the *Charleys* out of all calculation; and locked up in the *skout-ken* so repeatedly, that his person and name were as well known to the keepers, as Sunday in the Almanack; and his eventful history of *sprees* and midnight rambles would positively have filled a volume. *Punished* in his person, and compelled to pay in his purse, ever and anon, towards "making it up" for his night's adventures; yet nothing could cure him of his *penchant* for MILLING; and GEORGE

was pronounced incorrigible by all his acquaintances and friends.

KENT was a complete man of the world: he possessed courage of the highest order; and, with a frame as hard as iron, his person seemed almost insensible to the attacks of common opponents. GEORGE was likewise an adept in the fistic art; a great lover of the *science*; a sort of oracle amongst the mil-ling coves—and a *sparrer* above mediocrity. His blows were severe; he was strong on his legs, and not particular as to the size or weight of his antagonist.* KENT never flinched from the coming blow, and if he met with a *floorer* it did not deter him from again appearing at the *scratch*. In the metropolis, GEORGE's fame for a *spree* was perfectly established in most of the public houses in the neighbourhood of the theatres; and in several parts of the country where KENT visited, his exploits were equally public. His foibles out of the question, GEORGE KENT was far from an ill-natured man, and often expressed his sorrow for what had occurred on the preceding evening, when he

* In the evening of Tuesday, July 4, 1811, after a benefit for Jem Belcher, a quarrel took place at Richmond's house, contiguous to the Fives' Court, between KENT, and Mr. G. H. Cowlam, designated at that period as the Westminster Patriot. In consequence of which an appeal was made to the *fist*. Cowlam was seconded by Bob Clarke, and a sporting Baronet; and KENT by Bob Gregson, and a first-rate Swell. Mr. Jackson officiated as time-keeper. GEORGE was defeated after a severe conflict of thirty-nine minutes; but the science he displayed throughout the battle, supported by *game* of the first quality, against a man much superior in weight, length, and strength, obtained him the character of nothing else but a *good man*. GEORGE lost the battle by a tremendous fall upon his head; which completely stunned him: otherwise it was 4 to 1 in his favour.

had given any offence; he said it was not his fault, and the disturbances he created ought to be attributed to the right source—too intimate an acquaintance with the *Lushington* family.

GEORGE at length made up his mind to turn over a *new leaf*; and he declared he would become a peaceable man, in spite of his propensity towards drinking. Amongst numerous other anecdotes, we insert the following, as a sketch of his *character*, in search of *fun*, &c. To put the above excellent resolution into practice, he determined on an expedition to Margate, on board of one of the steam-vessels; and the voyage KENT pronounced delightful. GEORGE, who was always fond of fun, and anxious to keep the company “*alive*,” soon began his pranks. First, he monopolised the band of music on board the vessel, binding the musicians down by a small sum not to play any tune but according to his orders. He next made several wagers respecting the pronunciation of words and other matters connected with *learning*, and which were only to be decided by the *steersman*! These two circumstances were productive of considerable mirth to the passengers; and it would have been “*All’s Well!*” from one end of the vessel to the other, if he had not unfortunately met with so many old acquaintances on board, that he could not resist the temptations of drinking with them at the steward’s bar. Although the weather was serenity itself, KENT indulged himself with swallowing numerous *flashes of lightning*,* now and then a *snack of thunder*;† and, by way of making

* Glasses of gin.

† Thimbleful of brandy.

it "all right" in the *penetralia*, GEORGE was continually roaring out to let him have an *icer*.* By the time the steamer arrived at the pier at Margate, KENT was positively *half-seas-over*! He then dined at a tavern with a few of his friends, drank his bottle of wine, and ordered his bed. At this period, GEORGE was ripe for any thing, and out he sallied into the town of Margate, in search of adventures. The first place which attracted his attention was an auction-room, into which he staggered; but he soon compelled the auctioneer to quit his desk, by addressing the company that it was all *humbug* and a *mock-auction*. He then steered his way into one or two of the pot-houses in the place, and joined, without any hesitation, the company of some scavengers, drinking and treating them with glass after glass of brandy and water, to enjoy a "bit of life" in the country.

On his return to the tavern, to finish the night, GEORGE had scarcely entered the coffee-room before the breeze began: the waiter, it appears, had affronted GEORGE respecting a pair of slippers that KENT had appropriated to his own use, belonging to a gentleman in the inn, and would not return them. The waiter soon received a clumsy thump on his nose for his interference, which gave him the *snuffles* for ten minutes; in fact, the electric shock was so powerful on the nerves of "poor Napkin," that he was in doubt whether his nose was left on his face; on recovering himself, he hastily repaired to his master in the bar for redress. Mr. Bonniface soon

* Soda-water.

blustered up to GEORGE, telling him, "for his ungentlemanly behaviour, he would send him to the cage, instead of his having a bed in his house." GEORGE was now in his element for a turn-up, and, regardless of the consequences, he gave the landlord a small *taste* on the abdomen, which instantly took all the bluster and conceit out of Boniface; and his hands, instead of being opposed to KENT, instantly were applied to his rotundity of *paunch*, to allay the tortures of his body, crying out, "Oh! oh! oh! the vagabond has spoilt me; send for a doctor! He has given me the colic; but I'll take the law on him—fetch me a constable for the scoundrel!"—"Cage me, you fat-headed buffer!" replied GEORGE; "I'll drive you and all your *slaveys* together into the sea, before you shall *cage* me. I'm a shy bird, and not to be winged so easy as you may imagine." The tavern was now in a complete uproar. The waiter stood shivering and shaking behind his master, almost frightened to death. The fat cook left the kitchen, with the red-hot poker in her hand, to *baste* Mr. KENT, backed by the scullion. The inmates, both male and female, who had retired to rest, were so much alarmed at the tremendous noise in the tavern, that all of them precipitately left their beds, under the alarm of fire, and were seen on the stairs with nothing else on their backs but their *chemises* and *shirts*. In fact, it was a most ludicrous scene; and the *gents* in the coffee-room, who appeared to enjoy the thing more than can be described, rather added fuel to the fire, instead of lending their assistance to restore peace and order. A cessation of arms was not listened to

on the part of GEORGE, until the landlord promised to procure him a bed either in or out of his house. Peace on these terms was at length restored, and KENT marched out, with all the "honours of war," to a neighbouring dwelling, occupied by a widow. Here GEORGE insisted, before he went to *snooze*, that he should be accommodated with a bottle of brandy in his apartment. Not a wink of sleep would KENT let any person have in the house during the night; he locked his door; and, in spite of all remonstrances, he kept singing, till nature, quite exhausted, overcame GEORGE's peepers, and he sunk into repose. The widow declared he was a madman.

Early in the morning, it was whispered to KENT, by one of his friends, that several warrants were in preparation to take him into custody. This *hint* was quite sufficient to an *old stager* like GEORGE; and, to escape in a whole skin, being perfectly aware the chance was against him, if he was taken before the country magistrates, he made a hasty retreat by the mail from Margate to London. GEORGE often laughed at his adventures at Margate.

GEORGE commenced three or four sporting publications, connected with the boxers, but he never completed any one of them. His *slang* was well applied in his pugilistic articles—extremely witty, and full of point. Several of the most learned writers of the age have stepped aside from their studies, to peruse the *milling* articles of KENT, with pleasure and amusement. For several years, GEORGE had no *competitor*; and the members of the Sporting World were entirely indebted to his pen, for a

history of the events of the Turf, the Chace, and the Ring. He was most attached to the pugilists—but he was too independent to flatter them; yet always ready to promote their interests with the amateurs. It is true, he had numerous faults; but, at the same time, it cannot be denied to his memory, that he was a high-spirited fellow, determined to accomplish every thing he undertook, and not to be “*beaten upon any event.*” He had not the slightest value for “*the blunt,*” and we have witnessed his exertions and generosity upon several occasions. It never entered the *nob* of GEORGE to place his loose cash at a banker’s, though no individual had a finer opportunity of placing *hundreds* under such security, than KENT. GEORGE was one of the most successful reporters of his time; and, as a proof of his exertions, he realised, during two successive years, nearly £1700.

For several months past, GEORGE had been in a declining state of health, and his circumstances were much reduced; but his *game* enabled him to keep up his spirits, until he received *notice to quit*, which he obeyed with the most perfect resignation. His fortitude never forsook him in the trying moment; and in the presence of the writer of this article, and his two sons, declared he was conscious of his errors; that he firmly put his trust in God, and he hoped the Supreme Being would be merciful to him as a sinner.

His remains were most respectfully interred in the burying ground of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, followed by his two sons, two of his brothers, and by Pierce Egan, and Mr. Vincent Dowling. GEORGE through his eventful life was opposed to men of



THOMAS GAYNOR.

ability; and in death he lies surrounded by men of first-rate talents. His remains were deposited within five feet of Messrs. Raymond, Shuter, Edwin, Michael Kelly, &c.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene,
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume;
How many sleep who kept the world awake;
With lustre and with noise: Has DEATH proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?

TOM GAYNOR,

IF not decidedly prominent enough as a *milling cove* to arrive at the *top of the tree*, is, nevertheless, by his *game* and other qualities, well entitled to the most honorable mention in the pages of BOXIANA. Tom is a native of the elegant city of Bath, and was born April 22d, 1799: his uncle of the name of *Marshall*, although unknown to the London P. R., was a boxer of high repute in Somersetshire, and his laurels had never been tarnished by defeat. *Marshall* was a big one, standing six feet one inch and a half; and a well-proportioned man altogether. GAYNOR was no stranger to the feats of his all-conquering uncle: and as he grew up to manhood, TOM soon signalised himself as a rising pugilist. He left Bath for Taunton when only six years old; and the latter place was the scene of all his victories. When at school, TOM was a hero amongst all the boys; in

fact, he had obtained so many conquests, that he was considered as the champion of the school. Previous to GAYNOR's being bound an apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, when only 13 years of age, he fought three regular pitched battles, at a place called Willand, with a man of the name of *Westcott*, ten years older than himself; in all of which, *Westcott* was compelled to surrender to the conquering arm of GAYNOR. A good man of the name of *Mellish* was likewise defeated at Willand by our hero, in three quarters of an hour. In Dodd's Fields, *Bill Hersey*, hitherto considered a prime bit of stuff, was *licked* in half an hour by GAYNOR. TOM's fame as a boxer was rising fast in the neighbourhood of Taunton; and the Champion of which place, *Tourle*, a musician, became so jealous at GAYNOR's reputation, that an appeal to arms was the result. TOM was little more than fifteen years of age; but in the course of half an hour, the musician was so completely out of tune, by the handy-work of GAYNOR, that he resigned his title to the Championship of Taunton in favour of young TOM. During an election at Taunton, the successful candidate presented the populace with a cart-load of cider, the direction of which gift was placed in the hands of a rough, big countryman, who refused to supply GAYNOR with a single drop. This rude treatment rather irritated our hero; and after a few words upon the subject, the countryman attempted to *mill* GAYNOR; but the *science* of the latter was so conspicuous in the short space of three rounds, that the countryman's cheek was laid open, and the *claret* flowing in torrents. At the sight of his own blood,

the great chaw-bacon fainted, and was carried off the Parade quite insensible.

Business now called our hero once more to Bath. In this gay city, numerous lads, who entertained a notion they could "fight a little," often provoked GAYNOR to a trial of skill; but throughout all his numerous skirmishes, Tom proved himself the conqueror. A recruiting serjeant in Bath, well known as a good boxer, over his cups one evening threatened to serve out GAYNOR; but the latter, after enduring a great deal of ill-treatment, turned out and fought the man of war. In the course of a few rounds, the serjeant was glad to cry "enough."

GAYNOR, like most other men who feel anxious to rise in their profession, left Bath for the metropolis. Soon after his arrival in London, he called upon Harry Holt, at the Golden Cross, Cross Lane, Long Acre, as a brother chip; and his first attempt at *milling* was in the above *lush crib* of the eloquent hero of the P. R., in a turn-up with the *John Bull Fighter*. Josh. Hudson, at all times, is a troublesome customer, and whether perfectly sober, or as *groggy* as may be, he is always ready for a *mill*; and his courage is of the highest quality. Josh. was "three sheets in the wind," and GAYNOR had also been enjoying the evening with a few friends, when the row commenced. For 35 minutes the battle was severely contested on both sides; but by the interference of the company present, the row was put an end to: however, it gave *notoriety* to GAYNOR, and his character went forth to the *Sporting World*, as a *game* man, and possessing qualities for a fighting man.

In a set-to with *Ben Burns*, the science and strength displayed by GAYNOR recommended him highly to the notice of the Amateurs. TOM at length found a friend, and he was matched with the *Streatham Youth*, in which battle he experienced defeat, after a brave contest, on Tuesday, the 25th of May, 1824, in *one hour and ten minutes*.

At Epsom Races, he also entered the lists with *Young Gas*, for a subscription purse of £25, on Friday, the 20th of May, 1825. GAYNOR was quite out of condition; but, nevertheless, he made a capital fight with his opponent. TOM was compelled to surrender to *Young Gas*, after *one hour and twenty-five minutes*.

A strong chap of the name of *Alexander*, who had been boasting at several public-houses, that he could lick the *Young Gas* and GAYNOR one after the other, was met by TOM one evening, at *Ben Burns's*, in Windmill Street, when the courage of *Alexander* was put to the test. A room was cleared out, and, after trying his luck for three-quarters of an hour, he was compelled to alter his opinion, and acknowledge that GAYNOR was his master.

At the latter end of January, 1825, TOM advertised for a customer, offering to fight any man of his weight—eleven stone and a half—in three months, for £100 a-side. Nearly one year passed away in sparring, when GAYNOR, anxious for a job, challenged *Reuben Martin* for £50 a-side, in January, 1826.

TOM at length was matched for £50 a-side with *Alex. Reed*, (the *Chelsea Snob*,) which proved an OUT-AND-OUT FIGHT. Excellent, capital, and nothing

else but the right sort of *mill*; on Tuesday, May 16, 1826, at No-Man's-Land, three miles and a half to the right of St. Albans.

The Eton Montem, Greenwich and Wandsworth Fairs, and other places of attraction near the metropolis, no doubt, rendered the road to the scene of action remarkably thin; indeed, so scarce were *drags* of every description, that the turnpike-men, late in the day, said as how it was "no go." Not more than twenty *vehicles* having *tipped* for a passage to the fight. The Bonnifaces on the road-side appeared all upon the *fret*—stretching, yawning, and anxiously upon the look-out to pick up a *straggler*, to buy a thimbleful of *summut*, or to stop and get a bit of feed and a *whet* for the *prad*—in fact, it was a *dummy* thing altogether, as to the road; lots of dust, it is true, but otherwise as flat as a *pancake*; and the small portion of the *Fancy* arrived at No-Man's-Land without any thing to excite their attention, nor affording the Reporter any scope for the exercise of his *feather*. However, to cut the matters short, or, as the *larned* would chaff, "*multum in parvo*," every lover of the art of self-defence would have thought one hundred miles no distance, to have been gratified with such a scientific display, with manliness united, as the battle between GAYNOR and *Alex. Reed* pourtrayed, (on the beautiful bit of turf belonging to the ladies) on Tuesday last, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans.

White-headed Bob was GAYNOR's principal patron; and the former good judge on the boxing list sent out his boy to a prime *walk*, superintended his *training* likewise, pledged himself for the expense, and also

backed GAYNOR to the amount of a £50 note—so high an opinion did the *White (knowing) nobbed One* entertain as to the qualities of GAYNOR. 'The *Chelsea Snob* was under the protection of a *Swell*: and *Richmond* looked after him, to see that all was right. Both of the men did their duty while *training*, and their appearance, on stripping, satisfied the Amateurs that they entered the ring in good condition. At one o'clock, GAYNOR threw his hat into the ropes, attended by *Jem Ward* and *White-headed Bob*; and, a few minutes afterwards, *Reed* repeated the token of defiance, followed by *Cannon* and *Richmond*. GAYNOR was the favourite, at 6 and 5 to 4; but the odds had previously been laid both ways. In fact, *Reed* was viewed as decidedly the best fighter, and, in most instances, he was taken for choice. The colours, yellow for GAYNOR, were tied to the stakes by *Bob*; and blood-red for *Reed*, were fastened by the *Man of Colour*.

Round 1. Gaynor was the biggest man on appearing at the scratch, and having the length and weight on his side, was no trifling advantage in his favour. Reed looked well; he was bang-up to the mark, and confident in the extreme. Some little caution was observed on both sides; indeed, it was necessary, for if Reed was *up*, Gaynor was *down*: and both of them ready to let *fly* upon the first opening. Gaynor endeavoured to feel for the *nob* of his opponent, but the arms of Reed rendered repeated attempts of no avail. The *snob* at length got a turn, and, quick as lightning, he tapped the *sensitive plant* of Gaynor so roughly, that both of his eyes were *winking* like a sort of hornpipe movement. ('The *Reedites* gave a rare *chevy*, thinking it a good omen towards success.') The science of Reed was much admired: he stopped two left-handed hits with the utmost ease—but, in counter-hits, he received a tremendous blow on his mouth, which not only produced the *claret*, but almost displaced his *ivories*. ("First blood!" observed Curtis and Josh. Hudson.)

Reed, likewise, with much good-nature, said to Gaynor it was a good hit. The left hand of Gaynor again told; but, nevertheless, Reed was very busy, and, in turn, felt for the *upper works* of Gaynor, and the left *peeper* of the latter was damaged, and the blood trickled down his cheek. Some excellent stops occurred on both sides, until a rally ensued, when Gaynor fought resolutely until they were entangled—both down, but Gaynor undermost. It was clearly seen that the *length* of Gaynor made him a dangerous opponent, and he was decidedly the favourite at 6 to 4.

2. Reed, like an experienced boxer, stopped Gaynor well, but the latter would not be denied. He planted a heavy blow in Reed's face, and, in closing, Gaynor sent Reed out of the ropes. "You are sure to win it, Gaynor," observed his friends; and 2 to 1 was offered and taken.

3. The *Snob* found out that he had a much more troublesome customer to contend against than he had anticipated. Gaynor got away from a heavy blow: a pause, and both on the look-out for squalls. Some sharp blows were exchanged on both sides: the left hand of Gaynor told twice severely on Reed's mug. A rally ensued, and Gaynor went down rather weak.

4. This was a capital round; and the mode of fighting adopted by Reed quite delighted his backers. He went to work with much determination, and Gaynor napt considerable *punishment*. In closing, Reed, by way of a "bit of good truth," *fibbed* his opponent severely, until a severe struggle put an end to the round, and both down. "What a capital fight—both rare good ones; and it is worth coming 100 miles to see! We have not had such a fight for these two years past!"—were the general observations all round the ring.

5. The face of Gaynor was materially altered, and his right *ogle* was almost in "Queer-street." The *mug* of Reed was likewise damaged—his nose had increased in size; and the *Snob* had also received some heavy body blows. Good stopping on both sides; and Reed, in the estimation of his backers, put in some beautiful facers. In closing, Reed went down.

6. A small change had taken place in favour of the "man of wax;" and he had now made his opponent a *niper*. The seconds of Reed and all his friends roared out to him to go to *work*; but Gaynor was not to be beaten

off his guard—he sparred for wind, till he recovered his *distress*. Reed, however, got the lead, and *milled* away, till in closing at the ropes he was thrown, and had a bad fall. “The Snob will win it!” and Reed was now backed as the favourite, and also with odds.

7. Gaynor was evidently much distressed; and Reed, like a skilful general, never lost sight of the advantage. In closing at the ropes, Gaynor went down quite exhausted. “Reed for £100!” and uproarious shouts of applause.

8. Reed, most certainly, at this period of the fight, was the hero of the tale; he *tipped* it to Gaynor at every turn, till the latter boxer went down. Rounds of applause for Reed, like loud claps of thunder.

9. A more manly round was never witnessed in any battle whatever—it was hit for hit, the *claret* following almost every blow. Both of the men stood up to each other like bricks and mortar, and appeared regardless of the *punishment* which they received. Both down. “Here’s a fight—this battle will bring the ring round! Reed’s a fine fellow, but he is over-matched.” The Fancy were all pleased, and scarcely knew how to express their approbation of the conduct of the combatants in terms strong enough to each other.

10. This was also a capital round; but, whenever Reed made a hit, Gaynor almost returned upon him. The length of the latter boxer enabled him to do this; and also in several instances his left hand did much severity of execution, without being stopped by the Snob. Both down, and *summut* the matter on each side.

11. Reed had the worst of it in this round; he received three jobbers, which made his *nob* dance again; but his courage never forsook him. In closing, the head of the Snob, in going down, went slap against the stakes, enough to have taken all the fight out of him, but he was too *game* to notice it.

12. The changes were frequent in this fight; and at times it was almost any body’s battle: Reed was never at a loss, and he fought at every point to obtain victory. In struggling Reed was thrown, and Gaynor fell upon him.

13. The left hand of Gaynor committed desperate havoc on Reed’s face; but, nevertheless, the former also *napt* rum ones in turn. In struggling, Reed went down.

14. The appearance of Gaynor was evidently against him; and strangers to the Ring might fairly have entertained an opinion that he could not have stood up for a couple more rounds. Reed took the lead for a short time, but the round was finished by Reed being thrown.

15. Nothing of consequence. Short, and both on the turf.

16. This round was a fine display of science in favour of Reed. He punished Gaynor all over the ground, and floored him by a heavy facer, which was heard all over the ring. The *Reedites* were now almost out of their senses, and applauded the Snob to the very echo.

17. Both of the men exhibited symptoms of great distress. After an exchange of hits they staggered against each other, and went down. "What a brave fight; and Jack is as good as his master!"

18. Gaynor, although in great distress, made some good hits; he also nobbed Reed, and fell very heavily upon his opponent.

19. This was a short round. Reed was exceedingly weak, and went down—Gaynor quite as bad, staggering over the Snob.

20. Reed came up to the scratch full of *pluck*, but he received two jobbers. Both down, Reed undermost.

21. The falls were decidedly against Reed; and in this round he received *shaking* enough to have put an end to the battle. The Snob went down, and Gaynor fell upon his head.

22. The oldest and best judges of the Ring still stuck to Reed, and made him the favourite. He commenced the rounds well, but in general, as in this instance, he was thrown.

23. Gaynor appeared getting rather better; but his mouth was open, and so were his hands.

The friends of Reed advised Gaynor to leave off, as he was a married man, and had a family; "It don't suit me," said Gaynor. "Hold your tongue," said Ward, "it is six to one—sixty to one, I meant, in your favour, an't it, Bob?" "Yes," replied the White-headed One; "it is a horse to a hen." Reed fell down quite weak.

24. Reed, like a good one, showed fight, and put in a nobber, but his strength could not second his fine science, and he was heavily thrown. Still Reed was offered as the favourite for five pounds, but no taker.

25. It really was astonishing to view the high courage displayed on both sides, and the firmness and spirit with which they opposed the efforts of each other. In finishing this round, Reed went down, and Gaynor fell on him like a log of wood, knocking nearly all the breath out of the Snob's body. While sitting on Bob's knee, Gaynor pulled out one of his front teeth, and gave it to Jem Ward.

26. This was a good round, and the determined spirit displayed by Reed astonished every spectator. Counter hits. Gaynor tried to escape punishment, and in retreating fell down.—“He's going: you have won it, Reed.”

27. Gaynor's face was cut all to pieces, and the *index* of Reed was little better; but no complaints were made, and when *time* was called they both appeared at the scratch with the utmost alacrity. Reed was busy and troublesome, till he was thrown.—Another bad fall against him—worse than ten hits.

28. Reed down; but he contended every inch of ground like a Wellington—a better little man is not to be met with, and the courage and good fighting he displayed this day will ensure him support at another period.

29. Gaynor was evidently the strongest man, although “bad was the best.” Reed was getting very weak, missed his blows, and went down on his knees.

30. The change was now decidedly in favour of Gaynor; and, in closing, he gave Reed a severe cross-buttock. “It's all up,” was the cry. “I'll give you,” said Josh, “a chest of tools if you win it.” “I have promised him,” said Tom Oliver, “Somerset House—but he can't lose it.”

31. Reed got away from a heavy nobber, with much more activity than could have been expected by a man in his truly *distressed* state. The Snob down.

32. Gaynor pursued Reed to the ropes, where the latter fought with fine spirit and resolution, till he was sent out of the ropes by Gaynor.

33. Several persons were yet of opinion that Reed would win it: in truth, the battle was never safe to either of them until it was over. Reed went down quite distressed.

34, and last. Reed still showed fight, and an exchange of blows took place; but in closing, Gaynor in obtaining the throw fell heavily upon him. Reed's head came violently against the ground—his eyes appeared almost to strike fire,

and when he was picked up by his second he was sick and insensible. Gaynor was immediately declared the conqueror. —It occupied *one hour and ten minutes*.

OBSERVATIONS.—It was a near thing after all; and *Reed*, although in defeat, raised himself, as a prize-fighter, in the estimation of the Fancy. He fought up-hill against weight and length, and likewise was opposed to a man of science and a game boxer. *Reed*, it is said, weighed ten stone four pounds, and GAYNOR, eleven stone six pounds—but GAYNOR declared, at the Tennis Court, on Wednesday last, that he was under eleven stone. A better fight, in every point of view, has not, could not have been seen for many years. GAYNOR received the most *punishment*; but his conduct throughout the whole of the battle was cool and praiseworthy. He is a better man than most of the ring-goers thought; and the *cove* who has him next for a customer will be extremely glad to hear him say—"No!" The subscription, collected for *Reed* upon the ground, did not exceed one pound!

GAYNOR was matched for a second battle with *Young Gas*, for £100 a-side, to take place on the 5th of September. The stakes were made good; but owing to a misunderstanding between the parties, the match was off previous to the day of fighting.

In consequence of GAYNOR having proved the conqueror with the *Chelsea Snob*, he was considered an excellent opponent for *Bishop Sharp*, and the friends of the former backed him against *Sharp* for £50 a-side. This battle was decided also at No-Man's-Land, on Tuesday, December 5, 1826. *Sharp* won the fight, after a very hard battle of *one hour and*

ten minutes. GAYNOR showed fight to the last minute.

TOM is in height five feet ten inches; weighing about eleven stone and a half. GAYNOR is one of the most civil, inoffensive men in society, and very much respected throughout the Fancy for his general good conduct. As a *setter-to*, TOM is far above mediocrity.

TOM BROWN, THE HERO OF BRIDGENORTH.

THE claim of the above boxer to the CHAMPIONSHIP has given him considerable notoriety in the Sporting World, although he has achieved but one conquest; indeed, it might be said of BROWN, that he entered the *Prize Ring* almost upon the *sly*, and was “served up” by his country backers, as a sort of *plant* upon the London Boxers. The match between him and *Shelton* was made at a house, in the first instance, completely unknown to the Fancy—the Ship, in Great Turnstile; and, in consequence of such privacy, BROWN was viewed by the London patrons of milling as nothing better than a *big* countryman. The match between *Tom Shelton* and BROWN was for £100 a-side; and the battle was decided on Tuesday, July 12, 1825, near Plumb Park, within six miles of Stoney Stratford, and nearly sixty miles from London.

The *interest*, which otherwise might have been excited by the above *mill*, was completely overwhelmed in the Sporting Circles, by the battle of *Ward* and *Cannon*; and, in consequence of the great distance from London, fifty persons from the metropolis were the extent who witnessed it. *Tom Shelton*, a good one amongst GOOD ONES; but in opposition to a countryman, or a "Big One," was decidedly the favourite, as a two-handed scientific fighter; and the Londoners backed him, under these impressions, at 5 to 4. BROWN was also known by report, having forfeited £20 to *Sampson* under peculiar circumstances; but his character for jumping, running, strength, activity, and *penchant* for *milling*, had made its way to the metropolis; and being placed under the especial care and tuition of *Spring*, he stood high as a novice unseen. *Shelton* had no particular patron; and he started alone for Stoney Stratford, and put up at the *Cock* on Sunday evening. Late at night on Monday, *Spring* and BROWN arrived at the same Inn; when the combatants, meeting each other, in the true Englishman style, shook hands together. *Crawley* and *Josh. Hudson* arrived soon after, as the avowed seconds of *Shelton*.

Early on the Tuesday morning, BROWN was up and walking about the town with the most perfect composure. He is a good-looking gentlemanly farmer sort of man; at least six feet and half an inch in height, and fifteen stone in weight, a native of Shropshire, and about 32 years of age. On BROWN's being seen and viewed "from head to foot" by the old fanciers, if there was no *funking* on the part of the backers of

Shelton, they began to "drop down a little on their luck," at the disparagement between the two combatants; *Shelton* not weighing more than twelve stone and a half. Amongst the few persons assembled at Stoney Stratford, the countryman was decidedly the favourite for choice; but the town altogether was as quiet as if no great event was at hand; and at eight miles from the above place, the fight between *Brown* and *Shelton* was not known. At twelve o'clock two post-chaises conveyed the *milling coves* to the field near Plumb Park; when *Brown*, attended by *Spring* and *Cribb*, threw his caster into the ring, amidst loud applause. *Hudson* and *Crawley* immediately made their appearance in the ring: "Come, get ready," said *Josh.*; "my man is undressed in the chaise." *Brown* immediately got ready for action, when *Shelton* left the chaise; he was also received with applause. *Tom* threw his hat right over the ring, when it was picked up by *Young Gas*, who likewise did not succeed in throwing it within the ropes. This was not a very favourable omen. The colours were now tied to the stakes—blue, for *Shelton*, by *Hudson*; and crimson and white, by *Spring*, for *Brown*. "Mind," said *Shelton*, "I don't care how you tie them, *Josh.*, but I want you to take them down for me."—"That I am sure of," replied the *John Bull Fighter*; "I have secured them by a reef-knot." *Brown* was the favourite all round the ring at even; but, in several instances, for small sums, at 5 to 4. Lots of ladies were stationed round the ring, witnessing, with the greatest anxiety, the battle, according to the old adage, "that none but the brave deserve the fair."

Round 1. On getting rid of the togs, by comparison, it was *Hercules* without his club, when Brown was opposed to Shelton at the *scratch*. The former hero reminded us of the late formidable Bob Gregson; but with a better *nob* than the Lancashire boxer. Shelton had *trained off*: his face was thin—his neck did not appear to possess that sort of strength which characterises the look of a fighting man—his frame was not so robust as heretofore—and his *pins*, in the vulgar phrase of the ring, had “gone to grass;” but, nevertheless, Tom’s *heart* was in the right place; and, like a good “ould one,” he thought of nothing else but winning, in spite of the ravages which *Mister Time* had made on his person. “A countryman lick me, indeed!” exclaimed Tom, early in the morning, “I’ll be carried out of the ring first—I will never live to see that day!” On preparing for the attack, Brown stood over Shelton; and the latter being aware that he had a good deal of *work* to perform, set about it with *pluck*: but Tom’s right hand was stopped by the *novice*; and in return Brown put a “*little one in*,” by way of a preface to his better qualities, on Shelton’s mug, which dropped him. The *milling coves* looked *blue*; but the *Johnny Raws*—the *Hedge coves*—the *Hay-makers*—*Chaw-bacons*—the *Smock-frock Boys*, &c.—were outrageous in their manifestations of joy at the success of the countryman. Spring said, “First blood!” but Josh. said, “No!” 6 to 4 on Brown; but no fanciers of the odds.

2. In this early stage of the fight, the sporting people were almost satisfied that Shelton had got his master before him. Tom measured his opponent well, and tried all he knew to plant a heavy topper; but the countryman was too *leary*, and parried well. Shelton, not dismayed, again went to work; but Brown was *up* to his manœuvres, and put in a severe blow on Shelton’s head. A rally occurred, which was heavy for a short time; but Tom had the worst of it, and got away. Brown took the lead in a determined manner, planting two blows on Shelton’s head, the *claret* following the *touch*. Shelton, with the courage of a lion, boldly stood up to his man till a body blow sent him down. The friends of Brown again shouted for joy, offered 2 to 1, and declared it was “as safe as the Bank,” in favour of the countryman.

3. The position of Shelton appeared awkward—his legs were too wide apart; but his anxiety to *punish* his adversary was visible, and he left no manœuvre untried to obtain an

advantage. "Be ready," said Josh. "he's coming!" Brown smiled, and, with the utmost ease, he not only stopped Shelton, but, in return, gave him a hit on his *canister*, weighty enough to put his *upper works* in confusion. Tom countered his adversary on his sensitive plant so sharply that the *claret* was plentiful. "Well done, Tom," said Josh.; "you have made the young one a member of the Wine Company; go and draw his cork again." The countryman felt a little warm—rushed in to his *work*—caught Shelton in his arms like a baby, and, spite of the struggling of poor Tom, he went down. "The countryman for £100!" all round the ring; but the spectators were *dummies* as to betting against Brown.

4. Tom was *piping* a little, and it was evident he was overmatched. Shelton hit his adversary on the cheek; but he could not stop the overwhelming power of Brown, who went in and caught Shelton at the ropes: after a little *top-pering* on both sides, the strength of the countryman enabled him to hold up his adversary, as he was *dangling* on the ropes; but, in the most generous and humane manner, he let Tom down, and walked away. "Bravo! Handsome! Englishman-like! and such conduct deserves to be remembered!" were the expressions all over the ring.

5. Short. It was now quite clear to every spectator, that the countryman was nothing like a *novice*, and also that he had been under good tuition. He stopped Shelton with the utmost ease; and he likewise aimed a terrific right-handed blow at Tom's head, which, if it had told, might have proved Shelton's *quietus*. Tom, in bobbing his nob aside, slipped down.

6. This was a fighting round; but Shelton could not reduce Brown's *pluck* or strength, although he made several good hits. "His right hand is gone," said Josh. "It is, by gosh!" echoed Oliver, whose face was full of anxiety for the fate of poor Shelton, and who had also backed the *Ould One* at 5 to 4, previous to the battle. Shelton planted a body blow; but Brown returned the *favour* on the head of his adversary. Tom retreated, and endeavoured to *mill*; but Brown followed Shelton, and sent him completely out of the ropes. "A countryman do you call this man?—He stands a good chance to be the Champion!" were the remarks of a swell.

7. Brown's *ivory-box* received a *rattler*; but the country-

man shook it off with a kind of smile; yet, a little furious, he followed Shelton with a quick step, who turned round to avoid a *finishing* hit. Tom slipped down in getting away. Shelton made play, and Brown missed in return.

8. After some heavy exchanges at the ropes, Shelton put in a back-handed hit in going down, so sharply that Brown *napt* it on his mouth, and went down. This event put the fighting men and backers of Shelton into spirits—it was a ray of hope; and “The Ould One will win it! He has changed it a little!” and “Master Brown does not like it!” with lots of *chaffing*, till time was called.

9. This was a *round* within a *round*; or two fights for the same stake. The age of Shelton now told against him; and it was clear to every man that he could not win it. Tom came up to the *scratch* much distressed, but nevertheless commenced *milling*. Brown followed him resolutely over the ring, when Shelton retreated to the ropes; but the *nob* of Tom got entangled, and the *fibbing* system was adopted by both of the combatants. It was rather against Shelton, when the *John Bull Fighter* tried to remove the rope from his man’s nob, which Spring said was not fair, and *shoved* Josh. off; indeed, Hudson insists Spring struck him. (Our peepers were otherwise employed at the precise instant.) “I will not take a blow from any one,” said Josh.; and let fly at the late Champion’s head, which caught him under the left eye. A scramble ensued, and Spring and Josh. were both down, and only Cribb waiting upon his man. Brown in the interim had floored Shelton by a heavy body blow. The time-keepers had also a *trifling* dispute; and Tom Oliver and the Young Gas likewise placed themselves in fighting attitudes: at length the row subsided; order was restored; and when time was called

10. Both of the men appeared at the *scratch*. Shelton exerted himself to do *mischief*, but he was stopped; received several hits; and also sent down by a *ribber* that was heard all over the ring. Shouting by the friends of Brown.

11. Shelton with considerable dexterity put in a sharp *facier*: the men afterwards had a severe rally. Brown endeavoured, (but we think unintentionally) to lay hold of Shelton’s thigh, in order to obtain the throw; but on “*foul*” being vociferated, he let go his hold. Shelton went down by a heavy body blow.

12. Tom did every thing in his power to win: but his

blows were nothing like *finishing ones*, and Brown had the best of him. Shelton received the visit of an *ugly customer* at his victualling-office, and he went down quite exhausted. Any odds; but no takers.

13. The fight was drawing to a close, and Brown taking the lead in every round. Shelton put in a *nobber*, but Brown seemed to say, "If you cannot hit me harder, it is no go towards winning." Tom received such a tremendous one in his mouth that he went down as if shot. Five to one; in fact, it was one hundred to one, and as safe as the Bank, that Brown must now win it off hand.

14. The old story, so often told, but so little heeded by fighting men, that "YOUTH MUST BE SERVED," was evident to the meanest judge of prize-fighting on the ground. Shelton, full of *pluck* as to his mind and heart, but his legs trembling and staggering like a drunken man, made play with his right hand, planted a facer, and got away. The danger was out of Shelton as to *mischief*; and Brown, in order to put an end to the battle, went to work: Tom opposed him like a trump, till he *napt* a kind of shutter-up-shop sort of hit on his *squeezer*, which *floored* him. The head of Shelton reached the ground so violently, that it bounded up like a ball. "It's all over," was the cry; the brandy was administered, but it was of no use. Shelton was done *Brown!*

15, and last. Shelton answered the call of time; but on arriving at the *mark*, Brown let fly on the side of Tom's head, and he measured his length on the ground, really senseless. Shelton was "hit out of time," and Josh. gave in for him; but Tom, on recovering himself a little, said, "No; I will fight!" Shelton, however, was so weak and exhausted, that he could not stand upon his legs.

OBSERVATIONS.—The CHAMPION, we believe, is at hand; very near it; if not, perhaps, quite at home. Shelton, on coming to himself, appeared surprised, "he was ashamed of having been *licked*" in so short a time—*fifteen minutes*. Tom need not "drop down on his luck;" he need not repine at his fate; for, in our opinion, BROWN could have beaten him the best day he ever saw. Shelton is not disgraced in the least

point of view by the above defeat. *Tom* showed himself a brave man, and never flinched from his opponent. *Shelton* was overmatched by strength and youth, and he has found it out too late. *BROWN* can fight a little bit more than was expected; but his confidence is now increased, and the next time he appears in the P. R. he will be "a nice man, I don't think," either for a town or country-made *cove* to have a *shy* at; and *Spring*, it is said, will back him against any one for £500 a-side. *BROWN* has made his appearance at a favourable time to get at the "top of the *milling tree*." The subscription for *Shelton* on the ground did not amount to more than four pounds, ten shillings! *BROWN*, for a "big one," is extremely active on his legs, stops well, hits hard, and he does not want for courage or science. The *Shropshire Man* is like to cut out a great deal of work amongst the *Milling Tribe*.

BROWN'S CHALLENGE AND CLAIM TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—Permit me to announce, through the medium of your Paper, that my Benefit will take place on Tuesday, the 28th of March, when I shall be prepared to make a match with any man in England for from three to five hundred pounds a-side; or as much more as may be desired. *Jem Ward*, or his friends, will probably avail themselves of this opportunity to prove their sincerity, when they did me the favour of soliciting my attendance in London; but should their courage have been cooled, I shall be glad to make a match with *Peter Crawley* or *Tom Cannon*. Should the London Ring decline the challenge, I beg leave to say that I shall lay claim to the title of Champion, which has so long remained in doubt.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,
Bridgenorth, March 1, 1826. THOS. BROWN

We understand that *Tom Spring* will accompany *Brown* to town; and, if his challenge is not accepted, it is rumoured that he will deliver to him the *veritable* belt, which he so long and so honourably wore as the Champion of England.

A SHY FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP—BROWN AT THE
TENNIS COURT. '

On Tuesday, March 28, 1826, the above place overflowed with Amateurs, something like the *milling period* when *Jem Belcher* was the pride of the ring, and *Tom Cribb* the hero of the tale. The produce of the Court, after deducting the expenses, amounted to £127. 10s. One thousand persons were present.

After the first set-to between *Raines* and *Wallace*, *Sampson* appeared on the stage, and said that he had been matched against *Brown* five years since; but, in consequence of the latter boxer being in *trouble*, he had received a forfeit of £20. A second match had been proposed, but *Brown* had not come forward. He would now fight him for £100, and put down a deposit; and, if that did not suit Mr. *Brown*, he would have a *bout* with him for a bellyfull.—*Up-roarious applause.*

Jem Ward showed, and came to the *point* at once. "I am ready," said *Jem*, "to fight *Brown* for £300, and no *chaffing*. I will put down a deposit immediately."—"Well done, *Jem*!"

Tom Spring mounted the stage, and was most flatteringly received by the patrons of *milling*. He said, *Brown* was under his protection, and it was not worth

his time to fight for £100. He was in business, and he would require at least a month's training under his (*Spring's*) care, and that if he won the battle, the expenses would be greater than the *gain*. As to putting on the gloves with *Sampson*, it was quite out of the question; *BROWN* was under his management, and he would not let him do wrong to his friends and backers. *Sampson* had come forward in an angry manner to challenge.—[*Here the oratory of the Ex-Champion was lost in one of the loudest roars of applause and disapprobation ever heard, calling for Sampson and Brown.*]

Sampson said, "The thing spoke for itself—it was too plain; *Spring* did not like to let the cat out of the bag. He would not let *BROWN* set-to with him, because it would tell tales. It would show *BROWN's* talents; and *Spring* was determined to keep *BROWN* to himself. He (*Sampson*) thought that the company present ought to witness the set-to between him and *BROWN*, as, in that case, the Fancy would form a judgment as to the laying out their money."—[*Great applause: and "He ought to set-to," from some; while others, "Spring is not such a flat to let BROWN; it would betray a want of judgment, and not display the caution of a sporting man."*]

Jem Ward rushed on the stage, and, flashing a £50 *flimsey* before the ogles of the Amateurs, stated, "He would post it immediately towards making a match for £300, with any man in England."—"Go it, *Jem*! That's the time of day. You can beat any Chaw-bacon, let him be as big as *Goliath*!"

Spring, in reply, said, he would make a match that

night, at Cribb's, for BROWN to fight Ward the first week in August.—[*Applause for several minutes.*]

Sampson also observed, for £100 a-side, he would fight any man in England, and would make the match immediately. The Stage being cleared, and the chaffing at an end,

As a wind-up to the sports, BROWN and Spring appeared on the stage, followed by Sampson, who stripped himself, seized hold of a pair of gloves, and appeared determined to set-to with BROWN.—[*To describe the row which ensued would be impossible.*]—Spring, very firmly, would not let BROWN spar with Sampson. The latter asked BROWN personally, but he declined. Sampson then left the stage, observing, “It was of no use.”—[*Here another tremendous uproar occurred, and Spring and Brown left the stage, amid the cries of “Off! Off!” “Sampson!” &c.*]

After some time had elapsed in glorious confusion, Spring again made his appearance on the stage, and solicited a hearing. Silence being procured, Spring observed that BROWN had been placed under his protection, and he was determined that he should receive no foul play. In the bills of the day it had been expressed that he and BROWN would put on the gloves together; but he would not let BROWN set-to with Sampson: “Yet do not mistake me, gentlemen,” said he; “not from any fear respecting Sampson, but it would be wrong, as BROWN was about being matched, and more especially on account of the anger displayed by Sampson.”—[*A great mixture of applause and hisses, and cries for Sampson.*]

“BROWN, gentlemen, is here, ready to set-to, if you wish it.”—

[*Bravo! let Brown begin!*].—BROWN ascended the stage; but the mixed sort of reception must have proved very unpleasant to his feelings. “Hats off!” was the cry; and BROWN and *Spring* were opposed to each other.

It was really curious to hear the different opinions respecting the abilities of BROWN: “He is of no use!” said a retired boxer, and one of the first heroes in the P. R. of his day. “He can beat any one in the list!” observed another milling cove. “What an impostor!” “The most awkward fellow ever witnessed!” “The £500 would be a *gift to Ward!*” “*Sampson* could *lick* him with ease; and he would be nothing in the hands of *Peter Crawley!*” “He is a rare *punisher* with his right hand—one of his blows would *floor* an ox!” &c. &c. To tell the truth, the set-to did not give general satisfaction; and the conclusion was, it was one of the best *gammoned* things ever done; or that BROWN, after all, is nothing else but a strong countryman, yet a hard hitter with his right hand. At the conclusion of the above bout, BROWN returned thanks, and challenged any man in England for £500 a-side; but that he would *accommodate* Mr. *Sampson* for £300 a-side. “Well done!—bravo!” from his friends.

Sampson informed the audience that he was to have a Benefit on Monday next; and if he, who had been long known to the Ring, met with such patronage as BROWN had done (a perfect-stranger), he would not only fight BROWN for £100 a-side, but the whole of the money taken at the doors in addition. (*Uproarious applause.*)

At nine o'clock in the evening, after a sporting dinner, at which BROWN and his friends were the guests, *Jem Ward* and *Sampson* arrived at *Tom Cribb's*, in Panton-street; and the latter proposed to accede to BROWN's challenge, on the part of *Ward*, and to make a match for £500 a-side; an announcement which was received with general satisfaction. *Sampson* then said, that *Ward* had not been able to see his friends, and had only £10 to put down; but he should be prepared to make that sum fifty at his (*Sampson's*) Benefit on Monday next.* Some surprise was expressed at the smallness of the deposit for so important a match; but BROWN at once said, that he would throw no impediment in *Ward's* way, but would meet him in any reasonable manner he might suggest.

A gentleman present then proceeded to draw up the Articles; in which it was proposed, and agreed to by *Sampson*, on the part of *Ward*, that the fight should take place on a stage similar to that on which *Ward* and *Cannon* fought at *Warwick*; that the place of fighting should be named by *Spring*, upon the condition that he gave *Ward* one hundred guineas for that privilege; and that the place of fighting should not exceed one hundred and fifty miles from London. On coming to the discussion of the distance, however, a difficulty arose. *Ward* said, his friends would not consent to his fighting beyond a hundred miles from London; and therefore, if he fought at all, it must be within that distance. To this BROWN objected; and on this point there was considerable argument, in which *Sampson*, still la-

houring under feelings of irritation against BROWN, gave way to a spirit of hostility, which was altogether misplaced, and entirely overturned the harmony of the meeting. He repeatedly offered to fight BROWN for a hundred himself, within a month; which BROWN declined. At last, he said he would fight him for £10, in a room, that night. To such an offer *Spring* would not suffer BROWN to accede; but at last BROWN, in order to prove that he had no personal fears for *Sampson*, said he would fight him next morning, for love. This proffer was hailed with loud cheers by his friends; but it was not agreeable to *Sampson*, who reverted to his old proposition, to fight for a hundred in a month; and this not being accepted, he retired. The scene was altogether one which it would be very desirable were never repeated. In the end, *Spring* said, he was perfectly willing to make a match with *Ward*, or with any gentleman who might be his backer; but he thought there was very little chance of coming to any satisfactory arrangement with *Sampson*.

Ward replied, that there was nothing he so much desired; but he would not undertake to go beyond a hundred miles from London. It was at last agreed, that the parties should have another meeting, at *Cribb's*, on Wednesday, at twelve o'clock.

MEETING AT CRIBB'S, ON WEDNESDAY, IN ORDER TO
DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Several amateurs assembled on the above occasion, expecting that a match would be made, as *Ward*, on

retiring from *Cribb's* on the preceding evening, said, "*Call me a COWARD*, if I am not here to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to make the match with *BROWN*." *Spring* was in attendance; and after the clock had struck two, *BROWN* entered the room, and asked for *Mr. Ward*, or any of his friends, as he was then ready to make a match for £500 a-side. He was sorry that no person appeared to dispute the CHAMPIONSHIP with him; the boxers could not assert they were taken by surprise, as he had publicly advertised his intentions of putting in his claim towards the Championship. He must now quit London immediately, to attend his business at Bridgenorth.

Numerous letters, in fact, enough to fill a small volume, passed between *Ward* and *BROWN*, upon the subject of the CHAMPIONSHIP, during the remainder of the months in 1826, up to the period of the following epistle:—

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—After so much has been said on making up the match between *Mr. Ward* and myself, I can have little to add. But being anxious still further to accommodate him, and that he should have a *soft bed*, I am willing that the stage should be *turfed*, and the railing *padded*; but I shall not fight otherwise than *on a stage*: and, after the indulgence I have now proposed for his accommodation, and with a desire of bringing him to the *scratch*, he must not expect that I shall fight him £300 to £350. But I trust no impartial person can for a moment think that I ever meant, or still mean, anything less than fighting.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

June 17, 1827.

THOS. BROWN.

TENNIS COURT.—*BROWN*, from Bridgenorth, who aspires to the Championship, took his benefit at the

above place of *milling* amusement on Thursday, June 21, 1827. The muster of Amateurs was excellent; and lots of *Corinthians* honoured Mr. BROWN with their presence. A "big one" is sure to bring the lovers of the Art of Self-defence up to the *scratch*.

BROWN, it should seem, did not stand well with his brethren of the fist; and the promise of *Tip-street* was the order of the day, before several of the lads would put on the *gloves*. They assert, he is not entitled to a benefit, because he does not *fight*; nevertheless, the sparring proved attractive.

Josh's new *Black* (denominated *Young Molineaux*, from New York,) mounted the stage smiling, and was well received by the audience. *Fisher*, the *Oxford Champion*, appeared as his opponent. The *Man of Colour* stood to no repairs, but *malleted Fisher* with all his *might* and *main*; and did not seem inclined to finish a round at all. *Molineaux* was almost as furious as a mad bull, and *Fisher*, although he nobbed *Blackee* several times, yet his blows were like *snow* before the *sun*; *Molineaux* would not be denied. The *Black* is quite ignorant of the rules of prize-fighting, and endeavours to get the better of his antagonist by downright force. This set-to excited roars of laughter.

Molineaux again ascended the stage, and informed the spectators he was about to set-to with *Massa BROWN!* (*Applause.*) On the appearance of *Eales* and BROWN, the row commenced; it cannot be described upon paper; it was a complete *Babel* sort of thing. BROWN refused to set-to with the *Black*; this brought up *Uncle Ben* and *Reuben Marten*, who both offered to *accommodate* the *Hero of Bridgenorth*.

After several minutes had elapsed, between all *talkers* and no *hearers* upon the stage; shouts, hisses, groans, and clapping of hands, from all parts of the Court; BROWN persisted in his opinion to set-to with *Eales*. This not being accepted, he descended into the Court, and said, he would not set-to at all; and, as a proof that he did not value the money, those gentlemen who were disappointed might call at the house of *Tom Cribb*, and their money should be returned to them. BROWN urged, that he had been *baited* more like a *mad dog* than a Christian.

The row and confusion lasted for nearly half an hour, when *Tom Belcher* and *Eales*, in order to restore good humour, ascended the stage, and gave the Amateurs as fine a treat of the science of boxing as was ever witnessed.

“The *Gas*” was then asked if he would take a *turn* with *Molineaux*? “Decidedly;” said he. The *Gas* was not long before he attacked the *upper works* of *Massa*; but, although the *Black* napped considerable *punishment*, he bored in, and got the *Gas* down. The stage, which is not quite half as big as the Prize Ring, was rather too close quarters for the exertions of the *Gas*; but, in four rounds, he gave the *Man of Colour* so many *snorters*, that *Massa* did not *like it*, and expressed a wish to take off the gloves. (*Disapprobation.*) The *Black* was at length *gammoned* to have another round or two. The *Gas* again administered *pepper*; but the *Black* returned heavily. *Massa* was soon satisfied; and the *Gas* left the stage amidst thunders of applause for the *pluck* he had displayed. The *Black* must be nearly three stone the heaviest man.

Some time elapsed, when repeated calls for "BROWN! BROWN!" occurred. A gentleman then appeared on the stage, and requested a hearing for BROWN.

BROWN once more appeared, and was applauded by the audience. He returned thanks for the liberal support he had received from the Amateurs, and said he was sorry he had been prevented from setting-to with *Eales*. The latter pugilist was well known as a man of most excellent science; he (BROWN) had been solicited to set-to with him, in order that the friends to the Prize Ring might form some estimate of his (BROWN's) capabilities as a boxer. With regard to *Mr. Ward*, who had challenged him to fight for £500 a-side; and then for £300 a-side; and now for £200 a-side;—his answer was, that he had never forfeited his word; and he was ready now to make a match for £300 a-side; but the battle must be upon a stage. All he wanted was fair play; and his friends had determined that he should not fight upon the turf; as the ring might be broken in; and from the *prejudice* which appeared to exist against him, and which had been so strongly manifested in the Court that day, he would not fight *Mr. Ward* upon any other terms. He had not the slightest animosity against *Mr. Ward*: and he fought for what they called "Honour!" He was ready, at an hour's notice, to make the match upon the above terms; and he should remain in town two or three days longer; and he should also be at *Belcher's* Sporting dinner, on Tuesday next. It was not his intention, as had been asserted, to *skulk* out of town without making a match.

Reuben Marten said he appeared on the part of

Ward, and was ready to make a match for *Ward* to fight *BROWN* on the turf for £300 a-side; or for £200 upon a stage. He would make a deposit of £25 to that effect. The friends of *Ward* would not make a match upon any other terms.

BROWN, in reply, said he would not fight for less than £300 a-side; as it was not worth his while to leave his business for a less sum. This determination was received with a mixture of applause and disapprobation. It is but fair to state, that it was the intention of *BROWN* to have set-to with *Peter Crawley*, but the latter not appearing, *Tom Oliver* was the Boxer selected. Upon *Mr. Jackson's* entering the Court, at the request of several Noblemen and Gentlemen, he sent to *BROWN*, proposing that *Eales* should put on the gloves with him. Fair play is our aim on all passing events, and it does appear to us, that the man who is ready to fight for the Championship, ought not to refuse to *set-to* with any man in England. At the same time, if any person in the Court was allowed to dictate *who* should *set-to*, nothing but confusion and rows must occur. *BROWN* complains that he was unfairly treated, and that he did not deserve such usage.

Uncle Ben offered to make a match for his *nevy* (*Jem*) for £1000 a-side, to fight in June next. *Reuben Marten* said he would fight *BROWN* for £10 a-side.

Windmill-street was filled with the Fancy, anxious to get a peep at *BROWN* as he left the Tennis Court.

BELCHER'S SPORTING DINNER.—On Tuesday, June 26, a most respectable muster of the Fancy

assembled at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, and partook of a capital dinner, and excellent wines. After the money had been made good between *Burns* and *White-headed Bob*, an offer was made by a friend of *Ward* to back him against *BROWN* for £300 a-side; and *lots of blunt* (we believe the whole £300) was handed over to the Chairman to make the match.

BROWN was not present; nor had he (as we understood) deputed any person to represent him. It therefore must be admitted, that *BROWN* forfeited his promise to dine, or to appear at *Belcher's* on the above evening. But a gentleman from the neighbourhood where *BROWN* resides, said, he would make the match for *BROWN* on Thursday night, but he was not prepared with the *stuff* to make the deposit. The wine of "Mine Host" set the *chaffers* of several of the company a-going; but the Chairman soon restored order; when twenty pounds were placed in the hands of the President, by *Pierce Egan*, towards making a match of £300 a-side, for *BROWN* to fight *Ward* upon a stage.

Jem Ward, who had been present all the evening, rose, and declared he would not fight upon a stage. Of course, the match went off—and the fight between *BROWN* and *Ward* is not likely to take place.

The Chairman, in a very excellent and manly speech, replied warmly to the gentleman from the country, who, in his defence of *BROWN*, asserted, "that the *Black* was not worthy to wipe his (*BROWN's*) shoes; much more to *set-to* with him." The Chairman declared it as his opinion, which also appeared to be the unanimous opinion of the company, that

the man who puts up for the Championship of England ought not to refuse to set-to with any person whatever. As to *distinction* and *pride*, they were quite out of the question; and that TRUE COURAGE never refused country, colour, size, weight, length, youth, nor years; and, in the age of chivalry, "the glove was thrown down to all comers!"

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—I wish to inform Jem Ward, through the medium of your Paper, that my friends have at length determined that I shall fight him on the Turf, for not less than £300, but as much more as he may fancy. A person will attend at Tom Cribb's, on Thursday evening next, between the hours of eight and ten, for the purpose of making the match, and entering into articles.

Yours, &c.

Bridgenorth, August 1, 1827.

THOS. BROWN.

P. S.—I hope the persons that have been so industrious in endeavouring to degrade me by their misrepresentations with the public, will be no less assiduous in their exertions in bringing Ward to the scratch.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—It is a little curious, that during the time I remained in London, Brown's friends found it *impossible* to make up their minds respecting the fight between the Shropshire Hero and myself; yet, no sooner does he find, through the medium of the public prints, that I am upwards of two hundred miles from my backers, than he sends a challenge, through all the Sporting Journals, conceding to my terms of fighting on the *turf*. It certainly would have been more in the character of a *brave man*, to have addressed the newspapers on this subject whilst I was in the metropolis, and could have answered for myself. I shall leave Liverpool in a few days, on a visit to Dublin, in company with my pal, Baldwin, and, after having spent a short time with my Irish friends, I shall return to London direct, where I shall be

immediately ready to close the match with him, and then time will show who will first cry—"Hold! enough!"

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Liverpool, Aug. 8, 1827.

JAMES WARD.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—I will not weary your readers with a recapitulation of the *variety of chaffing* which has been resorted to by Mr. Ward and his friends, to avoid the proposed match, which I have so long been, and am still anxious to conclude between him and myself, and will only advert to his last reply to my proposal of *fighting him on the turf for £300*, viz. "That he (Ward) should return direct from Ireland and make the match."

His return having been publicly announced some time past, and nothing as yet done or said (publicly at least) by him or his friends, towards attaining the *desideratum* of coming to the scratch, I now ask, (in the event of his continuing to keep aloof from my challenge,) if *such a man* be entitled to retain *his assumption of the Championship?* or rather, if the title of "a cur, who does not possess that lion-heart which it is necessary for the *Champion of England* to possess," would not then be better adapted for the *would-be Champion*, Mr. Ward, than for myself?—although this language was applied to me, not very long ago, by the *Editor of Bell's Life in London*.

With a view, therefore, of preventing this *degrading stigma* being again applied justly to either of us; and also of removing all doubt of my sincerity in this long pending affair, should a spark remain in the mind of any one possessing common discernment and impartiality, I *once more*, and for the last time, repeat my challenge (in opposition to the wishes of my best friends) to fight Mr. Ward *on the turf* for £300, or as much more as he can procure; the fight to take place within six months from the date hereof, and half-way between this and London. A meeting to be held at Tom Cribb's, on Thursday evening, 8th of November next, between the hours of six and nine, for the purpose of entering into Articles, making the first deposit, &c.

In case of Mr. Ward's non-acceptance of this my *ultimatum*, the same is to be considered as lying open to ALL ENGLAND, for the space of six months from the present date; but should no one take up the Gauntlet within the

aforesaid period, then, BE IT KNOWN UNTO ALL MEN, that, from and after the expiration of that term, I shall turn a deaf ear to any further call to the Ring, and consider that the title of *Champion of England* will then duly devolve on

Bottle-in-Hand Inn,
Bridgenorth, Oct. 24, 1827.

Your obedient Servant,
THOS. BROWN.

The meeting at *Tom Cribb's* did not produce the desired result to the Fancy; and up to the present period, Dec. 6, 1827—No match has been made.

JEM WARD,

First introduced to the Milling World as the BLACK DIAMOND OF THE EAST, and, for a few fleeting months, viewed as the

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

THE parents of JEM, like those of *Jack Randall* and *Ned O'Neal*, were of Irish extraction; and the warm-hearted boys of the Emerald Isle, resident in London, hailed him, on his first appearance in the Prize Ring, as their hero, and stuck to him like glue. JEM's daddy, *Nathaniel Ward*, left Ireland to better his fortune, and opened a butcher's shop in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe Highway, numerous inhabited, at that period, by Irishmen. It is true, *Nat.* did not want for the patronage of his countrymen; but, owing to the possession of a kind and



J E M W A R D .

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Bath Street, Bristol & St. Vincent Street Liverpool. 4*

feeling heart, not letting "the hungry go *empty* away," and also giving too much *trust*, the shop soon proved to be "no go!" and Old *Ward* was compelled to close his shutters, and to seek a livelihood for himself and his heavy family in the laborious capacity of a ballast-heaver on the River Thames. JEM, the eldest of seven *kids*, was born on the 26th of December, 1800; and, during his boyhood, Young *WARD* soon distinguished himself by the use of his *mauleys* and his *pins*: uniting the qualities of a *boxer* and *wrestler*. He was a complete *Champion* amongst his associates; and even lads of a greater age and strength readily acknowledged his superiority. JEM was so great an admirer of the Art of Self-defence, that most of his leisure time when from school was occupied in *sparring* and *wrestling*. At the age of sixteen, JEM followed the occupation of a ballast-heaver, under the eye of his father: this employment, although extremely laborious, nevertheless increased our hero's strength, and he soon obtained the appellation of a fine-grown young man. At Bromley New Town a friendly sparring Club had been established; and JEM was soon the "hero of the tale" amongst its members. Here he took the *shine* out of the "young and the old," and he was always ready to accommodate either the Big or Little Blades with a *taste* of his quality. It was now determined by his sporting friends that he should quit his *rehearsals* and *obscurity*, and "try his luck" before the Public. In *street rows* he had proved himself a first-rate workman; and in numerous *turn-ups*, JEM convinced the spectators that he was

nothing else but A GOOD ONE.—The first introduction of JEM to the Amateurs was at the benefit of Sutton and Gyblatts, at the Fives' Court, on Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1822. We quote our own remarks on the subject, which appeared in the Sporting Journal at that time:—

“The principal novelty of the day was the introduction of a *new Black Diamond*: and although a little bit in the rough, yet now and then some parts of his shining qualities so far *peeped* out, that several persons asked, Who he was? Where did he come from? Is he a novice? Has he done any thing? ‘His name is WARD,’ said a by-stander: ‘He is from the East end; and he is a *rum* one for a *turn-up* on the stones: he has put the *quilt* upon all those persons who have been opposed to him; but what he can do in the Prize Ring is another matter. However, WARD,’ said he, ‘can be backed against any thing of his weight (12 stone) excepting the *Gas*.’ WARD was *pitted* with *Spencer*; and, like all new ones, he displayed more strength than coolness, and more *milling* than *science*. WARD received good encouragement from the Amateurs. His *nob* was considered a fighting one.”

The merits of the *Black Diamond* were discussed throughout the Fancy, and a Subscription Purse was collected, in order to put his *milling* capabilities to the test. *Dick Acton*, considered a good man, and who had recently defeated *Kendrick*, a strong fellow of colour, was the opponent selected for WARD. On Wednesday, June 12, 1822, this battle was decided upon Moulsey Hurst. *Josh. Hudson* and *Tom Jones*

were the seconds for WARD; and *Spring* and *Eales* waited upon *Acton*.

Round 1. *Acton* acted on the defensive, as if to ascertain what *novelties* in the art he was to be this day treated with. *Ward*, after a little dodging about, let fly with the left hand, but the blow was short. *Acton* likewise missed; he, however, followed *Ward*, who kept retreating, when some hits were exchanged, but without effect. The *Diamond* put in a severe left-handed blow on *Acton's* nob, and got away, smiling. *Acton* followed him to the ropes, when *Ward* received a sharp hit on the cheek. The *Diamond* made good use of his legs, and got out of the corner; nor was he long before he planted a heavy blow on the right side of *Acton's* *conk*, which produced the *claret*. ("That's as good as a pinch of snuff to him," said *Josh*.) A pause. *Ward's* left hand now took liberties with the left side of *Acton's* nose, and the *pink* also followed; the *Diamond* getting away. ("Mind and keep your hand close," said *Josh*.) Some more blows passed between them, when *Ward* again got away. *Acton* showed distress, as if tired; indeed he had been following the *Diamond* to a poor purpose. *Ward* put in a heavy hit under *Acton's* right eye, that produced the *claret*: they then closed, and, after some hitting on both sides, went down, *Ward* undermost. This round occupied eight minutes and a half, but evidently to the disadvantage of *Acton*. 10 to 4 on *Ward*.

2. *Acton* could not stop the left hand of *Ward*. The latter put in several *facers*, without receiving any return. In closing, *Acton* *pummeled* away, and both went down, *Ward* again undermost.

3. *Acton* made play, and put in a sharp blow on *Ward's* *mug*, but, on his endeavouring to repeat it, *Ward* stopped him with considerable science. *Acton* bored his opponent to the ropes, and, after a sharp struggle on both sides to obtain the throw, *Ward* got *Acton* down. (*Shouts of applause.*)

4. This round decided the fight. *Acton* seemed to depend more on stopping than hitting; but *Ward* had it, comparatively, all his own way: the latter made a good right-handed hit, and got away, laughing. *Acton* also got *nobbed* right and left; but, in making a desperate attempt, *Ward* received some heavy hits, and the *claret* was seen about his nose. (A pause, and looking at each other.) *Ward* put in

so severe a blow on the body, as to make Acton drop his arms. In closing, Ward had also the best of it; and, in going down, Acton was undermost. "It's nearly over!" was the cry.

5. Acton came up to the scratch, *staring*. Ward put in two or three *nobbers*, and ran Acton up to the ropes; but, in going down, Ward was undermost.

6, and last. Counter hits. Ward planted a severe blow on Acton's left eye, that made him *wink* again. The left hand of the former was repeatedly at work; and, by a sharp blow under the ear, Acton was *floored*. When time was called, he was insensible to it; and three or four minutes elapsed before he was able to get out of the ring. Time—*fourteen minutes and a half*.

REMARKS.—The science, activity, and quick hitting exhibited by WARD, satisfied his backers, that, with a little more experience, he was calculated to make a noise in the *milling* world. Acton was too slow for his opponent. WARD, who was anxious to obtain work without delay, challenged *Jack Martin* for £150.

In order to keep the amateurs together, after *Josh. Hudson* had defeated *Barlow*, at Harpenden Common, on Tuesday, September 10, 1822, a Subscription Purse was entered into, to give WARD another opportunity of displaying his knowledge of boxing, with *Burke*, of Woolwich, brother to the pugilist who fought with *Jack Randall*. Hudson, after he had put on his clothes, went round the ring with his hat, and collected the *blunt*. The Woolwich hero was seconded by *Tom Oliver* and *Abbot*; and WARD was looked after by *Tom Shelton* and *Harry Holt*. The fight was over in *seven minutes*; in fact, it was rather a display of *wrestling* than *milling*. *Burke* had not the

slightest chance whatever : he was thrown upon his neck, and was not able to answer the call of "Time !" but, nevertheless, he soon recovered from the effects of the accident. JEM, by this victory, napped the *stuff* without any trouble.

After some meetings between the parties connected with the *mill*, as to the weight of WARD, a match was made, for £50 a-side, between our hero and *Bill Abbot* : and it being our intention, at all times, as faithful biographers, "*nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice,*" we feel induced to give our report of the battle, with several letters which passed on the subject, at the period alluded to, in order that our readers may decide for themselves, without identifying ourselves at all with either the Pugilist or his Backer.

PUGILISM [*instead of which, read made-up ROBBERY !*] between WARD (*the Black Diamond*) and ABBOT (*the conqueror of Oliver*), for £50 a-side, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, October 22, 1822.

An unusual degree of interest had been excited throughout the *Fancy*, respecting the event of this battle, in consequence of the superior *milling* talents displayed by WARD in his fight with *Acton*, and also in his various exhibitions at the Fives' Court, but more particularly in his set-to with *Cy. Davis*. At one o'clock *Abbot* threw his hat into the ring, followed by *Richmond* and *Josh. Hudson* as his seconds ; and, in a few minutes afterwards, WARD, attended by *Eales* and *Tom Jones*, made his appearance.

Round 1. Both the men appeared in fine condition; and a minute or two elapsed, when Ward hit short with his left hand; but he soon rectified this mistake, by *nobbing* his opponent, getting away, and laughing at him. In a close, both went down; but Ward had the throw.

2. It was already seen that Abbot was a plaything in the hands of Ward; for he not only *nobbed* him with the utmost ease, but put in so severe a hit on the body, that Abbot went back three yards staggering, and must have fallen down, had not the ropes prevented him. Abbot, however, returned to the charge, when the round was finished by Ward hitting him down.—7 to 4.

3. Ward, from his tapping, light play, was, however, denominated a *China-man*; but nevertheless the head of his opponent was so much at his service, that he kept *pink*ing without getting any return. Abbot was severely thrown.

4. The backers of Ward were in high glee, that it was all right; and Abbot received another fall, ready to *burst* him.

5. Abbot received a severe hit, and fell on his knees.

6, 7, 8. In all these rounds Abbot appeared perfectly stupid from the repeated *conkers* he received, and the severe falls he experienced. 5 and 6 to 1.

9, 10, 11, 12. Abbot was so much at a loss that his blows were thrown away; in fact, he had not the shadow of a chance. In the last round he received a tremendous cross-buttock.

13, 14, 15, 16, 17. The whole of the minds of the amateurs were so much made up, in consequence of the superior talents displayed by Ward, who did as he liked with his opponent, that 10 to 1 was offered, but no takers.

18. Abbot hit down, and the battle was considered all but over; so much so, that Tom Belcher left the ring to get his pigeon, to convey the intelligence to town of the defeat of Abbot. On crossing the river at Hampton, the first party he met, in a boat, he asked, who had won the battle. "*Abbot*," was the reply. "Impossible!" said Belcher. He also inquired of another party—"Abbot," was the answer. "*It can't be—you certainly must be mistaken*," rejoined the Hero of the Castle. In the third boat he saw Abbot and his second, when he repeated his inquiries; and on being informed that Abbot was the winner, Tom replied, "*I am now*

satisfied;" and immediately sent up the pigeon, with Abbot's name attached to it, instead of Ward's.

19. At the conclusion of this round, Eales, observing something wrong in his man, called out to Ward's backer, who immediately stepped into the ring, when Eales with much indignation observed, "Ward says he means to cut it this round, he shall lose it." "No," replied his backer.

20. Ward now endeavoured to drop fighting, in order to give Abbot a chance; and actually, in an under tone, as we are informed by his second, said to Abbot—"Now hit me." When Eales remonstrated with him for such conduct, he observed, "I know my orders—I must not win it." 100 to 1 on Ward.

21. Ward gave his opponent all the opportunity he could; but Abbot was so distressed, that he could scarcely knock a fly off a loaf; but Ward took care to go down.

22, and last. Ward went down after a slight skirmish, and on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, he smiled, but recollecting "*his orders*," and for fear that Abbot should *give in*, he went off in a swoon, and when "time" was called, he would not notice it till he thought proper to come to, and quit the ring.

REMARKS.—It is impossible to describe the consternation, as well as the indignation, expressed by the Amateurs; and the result must be a *tie-up* to prize fighting. So barefaced a *robbery* was never before witnessed in the annals of pugilism. The Umpire, when asked his opinion, replied, "He could not swear it was *a cross*; but he was quite satisfied there was wrong conduct somewhere." The most honourable part of the sporting people declared they would not *pay* at present; and several gentlemen who had lost heavy stakes agreed to meet the next evening at the One Tun, in Jermyn Street, in order to investigate the matter; or, in the slang phrase of the ring, this "*ready-made luck*" fight. WARD, on recovering

from his *swoon*, made his way out of the ring, and in his eagerness to get across the water to Hampton, jumped with the utmost ease over some ropes, laughing at the credulity of his backers.

Two other fights took place, but the principal part of the Amateurs were so disgusted that they left the ring.

COMPLETE EXPOSURE AND DETECTION OF THE ABOVE
CROSS.

A most numerous and respectable meeting of sporting characters took place at the One Tun, in Jermyn Street, on Wednesday evening, October 23, to investigate the suspicious circumstances respecting the termination of the above prize fight. *Pierce Egan* was unanimously requested to take the chair; and upon taking his seat, the following letter was handed to him to read:—

“ *Cribb's, Pantion Street, Haymarket.*

“ SIR,—I regret extremely that it is not in my power to attend the meeting this evening, which is convened for the purpose of inquiring into the result of yesterday's fight; but I think it necessary to trouble you thus far—so thoroughly convinced am I of the unfair result of the battle, that I must beg you to state to the gentlemen present, (amongst whom, no doubt, are some who lost money to me on that occasion,) that *I shall decline receiving a shilling*; at the same time, so important do I consider the decision of an Umpire, (and a more honourable man does not breathe than the gentleman who officiated yesterday,) that, should the *only* person to whom I am indebted insist upon his money, it shall be paid; and so conscientious and strictly honourable do I consider the gentleman to whom I allude, that I have no hesitation in leaving it entirely to himself. The tenor of my letter you will of course find to be this:—That a more flagrant cross

never disgraced the Prize Ring, (*that was so incontestably proved*) and that consequently no real sporting character can expect that his bets should be valid.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“ W. S.”

“ P. S. The Umpire has given no decision excepting upon Ward’s not rising to time.”

WARD, his backer, *Tom Belcher, Fales, Cribb, Burns, &c.* were present. *Eales* (the second to WARD) stated, “ That towards the conclusion of the battle, he wished him to *go in* and win it; but was greatly surprised to hear WARD say he had his orders, and must not win the battle.” WARD appeared greatly agitated, and denied it; however, being left to himself for two or three minutes, and called upon by the Chairman to tell the truth, he burst into tears, hung down his head, and admitted “ it was a *Cross*.” The Chairman, by the desire of the company, then asked him who was the person that wished him to sell the battle? WARD said, *Mr. Watson*, his backer; and that his backer had promised him £100, if he lost the fight.

WARD was called upon by the Chairman to state the particulars: he said, “ That as he was riding with his backer to *Walton*, he asked him (WARD) how much he should get by the fight? He told his backer that he had been promised by several gentlemen small sums, if he won it, amounting to £70. My backer said, I must lose, and he would give me £80. I said I would not lose it; then he replied, I should have £100.”

Mr. Watson, in reply, denied it, and produced a certificate signed by WARD, that he had done the best

to win the battle; that WARD went with him in a hackney-coach before a justice of the peace in Hatton Garden; but the magistrate refused to let him swear to such a document.*

" Hatton Garden, London, Oct. 23, 1822.

" This is to certify, the undermentioned is the statement I make oath to, as the true and real fact of my fight on Tuesday last with Abbot. I did my best to win the fight, and I know it was the blow received in the neck that prevented it. I never had money offered me by any individual to lose the fight; had I won, I should have received, through previous offers, one hundred and twenty pounds. At the time I received the blow, I was unsensed, so much so, that I did not hear the time called.

" JAMES WARD.

" Witness—THOS. WATSON.

ROBT. FRESHFIELD.

EDW. PAULIN."

Here a gentleman observed, that to wish a man to commit a *cross*, was not to be compared with the crime of adding *perjury* to it.

WARD again shed tears, stating that as he lay in

* Wednesday two gentlemen of sporting notoriety, accompanied by Ward, the pugilist, who fought with Abbot, at Moulsey Hurst, attended for the purpose of Ward making an affidavit. One of the gentlemen stated, that he held stakes for a large sum, depending on the fight, which Ward lost. That the gentleman who backed Ward, suspecting that he sold the battle, refused to consent to his (the applicant) paying the wager over, until Ward made oath, that he fought as well as he could, and that he lost the battle in consequence of a blow he received on the neck. The magistrate observed, that on their own confession an information might be laid against the gentlemen for a breach of the peace, for which they would be liable to be sent to work at the mill in the House of Correction. He could not swear such an affidavit, even if a man were bold enough to volunteer to make oath of a breach of the public peace. They were ordered to go about their business. —*Morning Herald*.

bed in the morning, at the house of his backer, the latter person came up to him in a great flurry, and said, "WARD, if you do not stick to it now, nay, swear to it, that you have lost the battle fairly, we shall not get the money;" and his backer also told him to complain of his back, and to walk lame, if any gentleman should see him: he did so accordingly, as he thought he must do every thing his backer told him.

Mr. *Freshfield* and Captain *P*—— stated to the meeting, that they had asked WARD in the morning, at the house of his backer, if it was a fair fight? He answered, "Yes; and that he had done his best to win the battle." It was also observed that WARD had several times, in the course of the evening, wished to leave the room, in order to avoid the investigation.

The backer of WARD, Mr. *Watson*, declared he believed the battle to be a *cross*; but at the same time he pledged his honour, nay, he would take his oath, that he was not privy to such a circumstance. He had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain by such an event. He was well known to the *Sporting World*—his character was now before them; and he defied any person to prove that he had won any considerable sum, so as to have induced him to act like such a fool and a scoundrel. On the contrary, he had backed WARD, and he trusted the battle money would not be given up.

The gentleman who backed *Abbot* said he would not receive the money; but, nevertheless, he thought *Abbot* ought to have something done for him, as it did not appear that he had acted *wrongly*. (*Great applause.*)

Mr. *T. Belcher* said, that, previously to the battle, he had heard that something was *wrong*; and he mentioned it to Mr. *Watson*, who immediately laid him the odds on *WARD*.

Before the question was put, *WARD* was again called, when he persisted, or to use his own words, said, "It was a proper fair *cross*. That he was ignorant in the ways of the world, not used to company, nor to drink wine. His backer had also endeavoured to make him tipsy the night before fighting, saying, 'Never mind, *WARD*, you have but little work to do to-morrow; therefore it is of no consequence how much you drink.' As he hoped to go to Heaven hereafter, whatever he had done wrong was according to the directions of his backer, and not his inclination. He had told nothing to-night but the truth, and he was without a shilling. He also wished to inform the company, that Mr. *Watson* said, if he did not swear to it, he should lose £300 in the country, and he wrote a letter to that effect; but shortly afterwards he tore it all to pieces in a passion."

Mr. *Watson* again protested that he had no knowledge of the *cross*; and, as to the letter, it had nothing to do with the subject, but was intended for a lady.

It was suggested to the Chairman, on putting the question, that no person ought to vote who had bets on the fight; but the backer of *WARD* said, that every sporting man present ought to give his vote.

It was carried unanimously, that the battle between *WARD* and *Abbot* was a *cross*; the backer of *WARD* holding up his hand that it was in his opinion a *cross*.

Tom Cribb, in a very animated manner, came for-

ward, and said, that he had never done *wrong* in his life; and that **WARD** was a poor, ignorant young man, and he believed he had been led away; and also, that he had told the truth;—as a proof of his opinion, he should make him a present of a sovereign; as it was high time a stop should be put to such *crosses*. Several gentlemen followed the Champion's example.

The meeting then separated. We were informed, by the *President of the Daffy Club*, who held the stakes of £50 a-side, that he had scarcely been tucked-up in bed, past twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, when he was knocked up by *Mr. Watson*, and, on answering him, the latter said, the fight between *Abbot* and **WARD** had been proved a *cross*; and desired the President of the *D. C.* not to give up the battle-money.

The following Letter, connected with the above subject, was left at the Office of *The Dispatch*:—

“*Friday morning, Oct. 25.*”

“*MR. EGAN*,—I will thank you to have the goodness, should *Mr. Harmer* not see you when he calls this morning, to take or send to him the statement of that ungrateful fellow, *Ward*—you have it. I beg to assure you I have not the least objection to your publishing any thing you can prove against me; at the same time must think it unfriendly and unmanly* to lay before the public your bare thoughts

* I am sorry at all times to be *unfriendly*; but I trust, without egotism, that the term *unmanly* does not attach to my character: however, I shall leave it to the consideration of those gentlemen who were at the *Tun*, and who also read the above report of the Public Meeting which took place at that house, to say whether it is not a faithful and accurate account of the proceedings. I have only to observe, that as yet I have done nothing more than the bounden duty of a Reporter; but my *thoughts* will be published hereafter on this subject, with the intent of benefiting the Prize Ring.—*PIERCE EGAN*.

to my prejudice and injury, or even what other gentlemen, who, like myself, have lost their money, may please to think. I have done every thing openly, to satisfy yourself and the public; and the men in the same situation as myself, who ought to have supported me while endeavouring to save their money with my own, I find the first to reward a man who has publicly declared himself dishonest, and not worthy of belief. My motive of calling on you this morning is in consequence of what I have read in the public Papers this morning.

“Your humble servant,

“T. WATSON.”

On Monday, Nov. 4, 1822, a meeting took place at *Tattersall's*, respecting the *avowed* cross on the part of WARD, when, after a great deal of *chaffing* and *murmuring* amongst the *betters*, the President of the D. C., who held the stakes, offered, before witnesses, the £50 a-side to each of the backers. This offer was refused on the part of the backers. The President immediately put the £100 into his pocket, and left *Tattersall's*. It was then agreed, that the whole of the affair should be laid before the P. C. and Mr. Jackson; and their *decision* should be final. Several members of the P. C., who were at *Tattersall's*, gave an *extra-judicial* opinion, that as both of the backers had publicly avowed it to be a cross, ultimately it must be declared a *draw*: and that no *bets* would be paid. It is only fair to state, that the backer of WARD said, if he received the money, he would give it up to *Abbot*: and the backer of *Abbot* also publicly declared, that if Mr. Jackson decided in favour of *Abbot*, he should, most certainly, *receive* upon the event!

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—Placing the most implicit reliance on the integrity of Mr. W., I freely backed Ward against Abbot, having the fullest confidence in his superiority as a boxer; but my imagination will not convey to me language forcible enough to give a just idea how disappointed I was, when I first heard that Mr. W. was the leading character in one of the most unsporting-like occurrences that has taken place within my recollection of the Prize Ring. I agree with the honest Old Lion, Cribb, that the inexperienced youth has been imposed upon; and I take this opportunity of giving Mr. Cribb credit for his noble conduct, in subscribing a sovereign for Ward, which, I believe, was followed by many other gentlemen present at the sporting house where the meeting took place. Mr. W. was present, and, I understand, held up his hand (honest man!) that it was, he believed, a cross;—but the mask is off, and Mr. W.'s just features appear. No person, that I have bots with, will receive a shilling. Can you find a corner for your constant reader,
 Nov. 4, 1822. FAIR PLAY?

P. S.—I would have troubled you with a line before this, but ill health prevented me.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

Ratcliff, Oct. 29, 1822.

SIR,—Perceiving my signature attached to an instrument for the purpose of being sworn to by Ward, and that signature having been obtained under circumstances very questionable, as to the means resorted to by Mr. Watson for giving credit to the document, I feel it my bounden duty not only to protest against my name appearing as giving sanction to that document, but I must likewise add, it was obtained without my having the remotest idea of the purpose it was intended to serve. I herewith enclose a letter, shewing that it was business connected with my profession that called me to the west end of the town, on Wednesday morning last; having transacted which, I was on my return down Bond-street, when, at the end, in Piccadilly, I saw Mr. Watson in conversation with a gentleman, when he signified, by a motion of his hand, that he wished me to stop, and speak to him. I therefore waited until that gentleman left him; when he came up, and asked me how I did: he told me, that the

man he had backed on the day before had lost the fight. I asked him, who had been fighting; for I positively did not know. He replied, Ward and Abbot, and that Ward had lost; and he (Mr. W.) had lost between sixty and seventy pounds. He then asked me, if I was particularly engaged for half an hour. I replied, "No;" having concluded the business (as you will see by the time specified in the enclosed letter) which had brought me into that quarter. He then said, he was so sure that the fight was a cross, that he would make Ward swear he lost it fairly, before he would pay his bets; and he wished me to go with him. I said, "For what purpose do you wish me to go?" He replied, "Merely for your own curiosity, to hear what the man says." I then consented; when he told me, that he had detained Ward at his house, being unwilling to let him go, so sure was he that something was wrong. He then asked me to walk in, and shewed me into a room, while he went above to fetch down Ward. When he came, Mr. W. sent for a coach to the door; the man appearing to me unable to walk. A short time before the coach arrived, a gentleman came in, whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Freshfield; and Mr. W. asked him to go, as he had before requested of me. When in the coach, Mr. W. ordered to be driven to Hatton Garden. Arrived there, Mr. W. said, "If you will wait here (the corner of the street) I will step over to the Office and see the Clerk;" which he did. On his return, he told us, that he must reduce to writing what he wished the man to swear to, and take it over to the Office; for which purpose he took us into a public house close by, and asked for pens, ink, and paper, which were brought him. Mr. W. began to write, but handed the paper over to Mr. Freshfield, who wrote down the man's answers to such questions as Mr. W. dictated, the substance of which you are acquainted with. Mr. W. then asked me to put some question to Ward, which I declined. The paper was then handed to Ward to sign; from him to Mr. Watson; from Mr. W. to Mr. Freshfield; and then to me; upon which I declined signing, telling Mr. W. that not having any thing to do with it, or any knowledge of such transactions, I was averse to being in any way made a party to it, saying, that he had merely brought me there for my own curiosity. I likewise said, that two witnesses were quite sufficient; upon which Mr. Freshfield replied, that three would be more respectable, and that he did not consider it much for one gentleman to ask of another, and that it would be doing Mr. W. a service. I then witnessed it, and asked

if any thing more was wanted of me;—being replied to in the negative, I left them. I have thought it necessary, for my own justification, thus to enter into detail, and hope to convince the Public that I had not any connexion in this or any other transaction with those whose signatures are coupled with mine. I have now only to beg you will excuse the trouble I give you in requesting an insertion of this letter.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours, much obliged,

EDWARD PAULIN.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—I trust you will excuse my obtruding upon you in requesting the insertion of a letter from me, whom I hope the Sporting World will consider as much sinned against as sinning. My late fight with Abbot having given rise to much, I may say much *merited* animadversion, I hope in extenuation some consideration may be made for my inexperience in the world, and a too great reliance on those who have seduced and deceived me. Had I taken the advice of my trainer, in lieu of lending a too ready credence to the apparent friendly promises of my backer, I should not have to deplore the commitment of an act which has caused me the most bitter regret. I should be most happy, by way of retrieving in some degree the credit I have lost, to fight Abbot again for the present stakes. If I ask too much in this, I am willing to meet him in the same ring with Hudson and Shelton, on the 19th instant, for a purse, or even for love.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obliged servant,

JAMES WARD.

Nov. 12, 1827.

To the Editor of the Dispatch.

SIR,—Having already, in my letter which you did me the favour to insert in *The Dispatch* of 27th ult. positively denied the base assertions of Ward, as to my seducing him to lose his battle with Abbot, and being most anxious to avoid any thing like a newspaper discussion, I had determined not further to notice the subject; but as I find some insidious reports are still propagated to excite a prejudice against me, I once more,

and for the last time, beg your indulgence, to insert the following facts and observations:—

In the report published in your journal, of the proceedings at the One Tun, I am represented to have said, that “I defied any one to prove that *I had won any considerable sum by Ward’s losing.*” This is erroneous, for I declared then, as I have ever since done, and now do, that every shilling I betted on the event was laid in favour of Ward:—thus, so far from the insinuation which your reporter’s account would convey, that I had been a winner, I lost *all my bets* by Ward’s defeat. This not only appeared by my book (which I produced at Tattersall’s), but is confirmed, by no one individual standing forward to assert that I had any sum or bet whatever in favour of Abbot; although abundant time has now been afforded for such proof, if any such could have been offered. My interest, therefore, being palpably in favour of Ward winning the fight, the proof that I seduced him to commit a cross would require, as I should think, to be supported by strong, irrefragable, and unpolluted testimony; and some motive ought also to be shewn for my acting so diametrically opposite to my interest; but, instead of this being the case, the only evidence against me is the unsupported assertion of Ward—the man, who, from his own confession, is so base as to be wholly unworthy of credit; and, so far from any advantage or incentive being proved, for my acting as he describes, none is even suggested.

Let me now beg that Ward’s conduct and statement may be examined:—In the first place, he represents that no intimation was made to him, until the day before the fight, that it was wished he should lose. Now, if any cross was intended, is it likely that the principal person who was to be consulted should not be spoken to, and his decision ascertained, until the very eve, as it were, of the battle; and when, of course, it was too late to make any great advantage by knowing his mind? He says, he was told he should have £100, if he lost the fight. Now, as the battle was altogether one of minor interest, and, so far as I can learn, an event on which no great betting took place, how then could it be worth while to make such an offer, and especially when the fight was so near at hand? Again, is it probable that a man, who was to gain as much by winning as he says he was offered for losing, would, in addition to forfeiting his honour and his fame, have thrown away the certainty for the shadow, and, instead of receiving the battle money, presents, &c. as he knew he must if he won, would be satisfied with the mere

promise of a man, who, by making such a proposition, was unworthy of all confidence? In the next place, he represents what passed as being rather a loose conversation than a serious application made to him, and a positive engagement and promise on his part to lose. I ask, is this natural? He admits that he did not remonstrate, or show any reluctance to yield to the proposition, and thus shows he is entirely void of all honourable and proper feeling; and if it was intended to bet largely, with a knowledge that there was to be a cross—would any man who was negotiating for such an event have been satisfied, without receiving a positive and full assurance that the party who was to be bet against would lose?

It will be recollected, that Ward had voluntarily offered to swear that he had done his best to win the fight, and that he went to the Police Office to take his oath to that effect; that when he first went to the One Tun, he positively and repeatedly asserted the same thing; and it was not until after he had been told, "that he should never fight again unless he acknowledged it was a cross; but should be protected and patronised if he did make such an admission;" that he brought his mind to tell that story, which he found was likely to benefit him; and, strange to say, that directly this man admitted himself to have been a villain, he was commiserated and rewarded. On Ward's confessing it was a cross, he was asked, how he could bring his mind to swear he had done his best to win; and he answered, with the most unblushing effrontery, and even with a smile, "You know, gentlemen, I would swear anything for 100 guineas." Here, then, is a fellow proclaiming his own infamy, and his total disregard of veracity *even on oath*; and yet, on his bare assertion, contrary to all probability, and when it was his interest to say what he did, and the words were almost, as I may say, put into his mouth, some persons are illiberal enough to believe me culpable.

Ward also stated, that his backer had given him only cabbage and bacon for dinner, the day before the fight, and had afterwards made him drunk with wine. Now, as to the dinner, I suppose he wished it to be believed, that he had been deprived of nourishing food just before the battle; but if he had consented to lose, was it not perfectly immaterial what had been given him? But the fact is, that he had a roast fowl, and this he afterwards admitted; and as to his being drunk, he confessed, when questioned, that he had only had three glasses of wine, but said it had intoxicated him, because he was unused to wine; but he asserted that he

was then sober, although he had drank three glasses of wine before, and more than a bottle after dinner.

In conclusion, I beg to refer the candid investigator to my conduct at the fight, when I not only laid my 2 to 1 on Ward's winning, but, on its being suggested that he was about to do something wrong, I went into the ring and stated the impossibility of his acting improperly, and stated aloud my opinion, that he must win and nothing else. Surely, then, if I had solicited him to lose, he would have chosen that moment for mentioning the circumstance, and rectifying his error, especially as he must have perceived that I was betting upon him. I now leave the facts to the impartial consideration of the public, and the Sporting World in particular; and, until any person can shew that I had any interest, except in Ward's winning the fight, which I confidently defy the world to do, I shall not again notice any attack or observation which may be made against me on this subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nov. 17, 1822

T. WATSON.

In consequence of WARD's misconduct, the members of the P. C., who had a meeting on the subject, expelled JEM from the use of their ropes; and directions were given to *Bill Gibbons* to pay strict attention to their orders. A letter was likewise received from Coventry by Mr. *Jackson*, from one of the umpires in the fight between *Abbot* and WARD, stating his decided opinion that it was a most disgraceful ~~X~~ on the part of WARD, and *that no bets were to be paid*; but, in consideration that no proof of blame being attached to *Abbot*, he ought to receive the £50, as a remuneration for his loss of time and expenses of *training*, &c. The stakeholder (the P. of the D. C.) positively refused to give up the money to *Abbot*, notwithstanding the above opinion. After considerable disputes upon the subject, the stakes were drawn, and the backers of WARD and *Abbot* agreed to receive £50 each.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—It is with considerable regret that I feel myself called upon to make the following strong animadversions on a circumstance which took place at the Fives' Court, on Tuesday last. It was rather late when I entered the Court; but I could scarcely believe my own eyes, on looking towards the stage, and witnessing Ward (the man who acknowledged fighting a most disgusting *cross*) setting-to with Abraham Belasco. I immediately expressed my astonishment and indignation; but several by-standers observed, it must have occurred through the mistake of the Master of the Ceremonies. I am ready to admit, it is possible that Ould Tom Jones (as honest and as good a boxer as ever stripped off a shirt) might not have been acquainted with the recent decision of Mr. Jackson and the members of the P. C. on that subject; but I am surprised that Ward could have had the unblushing effrontery to have dared to thrust himself forward on such a public occasion. Sir, I am not one of those rigid persons, who entertain an opinion, that because a man has done *wrong once*, that he is always to do *wrong* through life; neither do I go to the extremity of *excluding* Ward from ever appearing again in the Prize Ring. But, surely, Sir, if the authority of Mr. Jackson does not extend over the *privileges* of the Fives' Court, as well as the ropes belonging to the P. C., I think, out of respect to that gentleman, who has done so much to support the Pugilists, Ward ought not to have been suffered to exhibit on the public stage, under Mr. Jackson's immediate cognisance. Why, Sir, such conduct is positively *laughing* at the above decision; and it does not signify whether boxers *act* HONESTLY, in future, a rush. Indeed, after this *contempt* of every thing like *decency* on the part of Ward, I shall expect to see—perhaps the bills are now out for a benefit for him, beginning thus:—“*The patronage of the Sporting World is most respectfully solicited for Ward, the poor young man who was led astray to fight a cross, and who now finds he can get nothing by doing wrong: therefore wishes to beg pardon, and drop it: and he will, in future, see whether HONESTY will serve his TURN better!*” Sir, I was glad to see the Sporting World had made a *stand*, (as prize-fighting was at a low ebb enough before,) and determined to *punish*: that is, to convince Ward of his *error*; and also to operate as a warning—a decided precedent—to other Pugilists, to mind such disgraceful and unmanly conduct, or to beware of the consequences. I have since been informed that Ward *set-to* at Purcell's benefit.—

Sir, as a very old supporter of the Prize Ring, I have thrown out the above hints ; and that you will continue to act upon that impartiality which distinguishes your widely circulated Journal, and to expose every thing in the shape of a ✂, is the sincere wish of your correspondent, PLAY FAIR.

Portman-square, Dec. 4, 1822.

WARD, at this juncture, was considered completely *defunct* in the Milling World ; and the general opinion was, that he would never be permitted again to enter the Prize Ring. In fact, so strong was the prejudice entertained against WARD, that at Holt's opening Dinner, on Friday, November 22, 1822, it was proposed to back JEM against *Barlow* for £100 ; but this proposition was immediately scouted by the friends of *Barlow*, who said, the latter should not *disgrace* himself with a man who had been expelled the P. C. ropes.

WARD kept himself quiet for a short time, and also expressed his sorrow to the Commander-in-Chief and the Amateurs in general, for his misconduct, pleading the inexperience of youth, and a total ignorance of the ways of the world ; and promising to do every thing in his power, to restore his tarnished fame in the eyes of the Sporting World. At length an opportunity offered itself, which tended to soften the asperity of the Fancy towards WARD. After the fight between *Hall* and *Wynnes*, at Wimbledon Common, on Tuesday, February 4, 1823, he entered the ring for a Subscription Purse of the trifling value of £5. His opponent was a high-couraged countryman, and called *White-headed Bob* ; but the *yokel*, as he was termed, was not quite a *novice*, having taken a few lessons from *Acton*. WARD was seconded by *Halton* and *Belasco* ;

and the countryman by *Carter* and *Abbot*. This was a prime battle, and *WARD* showed off his *milling* talents in great style; and, although his superior tactics enabled him to finish the rounds almost as he pleased, yet the countryman proved himself as good a *bit of stuff* as ever *peeled*. *WARD* received some heavy blows on the body, and also one on the neck; but the *nob* of the *yokel* was completely transformed—not the space of a *tizzy* escaped punishment. *Bob* would not give in, he was so completely game; but his seconds insisted he should *cut it*, as he had not a shadow of chance. Twenty rounds—19 minutes. *How* this battle took place, that is to say, the re-appearance of *WARD* within the P. C. ropes, we have no knowledge. Perhaps after the old adage—“to forget and forgive!” *WARD* offered to fight without any reward; and, from the severe lesson he received upon a former occasion, he said, “He would never be led *astray* any more, but endeavour to recover the ground he had lost, by the most attentive and honourable conduct towards the Amateurs.” The judges pronounced *WARD* the best twelve stone man in the ring.

WARD, in order to improve his success, as well as to reinstate himself in the good opinion of the Amateurs, under the kind assistance of Mr. Turner, of the Mulberry Tree, Commercial Road, inserted the three following challenges in the columns of the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

A CHALLENGE TO ANY TWELVE OR THIRTEEN STONE
MAN IN ENGLAND.

Feb. 7, 1823.

SIR,—In hopes, through the medium of your widely circulated paper, to find an early customer, I request the favour

of your insertion of my challenge to fight any one within two months, of my own weight, viz. 12 stone, for £25 or £50 a-side. Rather than remain longer idle, I should not be nice in giving half a stone, or even a stone. A deposit is ready on receiving an answer either through your journal, or to me, direct.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obliged servant,

JAMES WARD.

*Mulberry Tree, Mulberry-street,
Commercial-road (East.)*

To Mr. Thomas Shelton.

SIR,—Being in want of a *job*, and understanding the match is *off* between you and Joshua Hudson, I beg leave to offer myself to your notice as a *customer*, for £100 a-side; my friends having offered to back me for that sum; £25 of which is now ready for a deposit, at Mr. Hulme's, the Three Compasses, Osmond-street, Whitechapel, on next Wednesday evening. If you have no objection to the proposition of my backers, I shall be very happy to see you at the place and time above specified.

Yours, &c.

JAMES WARD,

*Mr. Shelton, Hole-in-the-Wall, Gate-street,
Lincoln's-inn-fields.*

SIR,—In consequence of receiving no answer from Carter, as to posting the Pony, I should imagine his chaff-cutting machine must have been at work when he challenged me. As my wish is fighting, and nothing but fighting I mean, I shall be happy to accommodate Peter Crawley for £50 or £100 a-side, once within two months. If this meets his wish, he can always find me, as at foot. Requesting the favour of your inserting this in *The Dispatch* of to-morrow.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES WARD.

*Mr. Turner's, Mulberry Tree, Mulberry-street,
Commercial-road, May 24, 1823.*

The above challenge had not the desired effect, and JEM was determined to *rusticate* for a few months. He therefore started on a sparring tour, in company

with Maurice Delay and George Weston. Bath races was the first object in view ; at the conclusion of which, a match was made between *Rickens*, a Bath man, and JEM WARD, for £20 a-side, and a subscription purse. The battle took place at Lansdown, a celebrated spot for *milling* by the Bristol boys, on Friday, July 2, 1823.

Bath, like *Bristol*, has given birth to some pugilistic heroes ; and the sporting people of the former *gay* city have never been backward, when an opportunity offered, to support their champion. They can also *chaff* a little bit to turn it to account ; and if they catch “a *cockney* astray,” there is no place in the world where they can *punish* him better than at Bath. Therefore, to go “*flat-catching*” in those regions of *taste* and *fashion*, among the inhabitants, who are always upon the *look-out* for “*customers*,” the *chance* is at least 7 to 4 against the *cove* who “tries it on ;” or upon a *par* with a half-bred one who might try to have a *nibble* at the *Sheenies* in Petticoat-lane. But when a *sharp* gets the worst of it, he frets, fumes, and complains for a month. The above match was made at the Castle and Ball ; and very few, if any, Mr. *Greens* are to be picked up in the sporting room of this most respectable Inn. JEM WARD, like other *gemmen* who set out upon their travels, preferred being *incog.* ; and, in imitation of his betters, to prevent the trouble of answering *addresses* and *congratulations* in the towns through which he passed, he made use of the designation of *Sawney Wilson*, as a *nom de la guerre*. His *pals*, (or rather in the *character* of his attendants,) George Weston and Maurice Delay, Knights of the

Fists, were at his elbow to *plan* or *execute*, as the necessity of the moment required. The above boxers "looked in" at the Castle and Ball, to see if any thing might *suit* them; and *milling* being the theme of the conversation, and *Rickens*, the hero of the argument, a fine young man, nearly 14 stone in weight, and possessing great muscular power; he was offered to be backed at 6 to 4 against *Sawney Wilson*, when the latter was proposed as an opponent. The *Swells* of the Bath *Fancy* were pleased with the match; and, to make it more secure, *Pearce* (brother to the late Game Chicken) and *Harris*, also well known at Bristol, were engaged as his seconds: and *Sawney* (not from the *North*, but the *South*) was waited on by *Weston* and *Delay*. At five o'clock they entered the ring. The colours, *blue* for the Bath champion, and *green* for *Sawney*, were tied to the stakes by *Weston* and *Pearce*. The former offered 10 sovereigns that *Sawney* won the colours, which was immediately taken.

Round 1.—*Rickens*, when stripped, was a fine picture of a man in excellent condition; and also capable of disposing of his opponent without much trouble. *Sawney* was all right, and felt as confident as if the battle was over. Some little sparring occurred, and a few blows of no consequence were exchanged between them. *Sawney*, on the look-out for a chance, made himself up in good distance for mischief, and let fly at his adversary's nob so tremendously, that his seconds lost sight of him for an instant, and found him at full length on the ground—7 to 4 on *Sawney*, but no takers.

2. The Bath champion came up to the scratch like a good one; and made play right and left. Here the fine fighting of *Sawney* rather astonished the spectators, as he stopped *Rickens*, with the utmost *sang froid*. The Bath hero, not dismayed, tried what strength would do for him, and made a desperate rush at *Sawney*; the latter stopped him, and a

short rally took place, when Rickens was sent down.—2 to 1 on Sawney: a few takers.

3. Sawney, to give the spectators a "taste of his quality," commenced fighting, and planted so heavy a blow on Rickens' *conk*, that, if he had been shot, he could not have made his way quicker to the turf,—the claret following profusely. "This be no Sawney, I be certain sure," said a Bath yokel, who had been *gammoned* to bet the contents of his little market bag. "You're quite right, Measter," replied a *flash* Solicitor; "it's properly *Trim*-street to wit! Why, you booby, it is the wealth of the Royal Crescent to the *Screw Crib* near Pultney Bridge, and not a shadow of chance to win!"—£100 to £10, but no takers.

4. Sawney came smiling to the scratch, having it all his own way. Rickens never flinched from his task, but *showed* like a brave man at the mark. The guard of his opponent was so secure, that on finding no *chance* to obtain an opening, Rickens made a most determined rush; but he again failed, and was *floored* by a heavy counter hit.

5. Rickens, although the chance was so much against him, fought like a hero. It was a fine fighting, manly round; and the Bath Champion contested every inch of ground, till he went down from a severe body blow. "It is all right," said Weston; "you have got him, Sawney, now, to your own weight."

6. It was mere *play* to Sawney. He was *liberal* in the extreme with his *gifts*; but he begged to be excused from receiving any *presents* in return. The Bath Champion had now got a new situation—*Receiver General* for his backers; and he measured his length on the ground, by way of sealing the contract.

7. Rickens was getting weak, and terribly distressed—covered with *punishment*; but his brave heart was too *game* to say "NO!" He *napped* at every step, till he went down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away!" from all parts of the Ring.

8, and last. The cat was let out of the bag—the mystery was developed—the secret was blown—Sawney had taken off his disguise; and *Jem Ward*, the Black Diamond, from the East End of the Metropolis, was at length found out in the Ring opposed to the Bath Champion. If Rickens had not proved himself a game man, he might have gone away several rounds previous, without having any disgrace attached to his

character as a *milling* cove. He was *finished* by a teaser under his ear, which sent him down like a log; and, when time was called, he was deaf. It was over in 15 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—The *Bathonians* have no right to grumble at the above *ruse de guerre*: it is perfectly fair, both in sporting and in the field of battle. The provincial betting men, like the *town* ones, ought always to be on their guard; but the fact is, they have been *out-sharped* in the present instance, as they thought of *picking-up* Sawney Wilson as a *flat*, while, on the contrary, they have been compelled to stand “the flats” in turn, and “don’t like it.” At all events, the Bath Fancy ought to feel proud their Champion proved himself so game and high-couraged a boxer. WARD won it without a scratch on his face or body; and he is also considered, by the best judges, equal to any man in England. Amongst those Amateurs who admire both the Stage and the Ring, “Call a rose by any other name, and it will smell as sweet,” if it has the desired effect; *i. e.* it does not signify a *jot* to them whether “*Sawney*” or “The Black Diamond” gains the battle—only let them win. WARD was soon matched to fight another *Summerset* man, for £100 a-side.

JEM and his *pals* pursued their excursion, not only accompanied by Fame, but better *blunted* by the late conquest than when they started from the Metropolis. Our hero soon produced considerable sport amongst the *youkels* at Portsdown Fair. A sparring booth was soon knocked-up for the *head-ification* and instruction of the *youkels*, and the amusement of the younger

branches of the *Green family*, who have never had an opportunity of witnessing a bout at the Fives' Court; in which *Weston* and *Winterflood* gave their assistance. The *Black Diamond* (who may fairly be termed a brilliant of the first water) did all he could to accommodate the numerous customers who wished for a *taste* of the muffers. Much mirth was excited by a "Knight of the Rainbow," whose length, weight, and vanity, led him to believe he could *polish* the rough Diamond; but JEM's *mauley* was constantly *rap, tap, tapping* on Johnny 'Trot's frontispiece, and occasionally *rung the bell* of his ear, until poor Trot did not know whether he had his own hair or a wig on.—"Vy don't you look!" says JEM; "and not *vink* your peepers in that ere *vay*." "Because," says Sir Rainbow, "you plays so ruffish—and I'll have no more on't."

WARD, according to agreement, went to Southampton Races, to fight a man of the name of *Johnson*, a Bristolian, and a friend of *Bill Neate's*. On Shirley Common, August 24, 1823, the battle took place. On peeling, it was evident that WARD must win, being much the heavier man, and better in-fighter. The first five rounds were opened rather in playing with each other than fighting; but WARD's seconds, then finding that nothing could be done in the betting way, told JEM to go in and finish it, which he did in three rounds, *Johnson* being completely beat to a stand-still; and WARD declaring, he should like no better sport than to beat as many *Johnsons* as could stand between him and St. Paul's. The fight lasted 17 minutes

By the above conquests, our hero thought he might

venture to shew himself in the Metropolis with a better grace than when he left it; and, accordingly, at the Fives' Court, in September, he informed the Amateurs, that a nobleman would back him against *Josh. Hudson* for £100 a-side. The match was made, to take place at Moulsey Hurst. *WARD's* peace was now considered to have been made with the *FANCY* in general, who were anxious to witness the fine fighting of our hero, opposed to one of the highest courageed boxers upon the list: but, unfortunately for *WARD*, on November 11, 1823, in the course of *fifteen* rounds, occupying 35 minutes, he was compelled to strike his colours to the *out-and-out Josh. Hudson*.

The friends of *WARD* did not desert him on his defeat by *Hudson*, but readily came forward to back him against *Philip Sampson*, for £100 a-side. This battle was decided at Colnbrook, seventeen miles from London, on Monday, June 21, 1824, (after *Barney Aaron* and *Arthur Matthewson* had left the Ring). *Sampson* was seconded by *Aby Belasco* and *Harmer*; and *WARD* by *Tom Owen* and *Tom Oliver*. The odds were in favour of *WARD*, 5 to 4.

Round 1. Ward stood with the left arm extended, and Sampson ready with both hands. Five minutes passed in sparring—attitudes of both beautiful. Sampson backed to the ropes. Ward threw out for a draw. Sampson returned, and hit short. Sampson dropped, from a slip.—No mischief.

2. Sparring again. Sampson evidently afraid of his man. Ward let fly—stopped; again at the body—stopped. Sampson countered, and slipped half down: Ward stood over, made up to hit as he rose; but, at the moment, Sampson put his hand to the ground, and saved his bones.

3. Sampson began left and right. Ward broke away in gallant style; then countered upon him, and tapped the

wine-vat. Sampson followed. Ward met him again. Sampson rolled down.—3 to 1 on Ward.

4. Sampson backed to the ropes, and made up for counter-hitting. Ward shewed fine science to get at him. Sampson let fly. Ward stopped—went to work; but Sampson dropped on his knees, to avoid Ward's wrestling.

5. Ward closed on him, and played right and left on his head. He seemed to lay Sampson across his right hip, while he jobbed him with the left hand, until Sampson slipped away, and went down.

6. Sampson made play, and got one hand on Ward's left eye. Ward hit out. Sampson stopped him well. Sampson tried his long arms; but could not make them tell. He then dropped. It was easy to tell how this was to end.

7. Ward made play—whack on the head at both sides—then at the wind. ("Well stopped, Sampson!") Ward then hitting out plump, he knocked him down.

8. Sampson, furious from punishment, was kept writhing, from the rapidity of Ward's blows, up and down. Chopped him on the ear, under the chin, and as he pleased—the blood flowing in one broad stream. Sampson went down.

9. Ward broke away from a desperate hit; and Sampson followed, giving the chance away. Ward met him, and closed for a fall; but Sampson again dropped.—6 to 1 on Ward.

10. Ward caught him in the wind: Sampson went away nearly doubled. A good rally. Ward unwise to stand it. Sampson made his right hand tell a trifle. A close, and open fighting again. Ward's hand, darting like a viper's tongue, scarified Sampson's face all over. Ward aimed a settler. Sampson ducked, and dropped.

11. Ward chopped him, over his guard, on the ear, and then bang on the nose. Sampson, all blood and bluster, followed him like a savage. Ward played with him, and dropped him easy.

12. Ward hit him left and right. Sampson down in an instant.

13. Sampson had no chance. Ward put all his fine fighting aside.

14. Sampson got Ward into a wild rally. ("Softly, Ward! What are you at?") A round hit sent him under; but he jumped up merrily, without his second's aid.

15. Sampson made play ; but Ward met him, and knocked him clean down.

16. This round was all in favour of Ward.

17. Ward closed the left eye, which blinked a little ; and chopped his ear, while the blood flowed profusely. Sampson, all abroad, looked sick and sorrowful. Down he goes again.

18. Ward got away from some desperate body blows. Sparring a little. ("Fight, Jem!" on all sides.) Jem did fight, and threw his man, like a plaything.

19. Sampson hit out well ; but Ward, all coolness, stopped him, and dropped him.

20. Sampson made play ; but was at once felled by Ward.

21. Down again. Ward without a mark.

22. Ward began—one, two, both on the head—three, on the ribs. Sampson, nearly up, rushed for a chance. Ward stopped a mill from him.

For the next three rounds, Sampson was brought up but to receive ; and, in the twenty-fifth round, he gave in, after fighting fifty minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—It was delightful to witness the *tactics* displayed by WARD. He is a *natural*, and, perhaps, it may not be too much to term him a *finished* fighter. He certainly reminds us of the late *Jem Belcher*, and has some fine *points* about him. WARD's obtaining a conquest over so skilful a boxer, and so hard a hitter, as *Sampson*, is saying a great deal for him. He won his battle in a style seldom witnessed, and without a *scratch*.—JEM, you are calculated to accomplish great things, if you will only follow *Paddy's chaunt*, "Be a good boy, and take care of yourself!"

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—Understanding it is not likely to be a *mill* between Shelton and Langan,—the latter brave boxer requiring six

months to recruit his strength; and the friends of Shelton having expressed their determination that he shall not fight in winter time;—under the above circumstances, I wish, in the most *polite* manner, to offer myself as a customer to the notice of Mr. Langan, at his own time; that is to say, at the expiration of *six months* from the day (July 7) when Langan offered to fight any man in England for the CHAMPIONSHIP. I by no means wish to interrupt Mr. Langan from paying that proper attention which is due to a parent; neither do I wish to prevent him from enjoying himself throughout the Summer, visiting the various country towns in England, and deriving all the advantages in his power attached to his *milling* pursuits; but, as it does not suit Mr. Shelton to *peel* in winter time, and as Mr. Langan is ready to fight any man in England in the course of six months, I am ready, in order to satisfy the minds of numerous Amateurs, who have expressed great doubts upon the subject—which of us is the best man,—to accept his challenge to all England on account of the CHAMPIONSHIP! Therefore, Sir, I should feel much obliged if you will have the kindness to state, through the medium of your widely-circulated Sporting Journal, that I am ready to make a deposit of £50 a-side, on the second Tuesday in August, at Mr. Cribb's, the Union Arms, Pantons-street, Haymarket, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the evening, towards making a match to fight on the 7th of January, 1825. This, Sir, will be allowing Mr. Langan *seven months* to prepare himself, after his battle with Spring. It is the wish of my backer, that I should do every thing in the most handsome and manly manner towards Mr. Langan; and, if the second Tuesday in August should prove inconvenient to him, that he will name any day he thinks proper, to make the match. I have only to add, Sir, that I wish the day for putting down the deposit may be as early as possible. Trusting that I shall receive an early answer, and wishing Mr. Langan good health,

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES WARD.

July 17, 1824.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—I observed a Letter in your Paper last Sunday week, in which the writer wishes to explain to the public who has the best claim to the CHAMPIONSHIP. In alluding to me, he says, "poor Jem Ward is laid on the shelf;" which I cer-

tainly might be in his opinion ;—but I now wish to inform him, that I have made shift to crawl off the shelf once more ; and, to convince the Sporting World that I am still in being, I offer myself as a customer to any man in England, in three months time, for either of the following sums—One, Two, or Three Hundred Pounds ! Any one fancying me for a customer, may hear of me at Mr. Egan's Life in London Office, 113, Strand, where an answer will be given.

Sir, by inserting this, you will much oblige

Oct. 3, 1824.

JEM WARD.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—O'Neal (the Streatham Youth) and myself having been matched for £50 a-side, in six months, and that time being nearly expired, O'Neal has declined the match, and consequently forfeits the £50. I once more beg to offer myself as a customer to any man in England, from £100 to £300 a-side. An answer directed to me, at Mr. P. Egan's Office, as to time ; or to Mr. Sparrey's, Whitechapel, will be immediately attended to, by

Your most obedient Servant,

Whitechapel, Oct. 16, 1824.

JAMES WARD.

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—Having observed, in the different weekly Sporting Journals, a great deal about who has the best claim to the CHAMPIONSHIP—some saying it is Langan, and others that it belongs to Shelton : Hudson and Cannon are also about to contend, and the victor of these two will also view it as belonging to him ;—and George Cooper, as the conqueror of Shelton, likewise lays his claim, and it is but few that dispute it :—Sir, I will take up but little more of your time, than by informing the Sporting World, that I will fight any man in England, Ireland, or Scotland, for £300 ; and if in case I do not meet with a customer once within a month from this date, I shall lay claim to that title myself. I will fight any one for the above sum within three months from this. Sir, by inserting this, you will oblige

Your humble Servant,

Nov. 6, 1824.

JAMES WARD.

WARD was at length agreeably surprised by *Sampson's* soliciting a second contest. A match was made in consequence, to take place on Tuesday, the 28th of December, 1824. This battle was decided at a place called *The Gullet*, near to Potter's Pury, about five miles distant from Stoney Stratford.

ALL RIGHT AGAIN! *Doubts and fears once more at an end. "A burnt child dreads the fire!" but the Milling tie-up of 1824 just as it should be—*TRUE COURAGE AND HONOUR.—*A pen and ink Drawing of the Mill between JEM WARD and PHILIP SAMPSON, for 100 Sovereigns a-side.*

The above match, when first announced, was not *liked* by the Amateurs—*shyness* was the order of the day—violent *suspensions* were immediately afloat that it was made "all right;" and WARD experienced much difficulty in making his money good. In truth, not the slightest interest was manifested in the *Sporting World* respecting the battle: a single bet did not take place on the completion of the stakes; and, we believe, upon no fight whatever was so little *blunt* sported. Nevertheless, both *Sampson* and WARD were most attentive to their *training*, and, at the proper period, proved themselves to be as fine as *stars*.

At *Tattersall's*, on the day before the fight, the subject was treated with so much indifference that not one bet took place; and the Fancy, upon most occasions, who quit the comforts of their firesides, without the least reluctance, to "enjoy the pleasures of a *mill*," laughing at the "pitiless pelting of the storm," and likewise treating the rude attacks of rough Boreas

with as much *sang froid* as treating their *conks* with a pinch of Irish blackguard;—but not so this *time*: the mince-pies, the prime plum-puddings, the rich sirloin, and the fine O. P. and P. S., had the most attraction; and the pleasant company of their *ribs*, by cracking a *whid* or two together, got the “best of the fight;” and *Sampson* and *WARD* were almost left to *mill* by themselves. Not more than ten persons left the Metropolis; and the *screws* and *naillers* upon the road, who had previously calculated upon doing *summut*, were most miserably disappointed.

Stoney Stratford, on the night previous to the battle, was as flat as a pancake; and, as early as twelve o'clock, the *Cock* (the *swell crib* in the town) had closed its doors, and the domestics had retired to their *dabs*, and become complete *dummies*, until awoke from their *trance* by the arrival of a *rattler* and four, with a few choice spirits, who soon had the waiter from his *snoozing ken*, also put the *slaveys* on the alert, and made the *Major Domo* strike a light and find himself, in order to entertain the unexpected guests with some *peck* and *booze*.

After a wretched dull *darkey*, and a much worse morning, the rain pouring down in torrents, scarcely a soul enlivened the streets of Stoney Stratford. *WARD* sojourned with his friend, Mr. *Sparrey*, at the Cross Keys in the above town, attended upon by honest *Tom Jones*. *Sampson* was brought from Birmingham by his backer, Mr. *Hudson*, in good style, and took up his residence at a public-house about two miles and a half from Stoney Stratford. Betting was out of the question: the *yokels* don't do such

things ; and, in the whole number from Birmingham, fifteen persons were not to be found.

The Ring was formed on a piece of ground called "The Gullet," at no great distance from Potter's Pury. About twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning, notwithstanding the torrents of rain, the road exhibited a little bustle, by numerous farmers on horseback, and upwards of fifty women and girls, who were seen trotting along the path, unmindful of the weather, anxious to get a good sight of the *mill*. Women are always fond of brave men ; and hence the old chaunt upon the occasion, "None but the brave deserve the fair!" At a gate, the entrance to the scene of action, money was demanded, in behalf of the men, for vehicles and persons on horseback ; but the *yokels* were so *liberal* in disposition towards the *milling coves*, (although dying almost with curiosity to see the fight,) that they preferred the *chance* of breaking their necks, by attempting, with their heavy *pruds*, to leap, or breaking down the hedges, than *shelling out* a single farthing towards paying the expenses of hiring the field, and making the ring. London against the field, for fun, generosity, supporters of talent, science, and the *polite arts* ; and where a man lives longer than he does in the *Monkery* ! Only ask at the *Brunonian* niche, where the *Nizys* are done *Brown* without a fee ; and where the blades of the "*Spell*" romantically *chaff* over the pleasures of rising early in the country, by *gas light* and the *bawling* of *Charleys* ! " 'Pon my soul, 'tis true."

The *Black Diamond* first threw his *pimple coverer* into the Ring, followed by the *Hero of Paddington*

and the *Pride of Westminster*, as his second and bottle holder; and *Sampson*, attended upon by *Young Rump Steak* and *Dick Tabner*, from the hardware town, repeated the token of defiance. *Sampson* went, smiling, up to *WARD*, and shook hands with him. The combatants were not long in *peeling*. *Sampson* was the heaviest man, nearly (if not quite) a stone. The colours were tied to the stakes; and, in addition to *Phil.*'s *fogle*, a peacock's feather was added, to designate the sign he came from in Birmingham. *WARD* was decidedly the favourite, at 6 to 4.

Round 1. The bust of *Ward* was beautiful: his little, but smiling mug, and his masterly attitude, proved an imposing aspect on the spectators. *Sampson* was equally gay, firm, and confident. A sharp look-out took place between them for an opening, but *Ward* was stopped cleverly by *Phil.* ("Well done!" from the *Brums*.) *Sampson* endeavoured to make play, but was stopped in his turn. The *science* exhibited was good on both sides; and *Phil.*, by his manœuvres, appeared to make himself up to do some *mischief*; but *Ward* said, it was "no go." Some exchanges took place, to the advantage of the "Lad of the East;" and a slight tinge of the *claret* was visible on *Sampson*'s mouth. *Ward* fought his way *in*; but, in closing, he went down, and *Phil.* fell upon *Jem*. "Nothing the matter!" observed *ould Tom Jones*; "but there soon will be, if I am any judge."

2. The attitude of *Ward* strongly reminded us of *Jack Randall*: it was an effective, *punishing* position. *Ward*, although confident as to victory, was attentive to his *work*; and the attitudes of both the men were interesting. After a short pause, *Jem* let *fly*, and *Sampson*'s mouth was full of *claret*: the latter, rather angry, rushed in to administer *punishment*; but *Ward* parried his efforts. *Sampson* went down, and *Ward* also, in closing.

3. *Sampson*'s length enabled him to give *Ward* a small *taste* upon his nob. "Go it again, *Phil.*," from his backers; but *Ward* returned the compliment. *Sampson* tried it on again with success; and *Ward*, in making a return, slipped down.

4. This was a manly, well-fought round; but Ward took the lead, and placed two *nobbing* hits: Sampson did not *relish* this sort of treatment, and, rather out of temper, endeavoured to return; but Ward laughed at him, and got away. Sampson made one or two excellent stops; but, nevertheless, he got into *Pepper Alley*, and was made a member of the *Turf Club*, by a *flooring* hit. "That's a very pretty introduction, my jewel!" said an old Patlander: "to be sure, Jem's a broth of a boy to knock down a Sampson; by J—s, I'll bet two *thirteens* to a *tenpenny*, and I'll have the bit of an Irishman for my money."

5. Ward felt quite satisfied that he had "*got*" his opponent a "tiny bit," and went to work in haste, but made a slip. Sampson endeavoured to take advantage of the accident: Ward, however, was too active, and not only got out of *trouble* cleverly, but made an attack upon his *ham* cupboard, which was nearly spoiling his digestion. Sampson, in retreating, fell out of the ropes.

6. This was a sharp round: a good rally; but the Birmingham hero went down.

7. Sampson was quite determined on *mischief*, but Ward was not to be had: he stopped with admirable skill, and got away from danger with the utmost care. Ward, however, received a slight touch on his *snuff-taker*; and, by his exertion to *return* the favour, he slipped down on his knees.

8. The Black Diamond, as quick as lightning, set all the *ivories* of his opponent dancing, and the *claret* followed profusely; but Sampson returned. A sharp rally occurred, when Ward again fell on his knees, but it was owing to the slippery state of the ground.

9. It seemed to be the intention of Sampson to get Ward into a corner, and then to deal out his heavy hits; but Ward was not to be *had* any where. Sampson's *chaffing-box* was again in *trouble* and misery; but he did not flinch from the attack. Ward was so much upon the bustle that he slipped down.

10. The execution of Ward in this round satisfied every body that he must win the battle. The *Black Diamond* had it all his own way. He planted a heavy hit on Sampson's mouth; he also stopped the *Birmingham's* heavy rush, caught Phil. round the neck, and fibbed him *a la Randall*, like a swell Knight of the Rainbow knocking at a door, till Sampson went down.—Loud shouting for Ward; and the *blades* from the

knife-and-fork town seemed as if they had been frightened at a corporal of the Blues, by the paleness of their countenances and extraordinary length of their mugs.

11. It was *piping* now without a whistle on the part of Sampson; and Ward endeavoured, by his activity, to *distress* him completely, by milling without ceremony. Sampson slipped down. The ground was now in a bad state—it was quite *swampy*.

12. Every round rose the value of Ward *cent. per cent.* higher in the estimation of the spectators. Sampson also received such a *snorter* that put the *botherums* on duty in the *brain country*: the *claret* followed; but Sampson, as game as a pebble, fought his way into a rally, when Ward slipped down.

13. "Well," said the Westminster Hero, "I never saw any thing like it; dash my buttons! we shall win without a black eye, I'll bet ten to one." Indeed, it appeared like the truth; for Sampson came up *piping* like a fifer, but as desperate as a man-of-war's man, determined to do mischief. The science of Ward was so superior, that he stopped his *rush* with the utmost *sang froid*, and planted *one, two*, on his *upper works*, so hard and fast, that poor Phil. was *floored* on his back, and Ward's knee came heavily on his stomach, in following his adversary.

14. Ward, like a skilful general, was *cautious*; and, although victory appeared certain, he nevertheless watched every movement of his opponent. Sampson planted a smart hit on Ward's mouth with his right hand. In a slashing rally, Sampson's nob was positively in *chancery*: he received a *teazer* on the nose, a *winker* between the *ogles*, and a *clareter* on his *daffy* passage. Sampson stood up like a man, and caught Ward on the head; but it was of no use. Ward finished the round by a tremendous blow in the middle of the *nob*, and Sampson again measured his length upon the ground. "I believe that's *summut* like work, my masters," said Paddington Jones; "a little bit of the *finish* about it."—"My eye!" roared out a Joskin, "this *Lunnuner* is a smartish chap,—ben't he?"

15. This was another decisive round in favour of Ward. He stopped all Sampson's hits; and, in return, it was *nob*, *NOB*, and *NOBBING* again, without any return. Phil., quite wild, rushed in after his opponent; but it was only to *nap* a facer, when he went down.—25 to 10, and no takers.

16. Without an accident, that is to say, if Ward was not

hit out of time by a flush blow, it was as "safe as the Bank" that he must win. The *Black Diamond* made himself up to give a good one; but he over-reached himself, and slipped down on his hands and knees.

17. Short, but effective for Ward. Sampson's mouth again received *punishment*; and, in struggling for the throw, the Birmingham man went down, and Ward heavily upon him.

18. No person could find fault with Sampson: he did his best to win; but in this round he had his *wind* nearly knocked out of him, a *conker*, and a heavy fall into the receipt, with his opponent upon him.

19. Sampson was *floored* like a shot. "That's clock work, an't it?" asked Tom Jones.—"Yes," replied a serious *cove*; "such another one will spoil the *TIME* for Sampson."

20. The Birmingham man came up terribly *distressed*, and sparred for wind; but Ward was too good a judge to give a *chance* away: he therefore planted his hits without opposition, and adopted the *weaving system* with *punishing* effect, until Phil. went down, quite stupid.

21. Sampson answered the call of *time* better than might have been expected; but Ward was too fresh for him at all points: he did as he thought proper with his opponent; when he also threw Sampson, and fell upon him.

22. Very short; but in favour of the *Black Diamond*. Sampson came tottering up to the *scratch*, when Ward went in to give the *quietus*. Sampson down, and Jem upon him.—3 to 1; but no *flats* to be had.

23. There was nothing like *NO* about Sampson's conduct, and he conducted himself bravely. Ward *floored* his adversary by a heavy blow on his throat.—Fifty Pounds to Ten; but not a *nibble* to be met with.

24. Sampson was now as *groggy* as a sailor "three sheets in the wind," and was led up to the mark. Jem, on the contrary, was as fresh as a daisy, and capable of dancing a hornpipe on the *upper crust* of a twopenny loaf. Sampson was now reduced to a mere plaything in the hands of Ward. A blow on the nose dropped the Birmingham man; and, on his being placed on the knee of his second, he seemed quite *abroad*. The *poundage* was offered that he did not come again. Paddington Jones threw up his castor, and Ward shook hands with his friends, on account of winning the

battle. But Sampson recovered from his *trance*, and once more appeared, *staggering*, at the scratch.

25. Sampson, as a desperate resolve, bored in upon Ward and *nobbed* him; but it was all the other way in an instant. A body blow dropped him.—“Take him away!” “He’s of no use now!” “It’s only giving him unnecessary punishment!” “He can’t win!” &c.—were the general expressions of the spectators.

26. It was a pity to see Sampson at the scratch; it was 100 to 1 against him. He put up his hands, but a small taste on the *red lane* sent him almost to rest upon the grass. “Take him to Birmingham, poor fellow! he’s of no use at Stoney Stratford.”—Any odds.

27, and last. The die was cast, and Sampson once more doomed to suffer defeat. He could scarcely *tolle* to the mark, although supported by his seconds. A flush hit on Phil’s mouth put an end to the contest; and he fell, quite done up. When time was called, Sampson could not attend to it; and Ward threw up his hat, as a token of victory. The battle occupied 38 minutes, wanting 10 seconds. Ward put on his clothes as deliberately as if he had not been fighting.

OBSERVATIONS.—By the above victory, the *Black Diamond* has proved himself a *brilliant* of the first water; not merely on account of his milling superiority over the Birmingham Man, but he has removed all *suspicion*, and likewise restored himself to the confidence of his backers. JEM is a first-rate *miller*: he gets over the ground with as much ease as a *swell dragsman*: he also avoids getting into *trouble*; and pays his opponent for looking after him, with *cheque* upon *cheque*, till he closes the *account*. Sampson had not the slightest chance to *win* after the first six rounds; but all that a brave man could attempt, to turn the battle in his favour, *Phil.* strained every point to do. WARD had not only the best of the “*out*,” but likewise of the “*in-fighting*,” and the

jibbing of the *Black Diamond* was one of the best "bits of good truth" ever witnessed. We again repeat, that the conduct of *Sampson* throughout the battle was a fine specimen of TRUE COURAGE; and we regret to state, that not a shilling was collected for him on the ground. *Sampson*, although unfortunate, has fought numerous brave battles in the P. R.; and we hope the Amateurs will bear it in mind, whenever he appeals to their liberality. *WARD* has now only to take care of himself; to steer clear of bad company, and to keep out of the clutches of the *singing birds*, if he wishes to arrive at the top of the tree as a *milling cove*! He has a good *chance*; and he must be careful that he does not kick it down by foolish and neglectful conduct. We also beg to remind him to stow away his *blunt*. *WARD* retired from the ring without a *scratch* upon his face. In a word, for a big one, the *Black Diamond* is one of the best boxers upon the list. The backers of *Sampson* flattered themselves, that the *heavy hitting* of *Phil*. might have reduced the science of *WARD*, added to a report that he prefers *giving* blows than to *receive* punishment. *Sampson* had always the worst of it in close quarters. *WARD* is a difficult man to be *got at*; and he is so good upon his legs, that he will be a *troublesome*, if not an ugly customer, for any person who enters the Ring with him. It will be *WARD*'s fault now, if he wants backers! Once more, my boy, beware of the *dicky birds* out of the cages.—The above victory will put the *trumps of the East* again in spirits; and *ould Tom Owen*, when mounted upon his perch among his *Tuff* supporters, may *chuckle* over

his *partiality*—"D'ye mind me, JEM's one of our *squad*! and who can beat us, I should like to know?"

The above conquest placed WARD high in the stirrups; and produced the great challenge for One Thousand Pounds.

To Tom Cannon.

SIR,—I am happy to inform you, my friends possess so much confidence, that they have rallied round me, unsolicited, in order that I may have a *shy* for the Championship of Old England. In consequence of this unexpected and very liberal support of my backers, I am enabled to dispute your *self-elected* right to the above title. My HEART is in its proper place on the subject; my *hands* are *ready* to support my claim; and my *legs* are on the alert, to perform their office, when called upon, in the hour of battle. It now only remains for you, TOM CANNON, to name your day to make a deposit: also the *time* when it will be most convenient for you to *peel*, and I to *strip*; and likewise the sum you will put down, to set the thing a-going. In order to show you that it is no *bounce* upon my part, and that the Sporting World may not be *baulked* as to a *mill* between us, to obtain that pugilistic honour which Tom Cribb so nobly maintained for many years, PIERCE EGAN has authority from my friends, to make a match on my behalf, for ONE THOUSAND POUNDS. A letter addressed to P.E. 113, Strand, respecting your answer, the *blunt* will be *fobbed* out in a *twinkling*.

Now, Tom, having made myself perfectly *agreeable* as to the terms of your challenge, and which, I am sure, must also prove *agreeable* to your *feelings*, (as I am well assured you fancy me as a customer,) I have only to add, that I sincerely wish you in good health, and likewise success in all your undertakings, except obtaining the honour of the *Championship*. On that head I profess myself your rival; but, if the chance of war should prove you the better man, the ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be awarded to you, without any grumbling on my part, and the proud title of Champion into the bargain. Till then, Tom, I remain, with a couple of hands at your service,

Feb. 20, 1825.

JAMES WARD.



TOM CANNON

denominated the

GREAT GUN OF WINDSOR.

WARD felt highly delighted when the match was made between him and *Cannon* for £500 a-side. This memorable battle was fought on Tuesday, July 19, 1825, contiguous to the town of Warwick.

MILLING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! *And, to make it more sweet, One Thousand Sovereigns into the Bargain! between WARD and CANNON.*

Shakespeare says, "Come to Hecuba;" and as the above *mill* was decided not many miles distant from that *classic* spot of ground which contains the ashes of our immortal Bard, we shall follow his advice, and come to *Hecuba* at once; and more especially as Shakespeare was a *hitter* of the first quality. A *story* twice told always loses its effect by repetition; therefore, as a long *innings*, without a variety of lively incidents to give it relief, becomes dull and prosing, we shall *peel* without delay, and show ourselves at the *scratch*, ready to commence offensive operations. The merits of WARD are well known to the Amateurs; and the Fancy, in general, were no strangers to the *capabilities* of Cannon. We shall speak of them only in their proper places, on the *floor-ing* system, when they make their appearance on the *Stage*.

Warwick was the place appointed for the *Mill*—for why? Because a good *tip* was promised, or, rather that *lots of blunt* could be collected to satisfy the parties connected with the match. Other cogent reasons also operated on the minds of the persons employed to select the spot of ground; namely, that the ancient borough of Warwick contains some of the best *Cards*

of the Pack—TRUMPS upon all occasions to support the character of Britons, and who admire TRUE COURAGE. Men who do not wish to see the spirit of Englishmen either broken down by cant and hypocrisy, or frittered into dandyism and effeminacy, contrary to the feeling and dangerous to the liberty of Old England, the admiration of the whole world, and so truly conspicuous for generosity, humanity, and bravery; and who exclaim, with all the heartfelt sincerity of the poet—

“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.”

Well, then, the office was given for Warwick. It is true, the *Beak* was not solicited to give his consent; but, as JUSTICE has always been represented to be *blind*, the *Milling Coves* flattered themselves that the *ogles* of the “holder of the scales” would not view any thing that might operate to the disadvantage of the *Kill-Bulls*, the *Dead Men*, the *Barbatics*, the *Bonifaces*, and, “though last, not least in our dear loves,” the pretty *Laundresses*, (bless their smiling pretty faces—“For the lass of all lasses is a Warwickshire lass!”) whose dwellings are contiguous to one of the most magnificent castles, both by nature and art, in the world, whose noble owner is well known as a staunch supporter of Old English Sports.

The swell landlords of the Regent, the Royal, the Bedford, and Crown Hotels of delightful Leamington, although they did not speak out in strong terms in public, of having the *mill* so near them, for fear the rough nobs of the Fancy might come in rude contact with dignified mitres, and do them an injury in the

eyes of their more classic and retired customers; yet, in *private*, they felt rejoiced that so many sporting persons were brought into Leamington by the fight, and who part with their *blunt* like winking, asking scarcely any more questions than "What's to pay?" and who might be induced, at a more leisure time, to return to spend a few days, and to enjoy the delightful rides and walks with which Leamington abounds. Our old friend Parsons, of the Bowling-green Tavern, was "all happiness" on the occasion, and both his *mauleys* were held out to welcome the *Fancy*, either with a flash of lightning, or a small taste of *thunder*, and handing over the climax, a *damper*, to put all to rights. The *Court*-ly farmer in the neighbourhood, nothing else but a good one, was quite up in the stirrups on the subject; and although not "as light as air," yet he said he would *wagg*-on in support of the Art of Self-defence, while he had a *prad* or a *drag* left in his yard. Young *Elliston's* musical promenade was visited by a few of the "gay boys," and whose *bobs*, in the scale of accounts, proved as welcome as the shilling of a Duke. Lubbock's Assembly and Billiard Rooms also caught a few sporting stragglers, who were delighted with the splendour of this establishment; and Bissett's fine collection of paintings was not neglected by the lovers of the arts; indeed, it would be a libel on any man of taste, if he had but a few minutes to spare, to assert he had not given Mr. Bissett a call. The *Shatter-o'dans* lads were also fully occupied in conveying the Amateurs to and from Leamington to Warwick; and the *slaveys* and *waiters* were all made *sweet*, by the additional *wails* which

were thrown in their way by the effects of a *mill* being in the neighbourhood.

No sooner was Warwick named in the Metropolis, than the *booking* system was adopted; and not a coach that went within twenty miles of that borough but was immediately filled. The road on Sunday, Sunday night, Monday, and Monday night, and until twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning, was one continued cloud of dust, so great was the interest excited by this fight. Post-horses, in every direction, were engaged, and not a vehicle was to be had for love or money. The heat was so intense, and the dust so oppressive, that *rivers* of soda-water were drank up by the *thirsty FANCY*; *fountains* of ginger-beer swallowed; *quarts* of ale tossed off like mere thimbles full; and *oceans* of brandy and water drank dry, to cool the *chaffers* of the Amateurs, as they travelled to the scene of action. The *dragsmen* were all in high spirits, and "got over the ground" in the gayest style; and the guards harmonising the scene with some additional strains on the *bugles*. The company—yes, the company—on the *drags* were all life and bustle down the road, amusing each other with tales of the Fancy, and of "battles bravely fought and nobly won," filling up the time now and then with "backing their opinion" on some favourite milling *cove*, and the various capabilities of *WARD* and *Canon*. The Bonifaces were all in high glee, in picking up so many customers; and the *gape seed* exhibited by the *raws* and *yokels*, the old women, and the country-folks in general, at the rapid movements of the *Lunners*, produced a scene not easily to be pourtrayed.

WARD, accompanied by his trainer, *Crouch*, and *Metcalf*, the celebrated runner, arrived, on Saturday evening, at a small village called Chard, within two miles of Leamington, out of the main road, as a place of security and also of retirement; but on Sunday it got *wind*, and hundreds of country people not only flocked, but surrounded the house, to get a *peep* at WARD. However, in order not to wound the feelings of the clergyman, whose residence and church were near to WARD, he retired early in the evening, and took up his quarters at the Hare and Hounds, in Warwick. On Sunday evening, *Cannon*, *Cribb*, and *Clark*, accompanied by Mr. *Hayne*, in his barouche, arrived at the Regent Hotel, at Leamington, where he stopped during *Cannon's mill* with *Hudson*; but the landlord, we suppose from motives of delicacy to his inmates, (some high personages in the church,) politely refused him accommodation; Mr. *Copps*, of the Royal Hotel, was equally under the necessity of refusing Mr. *Hayne*, from the same cause. The latter gentleman immediately pursued his route to Warwick, where he dined at the Swan Hotel, and was waited upon by some of the *tip-top-swells* of the borough, after which he finally took his *dab* at Stratford-upon-Avon, *Cannon* accompanying him. In the course of the *darkey*, lots of the fighting men arrived, amongst whom we recognised *Richmond*, *Randall*, *O'Neal*, *Sampson*, *Scroggins*, *Crawley*, *Holt*, *Josh. Hudson*, *Gas*, *White-headed Bob*, *Young Sam*, *Oliver*, *Barney Aaron*, *Arthur Matthewson*, &c. on the look-out for waggons. The town of Warwick exhibited a lively appearance by the continual arrival of the Fancy.

The place selected for the *mill* gave satisfaction to every person who visited the spot of ground; in fact, nothing could be more convenient for the purpose; not even the pit of the Italian Opera House, boarded over, would have been preferable. It was a large inclosed spot of ground, formerly used as a Worsted Factory, and surrounded by three buildings, one of which had sixty windows, and four stories in height. Every window was capable of accommodating twelve persons with the greatest comfort and ease. Plenty of room also for waggons to be placed round the stage, and likewise for the *mob*, who do not mind the rude conflicts of the ring. The Stage was built—the seats were prepared at each window—and all the sashes were taken out accordingly—that every facility might be given to the spectators to witness the *mill* without the slightest impediment whatever. But the best of all was, in the opinion of Fighting-men, that no person could have forced his way into the ground, without contributing *summut* towards the men, and the *Swells* could also have taken their seats at a moderate price. But, in the course of Monday, a report got abroad that a *screw was loose* in the Beak's Cabinet; and all the ear-wiggling to *gammon* the “Man in Authority,” would not do. Still doubts remained on the subject, till *snoozing* time arrived; and most of the Fancy, and even the *heavy Swells* of the borough, anticipated that it was nothing more than a mere *threat*; and that, to prevent confusion, and for the advantage of the inhabitants, no real impediment would be offered. But the persons interested in the match were determined not to give “a chance away;” therefore, they called

a Council of War at the Warwick Arms, late on Monday evening, when it was decided, that, in case of a positive refusal from the *Beak*, they should be armed at all points; and, to prevent the fight going off altogether, another stage should be erected during the night, to be in readiness for the worst, come what might. At nine o'clock on the Tuesday morning, the *Beak* swore by his "greatness," that the *mill* should not take place within the walls of the borough, and special constables were sworn in to support his determination. Of course, the Fancy submitted with resignation to the above decree, and the delightful Factory was abandoned *instantly* for Mr. *Edwards's* field, about a mile distant from the borough, on the road to Birmingham. The waggons were taken off with the utmost rapidity; and, considering the removal and shortness of time, a better ring and stage could not have been made for the purpose.

WARD was decidedly the favourite at 5 and 6 to 4, for large stakes, both in London and Warwick; indeed, as is usual upon these occasions, a report had gone abroad that it was to be a ~~✓~~, and *Cannon* was to lose it. Mr. *Hayne* also publicly declared, the night before the battle, that he had received several anonymous letters to the above effect; but his confidence remained so strong on *Cannon*, that *Tom* was nothing else but an honest man, he would back him for a heavy stake, which Mr. *Hayne* did without the least hesitation. This manly declaration restored perfect confidence to the betting, and the odds to a great amount were taken by the partisans of *Cannon*.

Warwick filled rapidly during the morning with

vehicles of every description, loaded inside and out, from Worcester, Cheltenham, Birmingham, Gloucester, Northampton, &c. till the time arrived to start for the scene of action. Some of the Milling Coves planted themselves at the gate of Mr. *Edwards's* field, and took *toll* according to circumstances. The waggons round the ring were soon filled, at three and five shillings each person; and outside of the waggons, barouches, stages, post-chaises, &c. were placed. It was a capital situation for a *mill*; a kind of amphitheatre on one side; and every person could witness the battle with the most perfect ease. Previous to the appearance of the men on the stage, the heat was so oppressive as to operate like a sort of delirium on the brain: several persons were affected in so strange a way, nay, so seriously, as not to be able to describe the alarming sensations they felt. We have no doubt, if the degrees of heat could have been accurately ascertained upon the ground by a thermometer, 130, or near it, would have been the statement. Such a day was never before experienced in England. The expenses incurred for building the two stages, seats for the Factory, with incidental and unavoidable charges, amounted to £70. In consequence of the removal of the place of fighting, the men were deprived of those sources, which otherwise would have repaid them amply, after deducting the expenses. Mr. *Hayne*, *Pierce Egan*, Mr. *Dowling*, the Swell Amateur *Chaffer*, (whose gift of the *gab* astonished the *Yokels*, but nevertheless could not *draw* their *blunt*,) and Mr. *Collins* (a gentleman resident in the town of Warwick, to whose exertions the men were

much indebted, and whose polite and liberal attentions several of the Fancy will long remember with kindness,) went round, cap in hand, to all the persons in the waggons, explaining the reason of the subscription, when, strange to relate, after all their exertions, only £18. 12s. were collected, out of which some *Brum Bobs* have been since discovered. Several well-dressed Farmers also put in a *halfpenny a-piece*, and numbers nothing at all!!! Such a set of *scaly Coves* we never before witnessed at a *mill*, and we hope never to witness again—*Chaps* who had an opportunity of becoming *Gents* at a *Robin* each; and also making every thing right and comfortable.

Previous to the commencement of the fight, *Randall* and *Oliver*, and *Spring* and *Cribb*, on the behalf of the combatants, examined the stage, to see that “all was right,” as did several Amateurs interested in the match. *Langan* was also recognised by the crowd, and applauded; *Brown*, the conqueror of *Shelton*, was likewise present, and *Spring* requested him to ascend the stage, but his *modesty*, or bashfulness, would not let him make himself so conspicuous. *Brown*, however, was a *great* object of attraction amongst the supporters of milling on the ground, and also in the town of Warwick.

Cannon arrived in Mr. *Hayne*’s carriage about half-past twelve, and he was sheltered by a shrubbery near the spot till the time arrived for him to ascend the stage. *WARD* made his appearance on the ground, and was received with loud cheers when he mounted the platform. *WARD* had on a large straw hat, like those worn by the West India planters, which he

threw up with spirit; *Oliver* and *Randall* were his seconds. *Cannon* threw his hat up, as he stood on the ground; he was well received by the populace, and immediately ascended the ladder, and appeared on the stage, accompanied by *Cribb* and *Spring*. *WARD* went up and shook *Cannon* by the hand in the most cheerful manner. The men soon stripped, when *Oliver* and *Cribb* tied the colours to a corner of the stage; for *WARD*, a blue bird's eye; and *Cannon*, a crimson, with white spots. Sixty to forty was laid and taken on their setting-to. *Cannon* won the toss, which was considered a great advantage upon so hot a day.

Round 1. *Ward* was as fine as a star, light and springy as a greyhound: his athletic arm, truly beautiful to the anatomist, and his manly chest, were the admiration of the gazing multitude; also his smiling nob put a confident face on the matter: in short, the *tout ensemble* gave, to the sparkling ogles of the Fancy, a perfect idea that *Jem* possessed all the requisites of a *milling cove*! Not so with *Cannon*; his mug, like *Shelton's*, gave indications of age: neither did it possess that out-and-out determination which characterised every feature when he mounted the stage to attack the *John Bull Fighter*: in other respects, the frame of *Cannon* exhibited every point that could be wished; and his *pins* likewise looked remarkably handsome and firm. *Smashing* was the forte of *Cannon*, and he was not long before he endeavoured to *smash* his opponent. The admirers of fine fighting were on the look-out for some skilful touches of the Art of Self-Defence by their gay boy, *Jem*; and in a very few seconds, *Ward* satisfied his friends and backers, that *Cannon* would find *summut* was the matter. The Bargeman went to work, striking right and left; but *Ward*, with the utmost care, rendered his efforts useless, by parrying them off in great style, and getting away. *Cannon* bored in on his opponent, when *Ward* planted a tremendous right-handed blow on *Cannon's* left *peeper*, which produced the *claret*, and almost closed it up.—[*Shouting—and “That's the way, Jem,—his head is nearly half off.”*]

—*Cannon* would

not be denied, till he was stopped by a *teazer* on his *throttle*, and the *claret* again made its appearance. In a sharp rally, the fine fighting displayed by Ward gained him the approbation of the multitude: he stopped and nobbed Cannon gaily; and, in closing, the strength of Ward prevailed; both went down, but Cannon undermost. *The friends of Ward were vociferous in his praise, and offering to back him to any amount.*

2. It was now clearly seen in this round that Ward could *stop* the hitherto dreaded *rush* of Cannon, and also *job* him, and get away from danger. The Bargeman *napped* another heavy blow over the left *peeper*, which nearly *unscrewed* his nob. [*At this success Ward's friends were outrageous with joy; offered 2 to 1; and boldly declared that Jem would win it off hand.*] Cannon planted a *facer*; and, in a rally, also endeavoured to do some *mischief*: but the skill of Ward kept him secure. In closing, Jem also gained his point in *throwing*, and fell heavily upon his opponent. "What a fine fighter!" "Who says he wants for *game* now?" "Why, Jem will win it without a scratch!"—were the general expressions all over the ground.

3. Cannon made a good *stop*, and also *tried* to *smash* Jem on his old system; but it was "no go," and Ward administered some heavy punishment, while milling on the retreat. Cannon, however, resolutely bored in, got Ward down at the rails, and fell over him. The *Windsorites* sung out—"The Old One now will win it—his strength will bring him through the piece." The head of Ward came slightly against the stage, or else it might have rendered the battle doubtful.

4. The face of Ward was free from marks, and no danger was now apprehended from Cannon's furious attack; but, nevertheless, both of the men showed distress from the intense heat of the day. Cannon endeavoured to plant a heavy right-handed blow, which was parried in first-rate style by Ward. In closing, both went down, but Ward undermost.

5. The energy of Cannon was gone, although he went up to his opponent to do mischief. The activity of Ward enabled him to plant several *jobbers*, without getting any return; however, Cannon caught Ward on the *cheek*, and he went down. Spring claimed this hit as a knock-down-blow, but Randall said it was only a slip.

6. Cannon did not appear any thing like the same being as in his late fight with Hudson; he seemed stupified, and hit

perfectly at random. Ward got out of danger, like a most skillful tactician; in fact, his fighting was excellent. Cannon missed most of his blows, and the "gay East-ender" planted one in the middle of Cannon's nob, which sent him staggering all over the stage, like a man without reason. The Bargeman recovered a little, and, upon his old system, *bored* into a rally, and hit Ward on the side of his head. Jem went down, and Cannon was so exhausted that he could scarcely keep on his legs.

7. It was astonishing, under all the circumstances of the day, that the men could fight at all, as numbers of the spectators, who had fainted, were removed from the crowd, and several, to all appearance, dead; yet the combatants showed at the *scratch*, and tried to do *mischief*. Ward and Cannon could scarcely lift up their arms; it was not the common sort of *piping* witnessed in battles, for the heat of the sun, at this juncture, was intense enough to deprive men of their reason. Cannon positively hit out right and left, without any system; and Ward had scarcely strength enough to put in a facer. In fact, for a few seconds, they both stood and looked at each other, without being capable of any offensive points; but the youth of Ward gave him the turn: he recovered a little, caught hold of Cannon, and fibbed him sharply; but the Bargeman made a fast hold, and threw Ward heavily. Cannon's friends began to rally a little, but it was of no use.

8. The heat was so overwhelming, that hundreds of the spectators left the ring for the shade, in spite of their attachment to milling. Cannon, when placed at the *scratch*, scarcely knew how to conduct himself, he was so much exhausted, and sparred for breath; and Ward was in no hurry to go to work. The Bargeman, almost accidentally, with a lounging hit, touched Ward's ear; a rally ensued; Ward had the best of it; he also threw Cannon and fell upon him, heavy enough to deprive the Bargeman of all the wind left in his body. Three to one on Ward, but no takers.

9. It was obvious to every spectator that the battle must soon terminate: it was impossible for any man, however strong he might be, to resist the overwhelming influence of the sun. Cannon was quite stupid when he appeared at the *scratch*; he could not stand upright. The Bargeman, however, tried to plant a *nobber*; but Ward stopped him, and gave his *upper-works* such a *teazer* as nearly to have finished the contest. Ward retreated to a corner of the stage, and

Cannon followed him. The situation of the combatants was truly piteous; indeed, they appeared both anxious to administer punishment, but neither of them could use their arms, so completely were they both exhausted. Cannon staggered on the arms of Ward, when the latter endeavoured to *fib* the Bargeman; but the power was gone, and the intention only remained. Cannon fell down completely done over; and Ward, equally exhausted, fell upon his brave opponent. Yet Ward was the favourite at £50 to £10, but no one jolly enough to take it.—Ward patted Cannon on the back as he lay on the ground.

10th, and last. When time was called, Cribb and Spring brought Cannon to the mark, but the fight was all out of him. Ward soon *finished* his opponent by two facers, when he went down like a log of wood. His seconds picked him up, but Cannon was insensible; and, upon the Bargeman's not answering to time, Jem jumped for joy, ran and secured the colours, tied them round his neck, and put on his straw topper. Before he left the stage, he went and shook the hand of Cannon; but the latter knew nothing about it. A grey *prad* was in waiting to receive Ward on his descending from the stage, and he was taken out of the ring in triumph, amidst loud shouts of joy. It was nearly an hour before Cannon could be removed from the stage, although bled, and every humane attention paid to him. He was in a state of stupor when placed in Mr. Hayne's carriage, and remained so for a considerable time after he arrived at the Swan Hotel, in Warwick: here Cannon was also visited by an eminent Surgeon from the metropolis, and Mr. Hayne did not leave his bed-side till Cannon became perfectly sensible.

OBSERVATIONS —Thus, in the short space of *ten minutes*, has the above tremendous Bargeman been deprived of his laurels, to the great astonishment of the Fancy in general; but to none more so than *Cannon* himself, who declared, on the return of his senses, that it appeared more like a dream to him than any thing else; and he could not picture to his mind that he had been fighting at all. On the morning after the battle, he again observed, "I can only attribute my

defeat to the heat of the weather." *Tom*, when questioned by several Amateurs on the subject, said, "I am totally at a loss to account for the circumstance. I am not *punished*, and I have only two blows visible upon my face." *WARD* is without the slightest scratch whatever; indeed, he is a first-rate pugilist. He stopped *Cannon* with the utmost ease, and all imputations of his being deficient in *game*, he has now removed from his character. The intense heat of the weather might have had a greater influence upon the body of *Cannon* than *WARD*; but, in the opinion of the Fancy in general, *WARD* can always win the battle whenever he may be placed in opposition to *Cannon*. But it is not likely, by comparison, that the weather could have had so great an influence on the *frame* of *Cannon*, as upon the body of *WARD*, when it is recollected that *Cannon*, in his occupation as a Bargeman, must have been far more exposed to the elements during his life than *WARD*. In the first round of the battle, the two blows which were heavily planted on the left eye and throat of *Cannon*, tended to stupify him, and he did not recover from their severity throughout the fight.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE ABOVE
BATTLE.

The friends of *WARD*, in the course of the evening, sent up a message to Mr. *Hayne*, at the Swan Hotel, that *WARD* should fight any man in England for £500 a-side. *Spring*, being present, immediately waited on *WARD*'s backers, at the Warwick Arms, and said,

Brown should fight *WARD* for the sum mentioned; but *Brown* was objected to, on account of his weight. *Spring* then said, he would fight *WARD* for £500 a-side, and come within a stone of *WARD*'s weight, and he would put down immediately 100 sovereigns to make a deposit. This challenge was not accepted; when *Spring* observed, *Langan* should fight *WARD* for £500 a-side. However, after some conversation which took place on the subject, the parties retired without making any match. *Spring* and *Cribb* then took their leave, and left *Warwick* for *Cheltenham Races*.

DEPARTURE OF *CANNON* FROM *WARWICK*.—The *Bargeman*'s most liberal and humane patron never deserted him for an instant, although, it is said, he lost a handsome sum by his defeat. *Cannon* left the *Swan Hotel* at eleven o'clock on *Wednesday*, in *Mr. Hayne*'s mail barouche and four horses, accompanied by his patron. *Holt*, *Richmond*, and *Clark*, his trainer, were accommodated with places on the outside of the carriage; and *Mr. Hayne* also promised to raise a subscription for *Cannon* in *London*. *Cannon*'s departure was delayed for a short period, on account of the loss of his hat, which some person had made free with, when he threw it on the stage. *Cannon* backed himself to the amount of *Four Hundred Pounds*. In taking leave of the writer of this article, he said, in the most disconsolate tone, "*WARD* could not punish me enough in ten minutes to lick me. I cannot account for it. I feel quite stupid; and whether it was the heat of the weather or not, I am at a loss to find out.

I have no recollection of the fight at all. I am not hurt in the least. It is a perfect dream to me."

WHITE-HEADED BOB IN TROUBLE WITH A DARING COUNTRYMAN.—On Tuesday evening, after the battle at Warwick, a turn-up took place between a strong novice, and *Bob*; and, according to our informant, after several rounds had taken place, the friends of *Baldwin* interfered, and put an end to the battle, as *Bob* was not likely to be paid for his *milling*, except with hard blows, which would have been "no go" for a boxer. The countryman was a good man, we understand, and had fought a battle.

The heat during the battle was so intense, and its effects so serious and powerful upon the feelings of the spectators, that it is totally impossible to convey anything like an accurate description. Several strong robust farmers were carried out of the ring totally insensible, and laid in the shade. Hundreds of persons also retired from the scene of action, and placed themselves under the hedges to obtain a breath of air; little groups were to be seen under trees, scarcely knowing what to do with themselves. The majority of the persons with their coats off, waistcoats unbuttoned, without handkerchiefs, and their necks completely bare, reduced to the utmost weakness, by violent perspirations, and parched with burning thirst. Others, so ill as not to be able to stand upon their legs; in short, it was a completely *distressed* multitude. No refreshments were to be had; and it was almost dangerous to be seen with a bottle in the hand, for fear the outrageous thirsty ones should spring



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WHITE HEADED BOB.

upon it to make a capture. The atmosphere was positively liquid heat; and it appeared almost to every person, on opening his mouth, that he swallowed fire. At length, some water was brought from the Navigation, which at all other times no person would taste, but which was now disposed of with rapidity, at sixpence and a shilling for a small cup full, without grumbling at the price. A cart, with bottled beer, was literally taken by storm; and, on the return of the Amateurs to Warwick, such distressed, worn-out, fagged, miserable-looking beings, covered with dust, never had before been seen within the borough. London and Cheltenham were now the words to be "off." The bars of all the inns, the coffee and private rooms were instantly filled with persons, impatiently demanding cyder, perry, soda, and brandy and water, in order to renovate their worn-out frames, before they could move an inch from Warwick.

A very lusty man, who was completely fatigued with the heat of the sun, asked one of the proprietors of the waggons the price of admission. "Vy," replied the *Cove*, "ve charge, as how, three shillings; but such a heavy one as you, and who takes up as much room as two people, ve can't take less than *five bob*, and that's werry reasonable, I'm sure, governor." The *fat One*, who loved his *blunt*, stood haggling for some abatement of price, but the *drag Cove*, who was a *downey one*, gave the office to his pal, to *bonnet* a little for him. "Here they come," said he, "my eye, if it an't dangerous to be safe any *veres* now." "Who's coming," said the *fat One*, agitated. "Vy, only the *Conveyancers*! But you can't stand here any

longer, Sir, you deprive me of customers." "Well, my good fellow, *help* me up, and I will give you five shillings." "No, Sir, I can't take that now, the men are just ready to mount the stage; you shall get up for eight!" After a heavy sigh, and counting his money several times, he handed over the *rag* to the *drag Cove*, which the latter carefully deposited in his *clie*. "But, Sir," said he, with a grin upon his face, "you must give me *two bob* to help you up; you know you did not agree for that ere, and I cannot strain myself for nothing." The *fat One*, with tears in his eyes, paid his "two bob," and was literally dragged up amidst the roars of laughter of his brother spectators in the waggon.

FIVES' COURT.—*Harry Holt* took his benefit at this place on Friday last, July 22; it was well *timed* by the eloquent *pal* of the Commissary-General, and he has been well paid for his judgment. The body of the Court was crowded to suffocation; the gallery was almost breaking down with amateurs; and the *Swell's Retreat* overflowing with company. It is true the attraction was great, and the bill of fare inviting; and it is also but fair to state, that Mr. *Holt* kept his promise with the public. *Cannon, Ward, Curtis*, and *Peter Warren* showed, as the term goes; and, strange to say, not one of the combatants showed, in the slightest degree, the worse for their recent battles. The sets-to were numerous and spirited, and the company appeared highly gratified by the exertions of the various boxers. *WARD* ascended the stage, amidst

loud approbation, followed by *Harry Holt*, who, in a neat, appropriate *chaff*, introduced the BELT, which was immediately put round the body of WARD by *Oliver*.

The belt consisted of the blue and crimson colours worn at the late fight, bound all round with the skin of a tiger. The clasp, or buckle, was made of highly-polished steel, encircled with emblematical designs, and in the middle of the clasp was a heart, worked with gold, on which was engraved the following inscription:—"This BELT was presented to JAMES WARD, at the Fives' Court, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, on the 22d of July, in commemoration of his scientific and manly conquest of *Thomas Cannon*, at Stanfield Park, Warwick, on the 19th of July, 1825. This Battle, at the present time, entitles him to the high and distinguished appellation of the British Champion." WARD had scarcely got the BELT on, when he said to a friend with a smile, "I have got it, and I mean to keep it." WARD, on meeting with *Cannon*, shook hands with him, and asked him how he felt himself. "Very well," was the reply; "the heat licked me, JEM, and not the blows. The hits that passed between us could neither hurt you nor me, JEM." "I feel rather *stiffish*," observed WARD: "It was hot indeed; and at one time I had no power to strike. They all talk of fighting me now; but I shall not enter the ring for twelve months. Let some of the big ones fight *Peter Crawley* and *Brown*; but, *Cannon*, if you wish to fight me again, I will fight you when you like." "I am very much obliged to you, JEM," replied *Cannon*, "for the preference; and if

I can raise the *blunt*, you may depend upon it I will make another match." *Harry Holt* returned thanks on the conclusion of his set-to with *WARD*; and the Court was soon cleared.

A great muster of the *heavy* betters took place at *Tattersall's*, on Monday, July 25, to receive and pay, according to their books, on the above *milling* event. Considerable surprise was manifested throughout the circle, when the following letters were read by the stakeholder:—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hayne has desired me to request you will not deliver up the stakes of the fight between Cannon and Ward until the umpires and referee meet to decide the fairness of the battle.

Yours, &c.

Furnival's Inn, 25th July, 1825.

W. A. CARTER.

Furnival's Inn, July 25, 1825.

SIR,—In consequence of serious doubts expressed by Mr. Hayne, of the character of the late fight between Thomas Cannon and James Ward, and those doubts having been confirmed by others, I feel it my duty, as umpire, on the part of Cannon, both for the sake of Mr. Hayne and the *Sporting World*, to request that you will retain in your hands the stakes, until a meeting shall have taken place between the umpire of Ward, the referee, (Mr. Osbaldestone,) and myself. The articles specify, "that the stakes are to be given up according to the award of the umpires and referee;" and no award having been made on the spot, I am, perhaps, justified in begging this short delay. In the interim, I shall expect that any evidence which can be produced to sustain Mr. Hayne's doubts, will be brought forward. By Monday next our decision will, no doubt, be accomplished.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. R.

The *delay* required, "as to something *wrong*," was objected to by almost every amateur present; it being

asserted, there was no necessity for *time*, as it was the general opinion that a *squarer* fight had never taken place in the annals of boxing. After some little *argument* in the Subscription Room on the subject, it was decided that, as the *umpires* and *referee* made no objection at the conclusion of the battle, that WARD was not entitled to the stakes, the stakeholder had a right to give up the £1000 to the backers of WARD. Cannon was present, and stated, that he had lost the battle against his will; and, as he went £200 in the battle-money, he desired, at all events, that sum might be given up to WARD. An indemnity was offered to the stakeholder, should any legal proceedings be brought against him. The stakeholder, with much promptness, immediately gave up the stakes, to the satisfaction of all the sporting men.

Mr. Hayne was not present at Tattersall's; but, on being made acquainted with the decision the next morning, Mr. Hayne requested us to state, "that he had entirely washed his hands of Cannon, and should never more have anything to do with the P. R.; entertaining strong suspicions that all was *not right*."

In consequence of the decision of the stakeholder, some thousands of pounds changed masters in the course of an hour. The conduct of the stakeholder, on the above occasion, also prevented *wriggling* in any part of the kingdom.

WARD, wishing to enjoy some retirement from *milling*, and, like a *star* belonging to another stage, to make good benefits in the provinces, issued the following notice of his future intentions:—

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London.

SIR,—It is my intention to start on a sparring tour, for a few months. I beg you will do me the favour, through the medium of your journal, to inform those who have a wish to meet me in the P. R., that I shall not be at leisure for seven or eight months. In the interim, the various aspirants of the Championship may contend with each other; and I shall be happy, at the expiration of the time specified, to accommodate the winner of the main.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES WARD.

*Mulberry Tree, Commercial-road,
July 26, 1825.*

Seventeen months had elapsed, notwithstanding all his challenges and industry to get a *job*, before WARD met with a customer in the person of *Peter Crawley*. During which period, JEM was viewed as the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. The backers of WARD having consented he should fight for £100 a-side, a match was made between them; and on Tuesday, January 2, 1827, the battle was decided upon Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire. In *twenty-six minutes*, occupying eleven rounds, the title of Champion changed over to *Peter Crawley*. The backers of WARD were so satisfied with his brave conduct, although in defeat, that, at *Holt's* benefit, two days after the fight, at the Tennis Court, they offered to make another match for £1000. *Peter* however refused; and said, "He would not fight any more;" and left the *Championship* open to those boxers who wished to fight for it.

WARD is in height five feet nine inches, and his fighting weight about twelve stone six pounds. His general appearance is rather prepossessing; his *mug*

is far from looking *harsh*: nay, the lovers of *milling* insist, that it does not pourtray *devil* enough for a fighting man. His arms and chest are considered by anatomists to be peculiarly fine and beautiful, particularly the latter, which measures forty-eight inches. **WARD** is extremely active on his legs; and, for one hundred yards, few, if any, runners can get the best of him. He is also a first-rate boxer, and completely master of the *science*; but it is a question among the judges, (although his *game* has not been doubted in the slightest degree since his *mill* with *Peter Crawley*,) that in a long fight of *wear* and *tear*, perhaps united with extreme *punishment*, that he does not possess *stamina* enough to carry him through the piece to a certainty. He reminds us of the late *Jem Belcher* in this particular respect: **WARD** must get through his *work* quickly. In point of good-nature, civility, and liberality of disposition, **JEM** is not excelled by any pugilist in the Ring. Instead of *presuming* on his qualities as a milling cove, he is, on the contrary, too *backward*; and, if a match depended on his exertions to get the *blunt*, it would never be completed. **WARD** is too bashful to ask his friends for their support. **JEM** nevertheless is fond of a "*bit of life*;" quite at home in a *shindy*; and, in the dog-pit, a great man in seconding his *tyke*. **WARD** is extremely attached to his native spot, the East end of the town; *Tom Owen's* dominions. He seems quite *abroad*, when looking after the *Swells* in the West. In sporting a toe with the "gay creatures of the creation" near the Tower, **JEM's** *pins* move like clock-work; or, in taking a turn to keep the "game alive," he can rattle through a country-dance on the violin, better than most ama-

teur cat-gut scrapers. WARD also throws off a good *chaunt*; and, at a Free and Easy, JEM mounts the perch with life and activity. WARD meets his opponent in the Ring with all the spirit of a boxer; but, it is said, that, like *Macbeth*, he has a great aversion to *ghosts*, even to the "*Ghost of a grim scrag of mutton!*"

We now bid adieu to our hero for the present, (January, 1828) leaving WARD in a similar situation with a hackney *dragsman* on the stand, looking out for a *fare*. He has given a public challenge to *Nec! O'Neal*, and the latter fortunate boxer has promised to accept of it before he quits the P. R.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM, THE ASPIRING KID

Of the late Phenomenon of the Prize Ring.

See "the *Hurst*" filled with FANCIERS—the *mill* is begun,
The *chaffing* but hear!—"Sir, I'll bet you!"—"Done!"—"Done!"
"Ring!" "Ring!"—"Whip the ring out!"—resounds far and near;
Costermongers, and *row-ing*, assail the tired ear:
Then eager for combat, prepared for a "*taste*,"
With a neat and new yellowman tied round his waist;
His limbs in prime order, and "*just come from nurse!*"
The *aspiring* Boxer first *peels* for the PURSE!

THE youth denominated as above in the *milling circles*, is, amongst his relatives and immediate friends, known by the name of SAMUEL EVANS. Young DUTCH SAM, although not decidedly a *Sheeny*, first



YOUNG DUTCH SAM.

SON OF THE

Late Governor of the P. H.

took a view of society in the neighbourhood of Rag Fair. SAM was born on the 30th of January, 1808, in Wells Street, Ratcliffe Highway. Our hero was called a "*nishe boy*" by the admirers of his great *milling* sire; and, on the side of his mamma, young SAMMY was so great a favourite, that he was handed about to the "*gossips*" like a bill of the play.

SAM's years rolled on pleasantly, until he arrived at a proper age to commence his pursuits in life. Our hero, in the first instance, was put on *liking* to a baker; but whether the "*heat of the oven*" was too much for the frame of YOUNG SAM, or that he aspired to a higher situation amongst his Majesty's subjects, we have not been able to ascertain; but he soon quitted the "*dead men*" fraternity for a higher and more important calling in society. During the short time our hero was occupied amongst "*the Rolls*," his associate in *dough*, one *Bill Dean*, a fellow weighing eleven stone and a half, threatened to *serve out* YOUNG SAM for some trifling fault. This brought forth all the blood in his veins in an instant, and, in emulation of his great warlike sire, he challenged *Dean* out to fight early the next morning (Sunday): but *Old Burntcrust*, his master, locked SAM up in his bed-room, to prevent the *mill*. SAM, however, in defiance of bolts and bars, got out of the garret window, scrambled over the tiles of several houses, found his way into a strange house, ran down the stairs, and ultimately got into the street; met with *Bill Dean* at the appointed place, Kennington Common, when the battle commenced without delay. In the course of four rounds, YOUNG SAM played his

part so well, that *Dean* would not fight any longer, "*gammoning it*," as was supposed, that his thumb was out of joint.

Dean was not exactly satisfied with the above battle, and, after several quarrels upon the subject, a second match was agreed upon between them, *SAM* fighting *Dean* for *three half crowns* to *two*. This *mill* was also decided upon *Kennington Common*, *Tom Cooper* and *Spencer* acting as seconds for *YOUNG SAM*. *Dean* "*screwed his courage to the sticking place*," and fought well for three quarters of an hour; but, finding the *chance* was against him, he declared his knee was injured, and he would fight no more. *SAM* was loudly applauded by the spectators for the *pluck* and science he had displayed throughout the battle.

Our hero, soon after the above contest, bid adieu to *Old Burntcrust*, for the more enlightened scene of the Printing-office, Bridge-street, Blackfriars. *SAM* had scarcely been initiated into the mysteries of a *typo*, before he was compelled to take a "*bit of a turn*" with a publican, who served the compositors with *heavy wet* and other combustibles. The *Sinner* and *SAM* first commenced *setting-to* in fun; but a *teazer* from *SAM*, which alighted on the *Pub's conk*, soon brought them together in "*right earnest*." They fought their way down the stairs of the Printing-office into the street; and, after three quarters of an hour of up-and-down fighting, from Apothecary's Hall to Bridewell, the publican was glad to cry out "*enough!*" and acknowledge the *Young One* had the "*best of it!*" In several other street rows, *SAM*, by his science and activity, always proved the conqueror.

One *Jack Poulton*, of the Mint, opened a school to teach the Art of Self-defence. Our hero, anxious to improve himself as a Boxer, solicited *Poulton* to give him a lesson. One pill proved a dose: in the *set-to*, SAM so completely *milled* the *soi-disant* teacher, that he took off the gloves, quite mortified with disappointment, amidst the jeers and loud laughter of his scholars.

The confinement of a Printing-office not exactly suiting the "*out-of-door*" disposition of SAM, he lost sight of the character of a *typo*, and became a news-man. In this capacity he first introduced himself to the notice of the Author of this Work; and YOUNG SAM, being fond of Sporting, gladly rendered his assistance towards the promulgation of PIERCE EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON Newspaper. SAM said, he should like to try his *hand* in the Prize Ring, but wanted an introduction to the upper customers of the Fancy. PIERCE EGAN soon introduced him to Mr. Jackson, as the immediate channel to fame and notoriety; and also to the late worthy and liberal Captain Dudley, and several other Amateurs of distinction. SAM soon afterwards cut the newspaper concern for the more heroic achievements of the Ring.

On comparing *likenesses*, although it was the general opinion that the *Young One's* countenance did not possess that fine, spirited animation of the late renowned DUTCH SAM's face, yet the resemblance was admitted to be genuine, allowing the difference between youth and age, and the want of large whiskers. The *sparklers* of the *Young One*, if not partaking of the penetrating look of the once Phenomenon

of the P. R., nevertheless give YOUNG SAM's *nob* a lively appearance throughout the battle. Our hero is in height five feet eight inches and three quarters; weighing ten stone and a half; and generally considered a fine-grown young man.

SAM denies having been a pupil of the *Pet of the Fancy*; but he admits that in *setting-to* with *Curtis* he improved his knowledge of the Art of Self-defence. YOUNG SAM first put the gloves on with the above celebrated Pugilist at Walton, during the time they were at *Shelton's* house; but they adjourned, on the sly, to the park of *Hughes Ball, Esq.*, and, after a severe trial, *Curtis* expressed himself pleased with the tactics of YOUNG SAM, and said, he was certain that SAM would defeat *Lenney*.

YOUNG SAM was engaged with *Curtis* to exhibit the Art of Self-defence at the Surrey Theatre: after the first two nights, *Curtis* was compelled to leave town; when a *chap* of the name of *Buxton* offered his services, to supply the place of *Curtis*; but SAM not only "served out" *Buxton* at all points, but ultimately *floored* him, to the great amusement and laughter of the audience. YOUNG SAM also exhibited his *milling* talents at the Cobourg and Royalty Theatres with great *eclât*.

The first prize battle SAM ever witnessed was between *Bishop Sharpe* and *Jack Cooper*, at St. Albans.

The great *milling* days of SAM's father were over before the YOUNG ONE had any notion of the use of his *mauleys*; in fact, the *kid* was only two years and four months old, when his *dad* fought with the *game Ben Medley* at Moulsey Hurst, May 31, 1810; which

might be called *Dutch Sam's* last battle. When he entered the Ring with *Nosworthy*, Dec. 8, 1814, he was then nothing more than the *shadow* of the once terror of the Prize Pugilists. It might therefore be urged, that the hitting talents of SAM are hereditary. He is already a rising favourite with the Amateurs, at the present period, (January 1827,) and calculated to prove extremely successful in the Prize Ring, having won six battles in succession, before he arrived at the age of twenty.

After the introduction of our hero to the Sporting World, his friends were satisfied with his talents as a *sparrer*, but they felt rather anxious to witness his capabilities in the Prize Ring; he was therefore matched against *Lenney*. The latter boxer fighting SAM; £25 to £20. Monday, the 28th of March, 1825, was the day appointed for the above *kids* to meet and settle their disputes; but, not to make a "*long canny*" out of *nothing*, when a few words will tell the tale; we, therefore, upon the present occasion, prefer treading in the steps of our more *elegant* friends, and come to *Hecuba* at once. The Barge-house, in Essex, was the place appointed to decide the contest; at one o'clock, the "*Young One*" was at his post, well togged, full of pluck, and "*eager for the fray*," under the patronage of the *John Bull Fighter* and the *Pet of the Fancy*; but *Lenney* did not *show*, for the best of all reasons it was urged—the *Cow Boy* was under the *screw*. No matter, the stakes were forfeited, and YOUNG SAM has pocketed the *blunt*.

SAM felt extremely vexed at the above disappointment, and he lost no time to procure another custo-

mer. He possessed great confidence in himself, and assured all his patrons that he should turn out a winning man. *Stockman* was selected as an opponent for our hero.

On Tuesday, July 5, 1823, after *White-headed Bob* had defeated *George Cooper*, at Knowle Hill, in Berkshire, YOUNG SAM made his *debût* in the Prize Ring with *Ned Stockman*, for £20 a-side. *Stockman*, in the eyes of the Fancy, ranked high as a *milling cove* of no mean pretensions, and was backed liberally at 6 to 4, and in several instances at 2 to 1. YOUNG SAM was a *novice*; it is true, he came from a good stock; but his youth was against him, and it was thought he did not possess *stamina* enough for so determined and experienced a fighter as *Stockman*; yet the odds were taken with much spirit. SAM was waited upon by his friends, *Dick Curtis* and *Josh Hudson*; and *Stockman*, by *Harry Holt* and *Acton*. The colours, yellow for SAM; and a bird's-eye yellow for *Stockman*.

Round 1. On *peeling*, Sam was not only in excellent condition, but appeared by far the best man of the two, and had also the length and weight of his opponent. *Stockman* soon perceived he had *length* against him, and did all that he could to get in between the guard of Sam, but in vain; *Stockman*, determined on mischief, let fly; but Sam stopped him with the most perfect ease, and returned with advantage. In a sharp rally, Sam gave his opponent so much *punishment*, as to call forth the admiration of the Ring; he also adopted Cribb's favourite mode of *milling on the retreat*, and jobbed *Stockman*'s nose repeatedly, till he went down. (Immense applause.—“*This*,” said Josh, patting Sam on his back, “*is not a chip of the Old Block, but Old Sam himself. He'll win it for £100.*”)

2. *Stockman*, full of gaiety, came to the *scratch*, and in a resolute manner tried to find out a soft place on Sam's head, but it was “no go.” Sam sent down his opponent by a

rattling hit on his *daffy* passage. (Thunders of approbation; and "*Here's a Shiloh for Duke's-place! Here's a Kid for Petticoat-lane!*")

3. This round, at the early stage of the battle, decided victory in favour of Young Sam. He *jobbed* Stockman all over the ring: in fact, the nob of Stockman was a mere drum to the hands of Sam. The latter also produced the *claret*, and floored his opponent. (The Christians and *Sheenies* were all uproarious in the praise of Sam—" *Vat a nische boy! Vat a shweet hitter! How mush like ish, fader!*")

4. Stockman positively had not a shadow of chance; and if he planted one blow, he had five in return. The *jobbing* system was resorted to by Sam, and in closing at the ropes, he held Stockman in his left arm, and with his right hand he nobbed him in the Randall style, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto, till Stockman went down quite bothered, amidst one of the loudest roars of applause ever heard in the Prize Ring.

5. The length of Sam, his steady guard, and his confidence, prevented Stockman from placing any hits with effect. Stockman, after the receipt of several blows, went down on his knees; but Sam held up his hands, and walked away. "That's right, Sam; he only wants a foul blow."

6. We never saw Stockman so much at a loss before; he was *nobbed* with the utmost ease by his opponent, and *fibbed* most tremendously till he went down.

7. Sam stopped the rush of Stockman; hit him as he liked, till Stockman dropped. Two to one, but no takers.

8. Stockman might have resigned the contest—every round was against him. The left hand of Sam was continually in his face; when with a heavy blow Stockman was *floored*. Three to one.

9. Stockman countered well; but Sam got out of the way of *punishment*, with the skill of an old general. Stockman received a staggering hit, and a repeated blow sent him down.

10. This was a good round. Fine science was exhibited on both sides, till Sam sent Stockman down on his knees. "Be careful," said Josh, "we won't have it that way at all, Sam; mind, do not be caught for a foul blow!"

11. "Move your feet in and out," said Curtis; "but it is all your own." Stockman made a good stop, and also put in a heavy blow on Sam's throat. In closing, both down. Any odds against Stockman, but *shy* of taking.

12. Stockman went down on his knees from a hit, but Sam held up his hands, and walked away. Applause.

13. Stockman put down his hands, and appeared to wish the battle was at an end. Sam planted a tremendous blow bang in the middle of his opponent's head : Stockman's eyes flashed fire, he was quite abroad, and went down completely exhausted. Ten to 1 laid and taken.

14. The battle nearly over ; and, by way of a *finish*, Sam caught hold of Stockman, and fibbed him down. The Jews in rapture on beholding the talents of the second Dutch Sam. " Vat a good one ! "

15. It was all UP. Stockman, as groggy as a Jack Tar three sheets in the wind, was sent down before he was scarcely at the scratch.

16. Stockman still showed fight but he was met by Sam on his going in, when he fell down on his knees ; but he instantly got up, and with much fury rushed in to *mill* Sam. The latter, however, *floored* him like a shot.

17, and last. Sam had it completely his own way, till Stockman went down. While sitting on his second's knee, he *hinted* he had enough, if not too much. Sam was declared the winner in *thirty-six minutes and a half*.

OBSERVATIONS.—The "Downy Ones" were again *floored*, and the non-favourite proved victorious. *Stockman* did all he knew to win : but he could not get at his opponent. SAM was completely his master in every point of view : in fact, he felt so surprised on being declared the conqueror, that he exclaimed, " Is it all over ? Why I am not hurt in the least ; I could fight an hour longer. " *Stockman*, on being taken out of the ring, was quite exhausted and insensible for a short period. SAM, we have no doubt, will *cut out* some work for the light weights ; he has only to learn to hit with his right hand, and he is sure to prove a *teazer* to boxers above his weight. YOUNG SAM was without a *scratch*.



WILLIAM J. BROWN

W. J. Brown

Our hero now began to be noticed by the FANCY, as the Son of the Phenomenon of the Prize Ring; and a short period elapsed, when he was matched with *Harry Jones*, the *Sailor Boy*. This battle was decided at *Shere Meare*, on the borders of Bedfordshire, on Tuesday, the 18th of October, 1825. *Jones* was backed for £25 a-side against YOUNG SAM, in consequence of his having the best of SAM in a sparring match at the Jacob's Wells, Barbican. The odds, however, were against *Jones* 6 to 4; and, in several instances, 2 to 1; and some persons even ventured to lay FOUR to One on the ground: this conduct rather puzzled a few novices, but among the IN-and-in-Coves it excited no surprise whatever. Several of these *larned gents* observed, "Vy, you knows as vell as ve does, if *Jones* naps a rum one, he's sure to *cut it*—there's no dependence on him. Ve could sooner lay TEN to One, than take the odds." SAM was attended by *Dick* and *George Curtis*, and *Jones* by *Goodman* and *Reid*. The YOUNG ONE had the length of his opponent, but *Jones* showed most muscle and strength, and also the best *condition*. Two to one on setting-to in favour of SAM.

Round 1. Caution was the order of the day on both sides: Sam on the *look-out*, and the *Sailor Boy* equally *leary* to guard against *squalls*. Sam tried all the manœuvres he was master of, to do *summut*; but *Jones*, who has a tolerable knowledge of *milling*, was not to be had. Some minutes elapsed, and nothing was done, until the *Sailor Boy* rushed in to *work*. He made a hit with his left hand on Sam's cheek, and closed. The *weaving* system was now adopted: Sam was thrown; and the *Sailor Boy* fell on the young Israelite.—"Well done, *Jones*!"

2. *Jones* cleverly stopped Sam's left hand: sparring for

advantages; and Sam hit short. The Sailor Boy, eager for work, went boldly up to his adversary, and planted a right-handed hit on Sam's nob. A sharp rally of *give and take* occurred. In closing, the Young One received a cross-buttock; and Jones also fell heavily on his opponent.—“Bravo, Jones! that's the way to win.”

3. Jones hit short, being too eager to make play: however, he soon made up for it, by planting a heavy blow on Sam's cheek. In closing, the *pepper-box* was handed from one to the other; the Sailor Boy fighting at the *nob*, while his opponent was hammering at the body. The round was finished by Jones getting down as well as he could, Sam keeping on his *pins*.

4. The Young One did not shew any thing like the *superiority* he exhibited in the fight with Stockman. The *claret* was running down from Sam's mouth; while, on the contrary, the Sailor Boy looked none the worse for his engagement. Sam's mouth was open, rather *piping*. Jones, with excellent skill, stopped a heavy left-handed blow of Sam's. In fact, considerable science was displayed by both of the combatants, till Jones rushed in to *mill*: sharp counter-hitting; in closing, the *pepper-box* was in full use, until they separated. Another sharp rally took place, when the Sailor Boy went down.

5. This was a prime round; and the fighting was excellent on both sides. Sam's *peeper* napped a rum one from Jones—the Sailor Boy repeated the dose. (Great applause; and “He'll win it!”) Sam was also bored down at one corner of the Ring.

6. The Sailor Boy appeared as *fresh* as when he commenced the battle; in fact, there was nothing like a mark about his *nob*. He also appeared quite *up* to the movements of Sam; and would not be *decoyed* from his mode of fighting by the stratagems of the young Israelite. Severe counter-hits, and both of which *told* on both sides. Jones also received a leary one on his *listener* as he was going down.

7. A long fighting round, and *Harry* as good as Sam. A sharp rally, and *mischief* in it. The Sailor Boy broke ground, but soon returned to his adversary; when he laid hold of him by the body, and sent him down in an ugly manner.—“Well done, Jones—you can't lose it.”

8. Sam's left hand was stopped by Jones; but still the former persevered till he made a good hit. Sharp counter-

hitting; rather too hot for Jones, and he retreated; but, nevertheless, he returned to the charge in a passion, and planted a flush hit on the young Israelite's face. Jones ultimately went down.

9. The *upper works* of Sam napped a little one; and Jones got away, laughing. A severe rally; and *give and take* without flinching. Sam tried *milling on the retreat*, and was successful, till the Sailor Boy slipped down.

10. This round was decidedly in favour of the Sailor Boy. The latter began his *work* without delay; and Sam fell down by accident, and received a heavy hit on his *cont*; but, like a *trump*, he jumped up and slashed away without any ceremony; but the Sailor Boy drove him to the ropes. Sam adopted ~~the~~ *weaving* system, but not with effect: the Sailor Boy hung upon his neck, till both went down.

11. The Sailor Boy was a dangerous customer to Sam. He planted a heavy blow with his left hand; then boldly went up to his opponent, and caught him round his neck—it was then blow for hit, till Sam was thrown. (Lots of applause for the Sailor Boy.)

12. The *chaffing-box* of Sam received rather an ugly thump from Jones; but Sam was determined to be with him, cutting the skin of his eye-brow like a knife, the *claret* following. Good *milling*; till Jones seemed a little *abroad*, when he *pulled* Sam down.

13. Jones parried well; and, in a sharp rally, the Sailor Boy was extremely active. Sam was cautious, but kept *milling* with his opponent. Ultimately Jones went down.

14. The young *Israelite* appeared much *distressed*, and also exhibited severe marks of *punishment*. The blows of Sam, at this period, seemed to have but little effect on Jones. The Sailor Boy again parried off the blows of his opponent with much skill; but he bored in, and caught hold of his adversary round his neck. Sam, in order to extricate himself, *fibbed* his opponent; and, at length, he got away. Jones went down.

15. Severe counter-hitting; after which, Jones bored Sam to the ropes. It was expected the Sailor Boy would have made some *mischief*; but, after a little struggling, he went down.

16. With his left hand Jones planted a sharp *facer*; but

the young Israelite, in return, jobbed him with his right. A rally, of no long duration; and, in closing, Sam was thrown.

17. The Sailor Boy planted several hits; after which, he bored in with his head down, in order to escape *milling*. A struggle for the throw, when Jones got down in the best manner he could. "I don't like that!" observed an Old Ring Goer; "he's going to *cut* it."

18, and last. Sam came up to the scratch quite gay; and the Sailor Boy was lively, and, to all appearance, nothing was the matter. After some sparring, Sam planted a blow on the right side of his opponent's nob, and he fell on his back. It did not appear by any means a *finishing blow*; and the Amateurs did not like it. When time was called, the Sailor Boy was *deaf* to it; and, of course, Young Sam was declared the conqueror. The battle was over in fifty-three minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—There is nothing new in the *Sailor Boy's cutting* it: in several of his battles he has done the same thing, when the Amateurs have been perfectly satisfied that he had "the best of it." It was exactly the same sort of thing in his battle with *Stockman*. It was the general opinion that he might have won, nay, that he ought to have won the fight. He shewed himself decidedly the best fighter, and was also the strongest man. In truth, when he had got his clothes on, he was very little the worse for *milling*. The blows of SAM were more *showy* than *effective*; and his hits were trifling, in point of execution, on the *nob* of Jones, when compared to the prime style with which he *finished off Stockman*. To sum up the matter, it was the opinion of the majority of persons present, that Jones, "if it was all right," although a good fighter, a strong chap, and capable of doing severe execution, by the manner of his giving it in, proved himself, in reality, little more than a *cur*.

SAM did not remain idle for a customer: he was matched with *Tom Cooper*, the *Gypsy*, for £30 a-side. This battle was decided on Tuesday, the 25th of April, 1826, at Grays, in Essex, twenty miles from London, and nearly opposite Gravesend.

It would be wrong to state that the road was covered with Amateurs on Tuesday; but, nevertheless, the "Old Ring Goers" were in motion at an early hour, and a good muster of the Fancy, in their gigs and other vehicles, were trotting over the ground, to arrive in time at the scene of action. YOUNG DUTCH SAM is rather an attractive feature in the boxing circles at the present period; and *Tom Cooper*, by his manly behaviour in a turn-up with *Bishop Sharpe*, which continued for twenty minutes and upwards, was also viewed as an opponent likely to meet with success. The betting was decidedly in favour of SAM, 7 to 4, and, in a few instances, 2 to 1. The Ring was formed in a field near the Thames, in a most delightful spot; and the scene all round was perfectly enchanting. The ships in the river added to the interesting effect. The ride from London was also truly picturesque. At one o'clock the combatants entered the Ring: DUTCH SAM attended by *Dick Curtis* and *Harry Holt*; and *Cooper* was waited upon by *Jem Ward* and his brother, *Jack Cooper*. After the hands were crossed together in friendship, the men set-to:—

Round 1. Sam looked well, and the advantages of *training* were perceived by the improvement of his frame; and the "Hero of the Bush" was also in good trim. In fact, *Cooper* is a hardy *wiry* sort of chap. Both on the alert, but cautious; and a short time occurred in manœuvring to obtain an opening. At length the *Gypsy* let fly, and touched Sam's canis-

ter slightly; but the Son of the Phenomenon returned on the body of his opponent with his right. In a rally, counter-hits took place. Sam, however, got away in style; but the Gypsey, anxious to do mischief, again made use of his right hand; when young *Dutchy*, with great celerity, planted a second body-blow. Sam also, by his skill, bored the Gypsey into a corner, and exhibited his superiority, to the delight of his backers, by using his left and right hands on the index of Cooper, producing the *claret* until he went down.—Uproarious shouts of applause for Sam, and 2 to 1 offered without the slightest hesitation. “Sam will win it in a canter.”

2. The blows of the Gypsey were seen on the frame of Sam, but did not appear mischievous. Caution again on both sides; but the Gypsey, always fond of *slashing*, used his left hand with success on Sam’s head. *Dutchy*, like a good one, and master of his art, took the lead, went in, and punished the nob of his opponent like fun. The Gypsey did not like it, but kept fighting as he was retreating from danger. A sharp rally, and milling on both sides. Sam, perceiving that he could go in without much danger, again drove his antagonist to the ropes, where the Gypsey, rather tired, went down.—“It’s as right as the day!” said the Pet of the Fancy; “we shall win it without any trouble.” “Sam for a hundred.”

3. The *mug* of the “Hero of the Bush” was now the worse for fighting, but his *pluck* was as good as ever; and mischief seemed his object, by his *slashing* away at random at his adversary. Random shots scarcely tell, and so it turned out for the Gypsey. Sam took advantage of this sort of wildness, and put in a *conker* so sharp, that Cooper was quite mad, and rushed in to work, helter skelter, and planted a severe blow under Sam’s right ogle, which produced the *claret*. (“Capital!” from the friends of Cooper; “another like that, and *summut* will soon be the matter!”)—Young *Dutchy*, as gay as a lark, returned the compliment by two severe hits, and, as a sort of *tie-up* to the round, sent his opponent headlong on the turf. “Dat’s de vay?” from the Sheenies; “Vat a peautiful hitter! He’s a chip of de ould block! Dat’s vat he ish, my dears! He’s an article not to be shold for his value, my dears!”

4. The coolness displayed by Sam, as well as his superiority as a boxer, satisfied the judges he must win it, although he had napped a rum one under his left eye, which now bled rather copiously. His left mauley was also a *tiny bit* damaged, and the friends of the Gypsey announced the circumstance with

delight and hopes, that it was a good chance for their man, in case he could *last* a long time. Sam got away cleverly from a desperate blow, but he went in to his opponent, and, by a flush hit on his mouth, set all Cooper's *ivories* dancing. The Gypsey, not dismayed, returned on the body: a sharp rally followed, in which Cooper was *floored*; and Sam, rather weak, went against the stake.—Five-and-twenty pounds to ten, but the backers of the Gypsey did not fancy it.

5. This was a prime round; and the friends of the Gypsey observed, if he had but commenced the battle as he now fought, the chance might have been in his favour. The Gypsey wildly fought at the body; while Sam (adopting the traits of his master, Curtis, who was at his elbow) kept milling at the head, and doing considerable execution at every hit. Sam also got away from numerous blows; and such was the fine science he exhibited, uniting tremendous punishment, that he nobbed the Gypsey five times, one after the other; and then, by way of a *quietus*, *floored* him. The *sheenies* were now roaring out in ecstasy, offering any odds on their "Peautiful, young Dutch Sam!" "He's an ornament, my dears, to the Prize Ring, and it ish likely he will become as great a man as *ish fader*."

-6. The courage and resolution of the Gypsey was admired by every one present; but his mode of fighting is wildness instead of science. He trusts too much to desperation—he slashes out without looking at his opponent; in a word, he is not a marksman. In the hands of a scientific boxer, like Young Dutchy, he stands no chance. When once kept out, and a few *nobbers*, such a fighter becomes an easy prey, and is *licked* off-hand at the leisure of the cool *millor*. Thus was the Gypsey disposed of in this round; he napped "divers blows in sundry places," and was ultimately *floored*. 5 to 1, but no takers.

7. The appearance of the Gypsey was altered considerably about the head, but his friends insisted he was now fighting better, and thought they perceived a small turn in his favour. Anxiety and friendship in favour of a man, in addition to *backing* any boxer, too often punishes the pocket of the Amateur—he does not view the contest in a proper light. The Gypsey was still *mischievous*; and a chance blow has been known to win the battle. "But be on your guard," says the Pet. "Give nothing away. Be ready for him, he's coming, wild as an ox." Sam waited for his adversary—met him in the head; and, in the struggle for the throw, both went down.

8. In this early stage of the battle it was a *guinea* to a *dump*, as to the best fighter. Sam did as he pleased, as a superior tactician; and finished this round in great style by a flooring hit. Any odds.

9. The Gypsey was *piping*: all *abroad*, and of little use, with his *index* out of shape. He was also *fatigued*, but yet he went to work desperately, in order to obtain something like a chance in his favour. It, however, was "no go!" The wildness of the Gypsey was fast leaving him; and the *jobbers* he received at every turn rendered him nearly stupid, and he was hit down quite *distressed*.

10. It was completely "bellows to mend" with Cooper; in addition to which, Sam's fists were never out of his face until he was floored. Thirty to ten. "Take him away; he can't win it."

11. The Gypsey in this round endeavoured to hit up; which, if it had told upon Sam's nose, might have been dangerous. But he was *punished* severely; and by Cooper's endeavouring to make a return he fell down quite exhausted.

12. The Gypsey was nearly done over; but he was gay, fought like a man, and contended till he went down. "Take him away."

13. Wildness and mischief was still the intent of Cooper; but it was all up with him as to victory. Sam planted his hits as safe as if he had been attacking a dead mark. The Gypsey down.

14. Cooper was now so *distressed* in every point of view, that all the *Champagne* in *Charles Wright's* extensive cellars—successful as it is in most cases towards recruiting drooping spirits—would have proved of no use towards renovating the frame of the defeated Gypsey. He was severely punished till he went down like a log of wood. "Pray, take the brave fellow away."

15, and last. All things have an end; and the Gypsey was compelled to submit to defeat. Like a drowning man that will catch at a straw, Cooper made a desperate rush as his last effort. But Sam *finished* his opponent by a tremendous blow on his nose, as he was falling forwards, which deprived Cooper of his senses. When time was called, the Gypsey was insensible to it; and of course Sam was declared the winner. Sam left the Ring little the worse for the combat, excepting his hands, which were much swelled. The Gypsey

did not open his eyes for several minutes, when he was not only carried out of the Ring, but also to the nearest public-house. In truth, Cooper could not stand. The battle was over in thirty-eight minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—SAM not only proved himself worthy the attention of his backers, but he also raised himself a step higher in the Sporting World, by his victory over *Tom Cooper*. He won the battle like a master of his art, and was perfectly prepared at all points. His coolness was admirable, and he met his man with all the skill of an experienced warrior. SAM will be a troublesome customer for any boxer of his weight. *Cooper* has not disgraced himself by this defeat, but he ought to have paid more attention to science. His mode of fighting may soon dispose of *ugly commoners* in street rows, but with a skilful pugilist, when his *desperation* is stopped, his *forte* is gone, and it is a sort of heart-broken attempt afterwards. We were sorry a subscription was not made for *Cooper*—his brave conduct deserved it.

At Ascot Races, on Thursday, June 8, 1826, after *His Majesty* had left the ground, a Subscription Purse of £50 was subscribed for a fight. SAM, determined not to let a chance pass over without having a *shy* for it, entered the lists.

The above *mill* was patronised by some Swells of the first order; the *blunt* was also collected in the Royal Stand without the least difficulty; and considerable anxiety was manifested by the spectators upon the event. SAM, if his *hands* had been sound, would

have entered the Ring with *Gypsy Jack Cooper*; and £100, we have no doubt, might have been got together with ease, if a battle of such an interesting nature to the Fancy could have been produced. *Carroll* is a good man, and was seconded by *M'Kenzie* and *Lenney*; and SAM was handled by *Dick Curtis* and *Barney Aaron*. SAM took the lead, at 2 to 1, till the tenth round, when he received a severe cross-buttock. This circumstance rather *alarmed* his friends; but he soon recovered from its effects, and finished off his man in a *canter*, in sixteen rounds, occupying thirty minutes. However, the *Judges* did not look upon the above battle as any thing like a "good one;" and only received it as a *turn-up* produced on the bustle of the moment. The Duke of *Wellington* was present during the fight, and subscribed £30.

From the great improvement exhibited by SAM, not only in his person, but in activity and knowledge of milling, he was matched, without hesitation, against *Jack Cooper*, once denominated the terrific, slashing *Gypsy*, for £50. This battle was decided upon a stage, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1827, at Andover, after *Curtis* had defeated *Barney Aaron*. The *Gypsy*, attended by *Jem Ward* and Mr. *Nathan*, ascended the stage; and DUTCH SAM was waited upon by *Josh. Hudson* and *Dick Curtis*. The appearance of the latter hero excited general surprise; when *Curtis* said, "Gentlemen, a bet was laid me, £10 to 1, that I did not win the fight and second YOUNG DUTCH SAM. I believe," said he, laughing, "I shall win them both now." Both of the combatants appeared in excellent condition; SAM seemed as lively as a dancing master,

and confident to the echo, as to the event. SAM fights after the style of *Curtis*; and the latter boxer appeared very anxious for his success. After shaking hands, the men set-to.

Round 1. The appearance of Sam does not exhibit any thing like the *determined* character of his late sire, who was considered one of the hardest hitters of his time. Young Sam *steps* in and *out* exactly after the manner of *Curtis*, and he also holds up his hands like that great master of the Art of Self-defence; but his blows are not so well directed, neither do they do half the execution. The Pet is a model for all the boxers; and Uncle Ben publicly expressed his regret, that his *nevy* Jem was not at Andover, to have taken a lesson from the battle between *Curtis* and *Aaron*. Sam endeavoured to make a hit, after long sparring; but the Gypsey got away from mischief. A precious long pause, and both upon the *watching* system; at length the Gypsey went in hand over head, *harum scarum*, and planted a heavy blow on the left arm of Sam, which left its *mark* behind. "I say, Governor," observed an old Ring Goer, "if that *there* HIT had have knocked at the door of Sam's victualling office, *summut* would have been the matter." Sam, on the alert, got away from another random shot. The Gypsey followed Sam all over the stage, but he gained nothing by his bustling system. The young one planted a *facer*; an exchange of blows was made, but Sam had the best of it. In closing, the strength of the Gypsey prevailed, and Sam went down upon his knees.

2. This was a long round. Sam taking his time to *punish* his opponent. After several pauses, feints, and other kind of manœuvres, Sam gave a *facer* which produced "first blood!" The Gypsey, rather wild, rushed in and planted a body blow; but it was a *chance* hit. Sam, upon the whole, was too *leary* for his opponent, and having *Curtis* at his elbow, might be considered three points out of four in his favour. He nobbed the Gypsey frequently, without meeting with any return. The long space of twenty-five minutes had elapsed before this round was finished. In struggling for the throw, both down, but the Gypsey undermost. Sam for £100.

3. The Gypsey, at times, stopped well; but in general he had no discretion at all about his *hitting*: he, however,

planted a body blow. Sam kept out of *mischief* with considerable skill, and every now and then planting *facers*, which put the Gypsy out of temper, nay, made him so wild, that he rushed in like a bull, and by a sort of scrambling pull, he got the Young One down: 5 and 6 to 4 on Sam.

4. Had Sam been a *punishing* hitter, the numerous blows which the Gypsy had received upon his *mug*, must have reduced the fight at this period to a complete *certainty*, and also of short duration. Cooper is always a dangerous customer—and his scrambling hits are likely to win a fight. Sam, aware of this feature belonging to the Gypsy, kept out of *harm's way* with considerable talent, *nobbing* the *Bush Cove* at his leisure. The Gypsy's *mug* was bleeding profusely, and in rushing in to do *mischief*, he run himself down quite weak.

5. This was a long round, but the Gypsy, although quite *desperate* at times, could not turn the fight in his favour. The face of Sam did not exhibit the slightest marks of *punishment*. It is nothing else but right to observe, that Cooper stopped several well-meant blows: but he fought open-handed, and also missed numerous hits. There is no *certainty* about his fighting; and if he had measured his distance properly, another account might, perhaps, have been given of the battle. The face of the Gypsy was bleeding in every direction, and he did his utmost to win. In struggling for the throw, Sam went down undermost.

6. "You need not be in a hurry, Sam," said Dick, "you are sure to win it; he's about *cutting* it now. It is £100 to a kick of the *rump*." Sam planted a *facer*, that sent the Gypsy staggering; but he returned to the charge, and fought desperately. In closing, Sam *fibbed* Cooper down: 6 to 1 upon Sam, and "take him away. He's of no use, he will not come again."

7. The Gypsy was quite *abroad*, and ran at his opponent like a madman, receiving *facers* at every step, but nevertheless, he hustled Sam about, who appeared a little distressed. In closing, the Gypsy again *napped* it severely, and went down, covered with *claret*. "Take him away, do not let him come again."

8. Strange to say, the Gypsy answered the call of time. He also made two good stops. (Bravo, Gypsy! you behave like a brave fellow!) Sam now had nothing to do but wait for the rush of his opponent, and *nob* him with the utmost ease and certainty. The Gypsy was again *punished* so-

verely, till he went down. (It is all up now! ten pounds to a crown he does not appear at the scratch again. Take him away!)

9, and last. The Gypsey, however, *showed* fight, and proved himself a much *gamer* man than his friends had anticipated he would have done. But he only stood up to receive *punishment*—he was completely at the mercy of his opponent. Sam *milled* him down without ceremony. The Gypsey would have answered the call of time; he was *game* enough to have had another round, but his backer humanely interfered, and said, "He should fight no more!" The battle continued for *one hour three minutes and a half*. It is impossible to describe the joy felt by Sam; he was like a chap out of his senses, on being declared the winner.

REMARKS.—SAM is an improving fighter; and, if he can but add force to his blows, he bids likely to become a great favourite in the P.R. He left the Ring without a mark upon his face; and no person could have told, from his appearance, that he had been engaged in a battle. The *face* of the *Gypsey* exhibited severe *punishment*. The latter never took any thing like such a *licking* before—he did his best to win; and the *bravest* could not have done more. SAM, it appears, is anxious to get a step higher on the Pugilistic List; and, if he can find friends to back him, he expresses no hesitation to fight *Bishop Sharpe*. We should say, upon this point, to him, "*Be bold, but not too bold!*" But the *Young One*, perhaps, knows best what he is about; and he asserts, that he *fancies* *Sharpe* as a customer in preference to any other Boxer in the Ring.

RETURN FROM THE FIGHT.—The sudden alteration in the weather, and the overwhelming showers of rain, rendered the roads almost impassable between

Andover and Basingstoke—the men and the *pruds* were nearly beaten to a *stand still*! But “it is an ill wind that blows no one any good!” and the Wheatsheaf Inn, at Virginia Water, was not neglected, either in the journey from or return to London. The worthy host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Baker) are distinguished for their kindness and civility upon all occasions. A good larder, excellent *tipple*, and prime beds, with moderate charges, are sure recommendations to the members composing the Sporting World. The situation of the Wheatsheaf is delightfully pleasant: the gardens attached to it are capacious and picturesque; and, in summer time, a day or two may be spent at Virginia Water, with pleasure and interest to the traveller. The above Inn is truly convenient at Ascot Races. *Curtis* and SAM arrived in town on Wednesday night, with pockets full of *blunt*, and covered with glory. SAM and the *Gypsey* met together at Andover, on the day previous to the battle; when the latter bet a sovereign with SAM he should win the fight. SAM, before he left Andover for London, called upon the *Gypsey*, and made him a present of two sovereigns.

TENNIS COURT.—On Thursday, March 1st, 1827, Young DUTCH SAM took his Benefit at the above place, and was well supported by the Amateurs. The *sets-to* generally were good, the wind-up by YOUNG SAM and *Ned Stockman*. SAM was as gay as a lark, as fresh as a four-year-old, and quite ready for another *mill*. *Stockman* stood up well against his adversary; but SAM had decidedly the best of the bout.

Curtis appeared at the Court: he was congratulated by his numerous friends upon his recent conquest over *Aaron*; but his face was considerably swollen, and the handy-work of *Barney* prominent.

The *Star of the East* also showed himself to the Amateurs. *Barney's* peepers were completely in mourning; his mouth is also damaged, and he complains of the soreness of his throat. He was quite cheerful, consoling himself that he had done his duty like a brave, honest man. He also received the praises of those persons who admire true courage, and fine fighting.

The *Gypsey* did not exhibit much punishment—his head was rather out of shape; a proof that SAM is nothing like so hard a hitter as the *Pet*.

YOUNG SAM had not any visible signs of fighting about his *nob*—his face was as free from marks, as if the “*Hero over the Water*” had only been *parrying* with the *foils* behind the scenes; or in complimenting the *actresses*, with his usual gallantry, on the merits of their performances.

SAM returned thanks for the support he had received; and also hoped he had given his friends satisfaction.

Dick Davis, the “*Pet of Manchester*,” stood so high in the Provincial Fancy by his repeated conquests, that the Amateurs in Manchester were determined *Davis* should have a *shy* in the London Ring; and he was accordingly matched with YOUNG SAM for £100 a-side. This battle was decided, on Tuesday,

June 19th, 1827, near Stoney Stratford. The *toddle* was rather too long for the *Cockneys*, being nearly sixty miles from the sound of *Bow Bell*, and 129 from Manchester, was also above a joke for the Manchester lads to leave their *pannies*. Therefore, the muster of the Fancy was very *thin* at Stoney Stratford, although the battle between SAM and *Davis* excited considerable interest throughout the lovers of boxing, both in town and country. *Davis* is a native of Lancashire, and twenty-eight years of age. He is employed in Mr. Peel's iron foundry, at Manchester, as a *moulder*. In height about five feet six inches and a quarter; weighing ten stone twelve pounds. *Davis*, by his numerous victories, stood high as a *milling cove*; and his friends at Manchester flattered themselves that he was *invincible*: and with his country opponents he was not particular as to weight and size. *Davis* defeated twice *Jack Wilson*; also *Witman* twice; with *Tom Reynolds* he made a capital battle, which was brought to a wrangle; and he likewise defeated *Fidler Hall*. *Davis* also entertained an opinion that he could conquer any Pugilist of his own weight, with the greatest certainty. SAM had also proved victorious in five battles—*Ned Stockman*, *Jack* and *Tom Cooper* (Gypsies), *Carroll*, and *Harry Jones* (the Sailor Boy),—all in succession had surrendered to his conquering arm.

Davis, with two of his backers, and *Sampson*, arrived at Stoney Stratford on Saturday, and the Cross Keys was their place of residence. He wore his working dress, consisting of a fustian jacket and wide thick trowsers. He also wore a check shirt; and he

looked as rough a customer as might be met with in a day's walk.

SAM arrived with *Curtis* during Monday, and made his head quarters at the George. In walking through the streets of Stratford, they met with each other for the first time, and shook hands together like brave fellows; after which, *Davis* appeared more confident he should prove the winner, and SAM also made up his mind to obtain victory and nothing else.

On Tuesday morning, the "knowing ones" laid their *nobs* together, as to a spot of ground; and a field at Haversham, about five miles from Stoney Stratford, was named as the scene of action. Thither the motley group repaired; and, a few minutes past twelve o'clock, SAM, attended by *Curtis* and *Oliver*, threw in his *tile*. SAM sported silk stockings. *Davis* appeared immediately afterwards, followed by *Sampson* and *Johnny Cheetham*, of Manchester. The colours, yellow for both of the combatants, were tied to the stakes. SAM was the favourite for choice; but his friends were not inclined to give above 5 to 4. SAM won the toss.

Round 1. *Davis* rather reminded us of Bishop Sharpe, but more formidable in point of appearance. He had been well *trained*; in fact, he was *slap up* to the mark, and his HEART, also, in the right place. He was confident to the echo. "To win, and nothing else but to win," he said, "he left Manchester." Sam was as gay as a lark in spirits; but his friends did not think him so well as he might have been, and one of his knuckles on the left hand was also tender and swelled. Sam had the advantage in height and length; but the superiority in weight was with *Davis*. The latter hero looked like a *milling cove*. On appearing at the scratch, *Davis* was still, cautious, and watching the movements of Sam, from his *pecper* down to his toe. Sam, also, in his eye,

measured his opponent at all points, and felt assured that he had a *rum customer* before him. Offers on both sides, but no blows: at length, Davis rushed in, and slightly planted a hit on Sam's arm. Sam, with great skill, crept, as it were, by degrees, up to his adversary, and let fly on Davis's *sensitive plant*. Davis's ogles winked again. ("Sam for £100!") A trifling exchange occurred, when Sam cried out, "First blood!" the *claret* slightly appearing on the mouth of Davis. Sam was not long before he planted another *snorter*; but Davis received it very coolly. Davis put in a body hit. Exchange of blows, when they separated, and Sam waiting for another turn. A long pause. Davis would not make play. Sam planted another successful *noser*. Several minutes had elapsed, so much *caution* was observed on both sides; and it was certain that a *long fight* would be the result. Sam retreated from some heavy work to a corner of the ring, where he received a *bodier*; but he returned a heavy *nobber*, which sent Davis *staggering* until he went down. This was considered a knock-down blow; and the two events had been obtained upon the part of Sam, as to *first blood*, and the *first knock-down blow*. The *Sam-ites* opened their mouths like good ones, saying, "it was as right as the day;" and offering any money on the son of the late phenomenon.

2. Davis hit Sam on the ribs. Sam returned right and left. Davis missed two heavy blows. A long pause. Sam again felt for the *nose* of his opponent. Davis gave two body hits; but they were short, and not effective. Counter-hits; but the length of Sam gave him the "best of it!" Another tedious pause. Sam walked round his opponent to get an opening. "As you are a fine fighter," said Sampson, "why don't you go to work?" Curtis observed, "Do you recollect O'Neal?" to Sampson. Davis stopped a left-handed blow cleverly: he also got away from another. The men now went to work, and several blows were exchanged. In closing, Sam endeavoured to fib his adversary; but the strength of Davis was almost too much for him, and, in struggling for the throw, Sam got down well. "Well done, Sam!" from the London boys.

3. The *claret* was now visible upon the *mug* of Davis, and the *snorters* he had received put him almost on the *winking* system. This round was a truly tedious one. Five minutes at a time, and no blows passed between them. Sam was determined, like a skilful general, not to lose an inch of ground; and only to *hit* when it was almost a certainty to

nob Davis. Sam let fly, and the face of his adversary *napped* it. Some sharp fighting occurred, Davis endeavouring to do mischief, and he ultimately succeeded, by planting a desperate left-handed hit on the side of Sam's head, which *floored* the Young One. The Lancashire lads began to open their *chafers* a tiny bit; singing out, "that's right, Dick!" while the Sam-ites not only looked *blue*, but were as silent as posts.

4. Sam looked rather *stupid*, and was labouring under the effects of the last blow. Davis did not follow up his success, but waited for Sam to make play. The latter with great ease put in a *rum one*, and Davis put up his hand, to feel if his *nose* was in the right place. Sam stopped a well-meant body-blow. A short rally; but Sam broke away. In closing, some expressions of disapprobation occurred against Davis, as to his mode of throwing. But as it did not appear to be done intentionally, the umpires did not notice it, and Sam was under.

5. This was a short round; but the *millng* in it was better than in any of the preceding rounds. The exchanges were on a *par*. Davis was thrown.

6. Several of the London Fancy began rather to be *alarm-ed*, and got their money off, by backing Davis. Excepting his *nob*, he was none the worse for the battle, although one hour and more had passed away. The science displayed by Sam was the delight of the amateurs—he *jobbed* Davis repeatedly; but the game of the latter was not to be reduced by the left-handed blows of Sam. The right eye of Davis was cut in the corner, and the *claret* was streaming also from his nose. He made some counter-hits; but had the worst of the round until he went down.

7, 8, 9. The fighting of Davis, in all these rounds, was the same; he would not *go in*; and stood out to be *nosed* at the skill of Sam. The latter was thrown heavily in the last round.

10. This was a precious long round. Sam was more than cautious; and, under the circumstance of his *bad hand*, his fighting was entitled to the praise of the Amateurs. The lip of Davis was cut so severely, that a piece of it was hanging like a thread, which the latter pulled off with the utmost *sang froid*. He received lots of *snorters*, and the claret running down his throat, annoyed the Lancashire boy very much. In closing, Davis was under.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. The superiority of the style of

Sam's fighting, in all these rounds, gave him the lead and the advantage; yet the *goodness* and game of Davis rendered him a troublesome customer. The latter could not get at Sam with anything like certainty; and, therefore, his favourite hits were at the body. Sam was thrown, and also received some heavy blows. In the last round he received a severe cross-buttock.

17, 18, 19, 20, 21. "Pray take him away," said Tom Oliver to his backer, "he is one of the gamest fellows I ever saw; but he cannot win; and you will get yourself into trouble, nay, all of us. It is a shame to let such a brave fellow fight any longer." "Well done, Tommy," replied a Manchester covey, "he is not half-licked yet; Davis will soon begin—he can't lose it. Sam has not strength to *lick* him." The head of Davis, by the repeated *jobbers* he had received, was quite out of shape—both his *peepers* were damaged—his cheeks puffed up—and his *conk* cut and bleeding in every direction. But his backers relied upon his *game-ness*, and several of them calculated upon his winning. The last round was well fought, and rather in favour of Davis, who went in to fight. Sam was down.

22, 23, 24. Although it might be termed quite safe to Sam, and *three* to one offered upon him, yet the Son of the Phenomenon treated him as a dangerous rival, and kept out of *mis-chief*. He jobbed Davis at his leisure, reducing his strength every round. "Take him away," from all parts of the ring.

25, 26, 27. Davis would not listen to anything like "*giving it in!*" and, although his *nose* was hit two or three times in every round, he fought in the most manly style. He went down in every round severely *punished*. "Take him away."

28. The *gameness* of Davis never deserted him; and it did appear to the spectators that he would sooner part with his existence than lose the battle. 'Ten pounds to a crown—any odds—but no takers. Davis sent down.

29, 30, and last. Davis again appeared at the scratch and showed fight. Sam now did as he liked with the brave Davis, punishing him in all directions, until he hit him down nearly senseless, in the corner of the ring. His backer said, Davis should not fight any more. In fact, Davis could not have appeared again at the scratch. The fight occupied **THREE HOURS AND THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES!!!**

OBSERVATIONS.—Against a fine fighter, like **DUTCH**

SAM, something more than *gameness* is required. *Davis* may defeat a *mob* of *Yokels*; but it is quite a different thing to *tackle* one *London Prize Fighter*, and ultimately defeat him. *Davis* is a good man, a hard hitter, and stands up like a *chopping-block*: but the above requisites, although essential to a boxer, will not ensure victory, without he can *fight* a little. He must learn to *give* as well as to *take*—a *RECEIVER-GENERAL* is rather a foolish character in a *mill*. *Davis* was severely *punished* about the *head*: had he have *gone in*, according to the direction of *Sampson*, a different account might have been given of the fight. It is but common justice to say of *Davis*, that he exerted himself all in his power to win the battle. SAM, notwithstanding it took him upwards of *THREE HOURS* to defeat his opponent, won the fight like a first-rate *tactician*. If the left hand of SAM had not been injured, he would have won the battle in half of the time; nay, much less. He left the Ring quite fresh; and could have fought another hour, without any difficulty. He is a safe man to back—and if SAM will but take care of himself for a couple of years, he is very likely to prove a teaser to several boxers above his weight. We regret that no money was collected for the losing man.

The backers of SAM, without the least hesitation, pitted him against the “all-conquering *Bishop Sharpe*” for £100 a-side. This match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the *milling classes*. *Sharpe* had decidedly the majority in his favour, particularly the Old Ring Goers; but, nevertheless, YOUNG SAM stood well with the Lovers of Fine Fighting. The fol-

lowing remarks, as to the different capabilities of the combatants, were published a few days previous to the day appointed for the battle to take place, intended as a criterion for the Sporting Men to bet their *blunt*. "First on the list stands *Bishop Sharpe*, the *bould* smuggler; who has proved himself a successful hero in upwards of twenty battles, both IN and OUT of the Prize Ring—turns-up, street rows, skirmishes, &c.—never picked his customers, but took them as they came, and always got through the piece with victory. As a fighter, *Bishop Sharpe* is not generally admired; but as a *hitter* he is tremendous, and one blow, well planted, upon the *middle piece*, has often rendered it 'no go!' to his opponents. The *Sage of the East* pronounces him to be '*prodigious!*' And the John Bull Fighter asserts, 'he hits them as I like, and so hard as his opponents do not *like!*' But *Sharpe* will be opposed by a *leary* fighter in SAM, *cautious* to the very echo, and has a very great aversion to be *hit* at all. This renders SAM a very difficult *cove* to be 'got at,' and also a very dangerous adversary for those customers who like to 'go in;' as he *nobs* and gets away, frequently without any return: his blows, by his brethren of the fist, are considered light; but the *Manchester Pet* tells another tale. We are inclined to think, nay, almost certain of it, that YOUNG SAM cannot *punish* anything like his late *Papa*; nor hit half as hard; but he has a *knack* of hitting a man *twice* in a place, which nearly amounts to the same thing. SAM is CONFIDENCE personified; and *Bishop* thinks victory is as safe to him, as if the battle was at an end. It must, under these circumstances, render

the fight between *Sharpe* and SAM highly attractive throughout the Fancy. Lots of *blunt* will change masters upon the above event; great sums are already depending upon the *mill*. *Sharpe* is the favourite, five to four."

GRAND HUMBUG!!!

The Supporters of Pugilism laughed at—shuffling and cutting—wrong done somewhere!—the Backers of SAM in for it—everybody dissatisfied—and grumbling from the beginning to the end of the chapter. The Amateurs at fault—the Pigs in doubt—and the whole to conclude with the Farce of "YOUNG DUTCH SAM in the Roundy-Ken!"

ANTICIPATED MILL

BETWEEN

BISHOP SHARPE AND YOUNG DUTCH SAM,

FOR £100 A-SIDE.

Tuesday, October 23, 1827, *be it remembered*, was the day set apart for the battle to take place between the above boxers; and great anxiety was manifested upon the event, throughout the Sporting World. Those lads, who like to make themselves comfortable; enjoy a *dab* in the *Monkery*; sport a *cigar* at a country inn; have a *chaunt* before going to roost, and dispose of a *bit of scran* with a good appetite, out of the smoke of the LONG TOWN, started on Monday night; and in consequence of which, the Bonifaces, on the road to No Man's Land, came in for a *turn*; more especially at St. Albans. Wildbore's, the Blue Boar, was the grand rallying point, to *see* and be *seen*—to give a

nod, nap a wink in return—shake your *nob* like a knowing cove—*whisper* together like ministers of state, to know “*How it is to be?*”—lay out your *blunt* well—laugh in your sleeve—shake hands with a sprig of fashion—make love to the heroine of the *Tick*—blow up the waiters—give the ostler a bit of a *Nint* about the *Prad*—take a *snack of thunder* with an ould pal—a *flash of lightning* with a new acquaintance—*chaff* the yokels—*Poll* for *Lushington*—fall off your *perch*—put the landlord on the *fret*—set the *darkey* out—crawl up the *dancers* by daylight; and, ultimately, give the simple folks a taste of your quality,—termed *Life in the Country*!

Before peep of day on Tuesday morning, the road was covered with vehicles of every description, filled with the lads of the Fancy, picturing to themselves a prime day's play between SAM and *Bishop*; and the make-weight, or complete fill-up of the scene, of *Barney Aaron* and *Redman*. The Crown, at Holloway, kept by our old friend, *Joe Emms*, was attractive; our YOUNG acquaintance on Highgate Hill was not forgotten; *Pepper*, at the King's Arms at Barnett, came in for a good slice; and *Little Tim's* crib, (worthy *Little Tim*,) near to the twelfth mile stone, was overflowing with company. Such are the results of a *mill* to the innkeepers on a road; who, by thus turning an honest penny, are enabled to keep the *domus* over their heads, and satisfy the tax-gatherers when they demand the *blunt* in the King's name.

Sharpe, on the Monday evening, made his quarters secure at St. Albans; and SAM had also taken up his residence for the night, at *Little Tim's*.

Early on Tuesday morning, the *grand secret*, but properly speaking, as a bit of good truth, the *grand humbug* was *buzzed* abroad; and it was soon ascertained that a *screw* was *loose*; and 5 to 1 offered that no fight would take place between SAM and *Sharpe*. The swells were in a rage—the commoners all on the *blow up*—the *Yokels* “Dang it, it’s too bad to come all this way for nothing!” and every person at all connected with sporting affairs, completely out of humour: stating that prize-fighting was at an end—as to honour between man and man, it was entirely out of the question, and they never would risk another shilling upon the event of any *mill*. Such was the state of things for two or three hours at St. Albans: at length, it was announced that SAM was upon the road, and he shortly afterwards made his appearance, in a post-chaise, in the above ancient town. A few persons were deluded by this *ruse de guerre*; and also observed it would be a fight, after all the reports to the contrary.

Time was on the wing; and *Sharpe* and his seconds, *Peter Crawley* and *Ward*, made the best of their way to “No Man’s Land,” where the Ring had been previously made by *Joe Fishwick*. At one o’clock, *Bishop Sharpe* threw his hat into the Ring, according to usual custom, in order to claim the stakes, should SAM not have made his appearance; but SAM, attended by *Curtis* and *Harry Holt*, shewed himself within the ropes. All was happiness amongst the crowd for a few minutes; and nothing else but a scientific battle expected to take place between the above never-conquered Boxers. But the *humbug* was soon deve-

loped—SAM took off his *fogle*; but the remainder of his *toggery* remained untouched. The *traps* now appeared, and said, they had a warrant against SAM; but on no occasion whatever did officers ever conduct themselves more *gently*, or act “according to their *instructions*” to behave in a gentlemanly sort of manner to the offender of the Laws, than they did. This compliment is most certainly due to them; and it is given to the above *Hornies* without any flattery or *gammon* upon the subject. The *slang* was demanded, and it was soon brought to light. It purported to be from Mary-le-bone Office, signed by Mr. Rawlinson, directing all constables, &c. “to apprehend Samuel Evans, and bring him before the said Magistrate of the County of Middlesex, on suspicion of his being about to commit a breach of the peace with one Bishop Sharpe.” During the above interview with the *traps*, the *Bishop* addressed himself to several gentlemen in the Ring, observing, “It is too bad—it is rascally conduct to rob me out of the battle money;” and, taking off his clothes, went up to his opponent, and said to him, “*Sam, do you mean to fight?—I am ready for you!*” SAM, who seemed at a loss for an answer, replied, “*What am I to do?—I can’t fight in the face of the officers!*” His seconds, Holt and Curtis, declared, “they would not give a chance away, by seconding Sam in defiance of the Law.” The *traps*, to prevent any further *misunderstanding* on the subject, and to make “their *wisit* pleasant,” in the most *gentle* manner gave SAM a *hint* that his services in the Ring would be dispensed with; and, like “a good boy,” he retired from within the ropes, with-

out giving them any further trouble. The spectators, of course, who had been put to the expense of travelling a great number of miles, and to be *humbugged* like the greatest set of *muffs* in the world, expressed their indignation by loud hissing, hootings, and other marks of their displeasure. *Bishop Sharpe* put on his *togs*; but, before he left the Ring, he said, "He had no doubt the lovers of Fair Play would not let him be deprived of the stakes." The **MOCKERY** then ended.

YOUNG SAM'S CONDITION PROVED TO BE GOOD. —On Thursday, Oct. 25, 1827, the *Pet of the Fancy* took his benefit at the Tennis Court, and, considering the unfavourable state of the weather, it might be deemed a good one. Several bouts proved attractive; but the great feature of the day was the set-to between *Harry Holt* and YOUNG DUTCH SAM. This gave the Amateurs an opportunity of judging of the state of SAM's condition: and, in the general opinion of the audience, he appeared nothing *wanting*; nay, on the contrary, he was considered *active* and *effective* up to the *mark*. But let us examine the result? YOUNG SAM was *pitted* against one of the best sparrers on the list; and also one who has had great experience, not only in fighting with *Jack Randall*, but continually setting-to with the *Nonpareil* in the best of his days. *Holt* likewise has been opposed to all the first-rate men on the list; and also always proved himself a distinguished scientific Artist. The *attack* and *defence* was a master-piece on both sides; *Harry* was perfectly aware that he had a *troublesome cus-*

tomers to oppose; and SAM had not to learn, that the eyes of all the Court were upon him: SAM was likewise acquainted that he must exercise his talents to advantage, or go down a step or two upon the list of *milling* fame. We do not know a better opponent than *Holt* for SAM; or, in other words, to produce a *trial* scene for the Fancy, in order for the Amateurs to draw their own conclusions. *Harry* was *capital*, and SAM proved himself excellent. The "*best of it*" was of a doubtful nature; and a *feather* in the scales of candour and justice might have been the *award* on either side. But it should be recollected that SAM was *in* condition, and *Harry* quite *out* of it. This, however, was not the *point* in view; but the most remarkable and valuable feature to ascertain in the above set-to was this:—SAM, it was seen, could change his mode of fighting, as circumstances presented themselves,—no *hopping* about, no standing still, but stopping and hitting his opponent with the utmost ease, and rallying like the most determined boxer, and getting out of *trouble* with ease, style, and decision. Indeed, such was the display of SAM and *Harry Holt*, that the greatest admirers of *Bishop Sharpe*, on witnessing the set-to with SAM and *Harry Holt*, must have pronounced the "*Young One*" a formidable and dangerous customer to the *Bould Smuggler*. Tumultuous applause crowned their *exertions* and *exits* from the stage. It was pronounced by the whole of the visitors one of the best sets-to ever witnessed at the Tennis Court.

Several persons of rank, who were present, wished that SAM would give some EXPLANATION on the

subject of his not fighting with *Sharpe*. He replied, "that he had no *explanation* to give; he had been used very ill: and it was not his **FAULT!**" Lots of *grumbling*, and the Amateurs, in general, expressed themselves in strong terms, not at all calculated to serve the *milling* coves at a future period.

DECISION OF THE STAKEHOLDER RESPECTING BISHOP SHARPE AND DUTCH SAM.—The Castle Tavern was overflowing with company on Wednesday, October 24, 1827, and *Bishop Sharpe* and his backers were present. The stakes of £200 were demanded by the *Bishop*, on the score that he was in the Ring, and ready to fight, according to the articles of agreement. He said, that **SAM** had declined, through the collusion of parties, under the idea they would lose their *blunt* if he fought; and not on account of **ANY FAIR** *magisterial interruption*. One of the Backers of the "Young One" resisted the stakes being given up, until the whole of **SAM's** Backers were present; as they had nothing to do with the matter in dispute. The Stakeholder, *Tom Belcher*, considered, in point of right and fairness, the *Bishop* was entitled to the battle money, and accordingly gave *Sharpe One Hundred Pounds*, holding the other *Hundred* as a sort of indemnity against any legal proceedings which might be instituted against the Stakeholder.

It is decidedly our opinion, backed by hundreds of other Sporting people, "If **SAM** means to enter the *Prize Ring* again, or he has to solicit the assistance of **BACKERS** at any future period, he is called upon, in

VINDICATION of his own CHARACTER, to give all the EXPLANATION he knows upon the subject." That is to say, to convince the Amateurs, and the Patrons of Pugilism, that he was not *implicated*, either directly or indirectly, in lending himself to the procuring the warrant which *spoiled* the fight.

In point of what the "Big Wigs" call *equity*, *Sharpe* is justly entitled to the stakes; but if SAM, or his partisans, can prove that the fight was stopped fairly by magisterial interference, then the stakes, according to ancient usage, ought to be given to the respective Backers; or, in other words, made a *draw*. SAM's Backers were put in a *nice* situation, without a chance of winning their money, independent of *training* expenses.

SAM, always full of *pluck*, and anxious to obtain a *job*, offered to fight *Peace Inglis*; but no match was made.

In April, 1827, *Dan M'Kenzie* was matched against YOUNG SAM, for £50 a-side; but the Backers of *M'Kenzie* ultimately preferred a forfeiture to running the *risque* of a battle.

OLIVER BURN AND DUTCH SAM.—One pound a-side was put down in consequence of some unpleasant remarks passing between the above pugilists, at the Rising Sun, in Windmill Street, on Tuesday, August 28, 1827, and it was agreed to decide the merits of the case the next day, by an open combat; but the Backers of SAM very properly interfered, on account of his match with *Sharpe*, and the battle was prevented,

In a set-to with "*the Gas*" at the Tennis Court, SAM distinguished himself as a most *troublesome* customer; and *Jonathan* had "all his *work* to do" to prevent his being placed in the back ground, by the superior tactics of YOUNG SAM.

The set-to between YOUNG SAM and *Harry Holt* had given so much satisfaction to the Amateurs, that a second bout was loudly called for by the admirers of the Art of Self-defence. At the benefit of *Jem Burns*, at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday, December 11, 1827, the above pugilists again met together. SAM, as a rising performer, appeared anxious to obtain the superiority; and *Holt* was equally on the alert to prevent losing his laurels, obtained as an accomplished sparrer. The latter defended himself with considerable skill; but the length and activity of SAM, ultimately gave him the advantage. Upon quitting the stage, they received thunders of applause, from a highly delighted audience. We now take leave of SAM for the present; but we have no doubt, in our next volume, his pugilistic exertions will again call forth our attention.

here is nothing *ferocious* nor *harsh* in the disposition of YOUNG SAM. He is extremely fond of theatricals; in company, civil and obliging, and anxious upon all occasions to render himself a pleasing and entertaining companion. He *chaunts* a good stave, and his *imitations* of several birds are not only musical, but truly excellent.

The following statement, addressed to the Sporting World, appeared in the Newspapers, by YOUNG SAM, in vindication of his character:—

November 1, 1827.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been much surprised to perceive, that almost all the blame of the disappointment experienced by the Fancy, owing to the fight not taking place between Bishop Sharpe and myself, has been laid upon my shoulders; and yet I have been unquestionably the greatest sufferer; for I am confident that, had no interruption taken place, the battle-money would have been now in my possession. An inference is drawn to my prejudice, that as the warrant from the Mary-la-bonne Office was granted on the information of my mother, I had employed her to give such information, or, at least, that she acted with my knowledge and consent; but I declare most solemnly that this was not the case. I had no previous knowledge whatever that my mother intended to adopt such a course, nor did I know that such a warrant was issued, till informed of it on the morning of fighting. Whether or not this warrant was obtained at the instance of persons who had taken a strange alarm, and were afraid to risk their money on me, I shall not pretend to say; but of this the Fancy may be assured, that I meant *to do my best to win*, and felt fully confident of success. With respect to the assertion that the officers had no authority to take me, as their warrant was issued from Middlesex, and was not backed by a Hertfordshire magistrate, I can safely plead that they told me they certainly had full powers to act, and I did not feel sufficiently acquainted with legal niceties to resist their authority. I could not venture to fight in defiance of a couple of experienced officers, who I reasonably concluded must be much better judges of the extent of their powers than I could be. As to the alleged error of a *misnomer* in the warrant, my *real name is Samuel Evans*, so that the document was correctly drawn in that respect at least. The whole affair has ended most unfortunately for me: I am bound over to “keep the peace towards all his Majesty’s liege subjects for twelve months,” and am thus prevented from exercising my profession in the Ring during that period; a consequence of most serious import to a young man, who, vanity apart, was rising into notice, and had been hitherto invariably successful. Of course, it is useless for me to talk of making any match at present; but, when the above period has expired, I shall be prepared to fight any man in England, of my weight, for from £100 to £500. And now a word or two to Bishop Sharpe: If he has one spark of English feeling belonging to him, he will not fail to give me the preference, as soon as I am free from the fetters of the law, and able to meet him. I have a prior claim upon his notice, and shall never rest satisfied till I have a fair opportunity of proving which is the best man. Good luck, and the unfair precipitation of the Stakeholder, have placed the battle-money for our late match in the Bishop’s possession (to which, under all the circumstances, he was not entitled); let him add to the windfall as much more as he pleases up to £500, and, at the end of one year, from the date of this letter, I will fight him for the whole.

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL EVANS,
Commonly called Young Dutch Sam.

APPENDIX.

SPLENDID SERVICE OF PLATE,

PRESENTED TO

JOHN JACKSON, ESQ.

THE Noblemen and Gentlemen who patronize the gymnastic sports in this country, with a Royal Duke at their head, in the year 1822, made a subscription for the above purpose, and presented it to Mr. JACKSON, as a mark of their esteem, for his gentlemanly conduct upon all occasions—his love of FAIR PLAY—his anxiety to support TRUE COURAGE—and humanity of disposition: the corner stones which so elevate the character of Englishmen over the natives of other countries. The service of plate was made by Mr. Clarke, of Cheapside.

The SALVER is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, finished with great taste, and weighing one hundred and eighty-seven ounces. The following inscription, which displays one of the finest specimens of the art of engraving, is the admiration of every person who has seen the SALVER. The forks and spoons are likewise of the most magnificent character.

This Salver,
WITH OTHER PLATE,
Was Purchased by a Subscription from a
ROYAL DUKE,
AND SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY,
AND PRESENTED TO
John Jackson, Esq.

Under the Superintendence of the following

COMMITTEE:

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

SIR HENRY SMITH, BART., M.P.

ADMIRAL TOLLEMACHE.

MAJOR-GENERAL BARTON.

JOHN HARRISON, ESQ.

**THE BENEFIT FOR THE STARVING
PEASANTRY OF IRELAND,**

Which took place at the Fives' Court, on Monday, June 10, 1822, under the patronage of Mr. Jackson, was most respectably attended by the Amateurs. The *sets-to* were well contested between all the Boxers; and *Randall*, at the conclusion of the combats, mounted the stage, and thus addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen, I return you my most sincere thanks for the kindness you have displayed this day towards my countrymen." This pithy speech was received with shouts of approbation. A great drawback was felt in

the Court, in consequence of Ascot Races and the grand Review, in which several persons of the higher order of the Sporting World were engaged. Mr. *Powell* gave the use of the Court *gratis* on this occasion. The above benefit, in spite of all the difficulties against it, produced, under the laudable exertions of Mr. *Jackson*, the following sum, which was paid by that gentleman to the Committee—£81 : 13s. 6d. Less the expenses, £14 : 9s. 6d., leaving £67 : 4s., with T. Griffiths, Esq.'s subscription of £10, making in the whole £77 : 4s. The above may be termed a good *hit* for poor Ireland; and that the *hands* of the Boxers have not only been applied to a good purpose, but have been most successfully exerted in the cause of suffering humanity. It is worthy of remark, that the sum of £77 : 4s. is above double the *profits* produced on a similar occasion, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, Mr. Kean's benefit, Mr. Mathews' "At Home," and Monsieur Alexandre the Ventriloquist's.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ROMAN HISTORY.

The following *scientific* illustrations of the comparative merits of the two distinguished Romans, Marcus Brutus, one of the conspirators against Cæsar, and Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, will perhaps prove interesting to our classically educated sporting readers. It was given in a literary society, at the west end of the town, where the subject was under discussion.

"MR. CHAIRMAN,—A very few words, I think, will

be sufficient to settle the question, which of these two we are to consider entitled to the highest glory. I am not able to give learned quotations from Roman historians and legislators, as the various gentlemen have done who have preceded me on this and the former nights, as my time has been occupied lately in reading more *modern* authors, and this will excuse my plain and homely, but I hope not unscientific, language.

“The fact is, that at the time of Marcus Brutus there was great confusion in the Sporting World at Rome; *no order was kept in the ring*. It was on all hands deemed necessary to have a *Champion* to conduct their sports. Pompey wished to be the Champion, having distinguished himself much in the Prize Ring, and often been crowned with victory; and he was backed by Brutus and most of the swells at Rome. He thought there was no man on the list entitled to be his equal. Cæsar, who was in the country, having heard what was going on, wished to be a candidate also, and felt convinced that in game, bottom, constitution, and powers of execution, he was as good a man as Pompey, and that he could out-science the best of them. Many of the big ones, and almost all the light weights, were on his side; he was willing to be copartner with Pompey in the Championship, but would not knock under. Pompey would not agree to let it be put to the vote of the Fancy, but sent Cæsar word, that if he dared to show his face in town, he would instantly take the fight out of him. Upon this Cæsar came to town, showed fight, and quickly beat Pompey and his friends out of the ring; as to Brutus, he had him upon

the ropes, and in a twinkling he might have one, two'd him, and sent the breath of life out of his body: but he manfully forebore, and walked away, and let Brutus get on his legs; and when he declined another round, he held out his hand, and showed he had no animosity to any man, except when he stood up before him. Not only so, but he gave him a large share of the purse for which they had been fighting; and he would not deprive him of his honours, and hurt his feelings, by wearing the handkerchief which he had fairly won in the fight, but gave it back to him; and more than this, he took him to a public-house, and treated him; and whenever he called at his house, he was always glad to see him, and gave him prog, and light and heavy brown wet, whichever he liked, as much as he would have. In addition to this, he consulted him about all his future matches, and, above all, his bets; and was so fond of him, that he treated him as his son, and in his will left him a large share of the blunt he had accumulated from the numerous purses and stakes gained by his victories in the ring. Well, what return did Brutus make? Why, he professed to be very grateful to Cæsar, for his generosity in sparing him, when he had him in his power, accepted what Cæsar gave him out of the purse, again wore the handkerchief restored to him, accepted with pleasure of his prog and heavy and light wet, said no man was so fit as Cæsar to be Champion, and always was gammoning him, and pretending to rejoice in having him to regulate the movements of the Fancy; and yet, after all this, he joined in a conspiracy with twenty others, whom Cæsar had beat in the ring; and one morning,

when Cæsar was coming into the Fives' Court, they all run their knives into his side.

“ Now, what would they say of such a man as this at Moulsey Hurst? What would be thought of him on Crawley Downs? Why, they would say, that the only good thing such a fellow as that could do, would be to cut his own throat : and, to do Brutus justice, he did cut his own throat, and saved the executioner the trouble.”

“ How very different was the conduct of Lucius Junius Brutus! When he was insulted and maltreated by Tarquin, he would not take advantage of him, to hit him when off his guard, but fairly gave him warning what he was to expect. Nay, more; he allowed him to go down into the country to train, and when he came up again, and was ready to meet him with his seconds and backers, he went to an open, clear ring, to a fair stand-up fight.

“ Now, which is the man here, and which is the ruffian? I appeal to you, Mr. Chairman; I appeal to this British audience, to this English audience, to this London audience—to men of science—to men who can distinguish between the right hand and the left. I trust there is not a man in the room who would hit a foul blow, or bestow applause on any man who would; and with this view of the subject, I look for an unanimous vote to exalt the hero, Lucius Junius Brutus, over the unmanly assassin, Marcus Brutus.”

The decision of the audience was in conformity with the above speech.

SPORTING A TOE ON THE WATER.

ONE DAY IN THE YEAR DEDICATED TO MIRTH, HARMONY,
AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP!

JOHN BULL IN HIS GLORY!

PIERCE EGAN'S TRIP TO THE NORE!

ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PAL,

JOSH HUDSON,

On *THURSDAY, the 30th of AUGUST, 1827;*

Under whose Management the above Trip will be conducted,
on board of that fine STEAM Vessel,

THE SOVEREIGN.

The Managers most respectfully invite their numerous friends, *in and out of the FANCY*; also their *serious* and *comic* acquaintances of every shape, rank, and situation in society; in truth, everybody will be welcome, but more particularly those *merry creatures* who think the "right end of life is to live and be jolly," and who feel any inclination to join an

OUT-AND-OUT PARTY ON THE WATER.

It is the avowed intention of JOSH and PIERCE, to exert themselves to produce, throughout the company, "*all happiness*;" therefore, an introduction is not necessary; although it will be required of all the Ladies and Gentlemen to produce their *cards*, in order to secure an admission to "THE SOVEREIGN." It is wished that every person will enter into the spirit of the Trip—to *please*, and be *pleased*—to laugh, sing, dance, and partake of the good things of this life, "as they like it so best." Those individuals

who love to enjoy a *rough breeze* on the water without a **ROW**, will be delighted; and also to embrace the opportunity, which is not likely to occur again, once in a thousand years, to mix, without intrusion, with lots of **ORIGINAL CHARACTERS**, who intend, at all events, to "*come out*" for a day; and, if *promises* do not prove like pie-crust, then **ALL THE TALENTS**, in **SINGING, DANCING, and MUSIC**, will obey the command of the **SOVEREIGN**, on the above pleasant and joyous occasion.

The **SAGE OF THE EAST**, who will be "*up and dressed*" for the occasion, has offered his services in the politest manner, to make it "*all right*" to every visitor. The **SAGE**, in the most gallant style, also asserts, that his first consideration will be—attention to the ladies.

Oh! such a day, so happy and so glorious,
Sure such a day was never seen!!!

N.B. Every exertion will be made by the Managers to render the Trip to the Nore safe, comfortable, and pleasant to the ladies. The number of Tickets will be limited to the Royal Sovereign; but in case the applications for Tickets should exceed the number already allowed for admission to the above vessel, the Directors of the General Steam Navigation Company have, in the most handsome manner, offered the use of the three following elegant and commodious vessels, the **HARLEQUIN, COLUMBINE, or SUPERBE**, in order that the numerous friends of **PIERCE and JOSH.** may be all accommodated, and *no mistake*.

Single Tickets for Gentlemen 7s. each. Tickets to

admit a lady and gentleman, 11s. each. No collection to be made on board.

P. S. My worthy mistresses and masters, take the hint, and apply for Tickets in *time*—a limited number of which will be issued. Advice gratis:—Always have an hour to spare, rather than be compelled to run after it, if you wish to preserve your *wind*. Tickets, in the course of a few days, are sure to bear a premium.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Tickets to be had of Pierce Egan, (Life in London Office,) 113, Strand; and of Josh. Hudson, Half Moon Tap, in Leadenhall Market, and at all the Sporting Houses.

SOUND BOTTOM; OR, UNIVERSITY PASSPORT.

That *striking* Work, BOXIANA, it appears, has made such a rapid progress among the *Nobs* at the University of Oxford, Westminster, the Charter House, &c., that the *Heads* of the College at Cambridge have demanded it, as their legal right, to be placed among the *Classic Authorities* at that triumphant seat of learning and literature, as a book of reference of “battles bravely fought, and nobly won.” The Author, therefore, could not *get away* from this *hit* made at his *Upper Works* by the *SYNDICS*; but, in order to have something like a *chance*, he immediately *showed* at the *scratch*, and, in *return*, presented them with an Historical View of the *Science*, which illustrates such numerous specimens of true courage,

manly conduct, and generosity of disposition, so *characteristically* displayed throughout the English Nation. The *Syndics*, on the arrival of this *chaunt* amongst them, it is said, were so eager to get a *peep* at it, that some difficulty occurred to prevent a *turn-up* as to obtaining a first perusal.

THE RING, BUT NO FIGHTING, YET A GOOD DAY'S PLAY AMONG THE SHEE- NIES, AND A NIGHT INTO THE BAR- GAIN!

The above match, with a "tiny bit of gold" as a deposit, was made at Howard's Coffee-house, St. James's-place, Houndsditch, on Wednesday, December 7, 1825. In the absence of the High Priest, *Aby Belasco* was united, "for better or worse, my dear," to Miss *Abrahams*, by Mr. Cohen, a Portuguese minister, and first reader at the Synagogue. The marriage was rendered more interesting, by the bride having previously renounced the Christian faith; and also, according to the forms required by the Mosaical law, Miss *Abrahams* undertook a voyage to Holland, to be *converted*, or, as the term goes, to prepare herself, in acquiescence with certain rites and ceremonies, before she could be recognised by the Israelites, and "*made a Jewess!*" It appears that Miss *Abrahams* had been *privately married* five years since to *Belasco*, and a young *Aby* made his appearance at the wedding, upwards of four years old, sporting his *white kids*, like the rest of the gents. The marriage ceremony was

performed under a canopy: the bride was dressed in white satin, (her son placed by her side,) and her head was covered with a white lace veil, until the ring was placed on her finger by the bridegroom; the priest then removed the veil; but previous to which he drank to them, when the whole of the marriage party followed his example. The ceremony was concluded, by the bridegroom breaking a wine-glass on the floor, into numerous pieces, emblematical of the constancy required by the bands of wedlock. A lively air was then performed by a most excellent band of music provided for the occasion; and "all happiness was the order of the day." The presents were then made to the bride and bridegroom, according to the custom of the Israelites. A prime dinner was served up by "mine host," (*Lewis Abrahams*,) when nearly sixty persons partook of the good things of this life with much *gout*; but, previous to the cloth being removed, "the *grace*" was chaunted in the Hebrew language. In the evening, a ball took place; and the splendid dresses of the ladies of the East *Sheenies* were of the most costly description; and, for the display of diamond rings, pearl necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, and ostrich feathers, they might well challenge many a proud and titled dame of the *West*, at Almack's, to rival their appearance; in fact, "they were better ash new!" Good *taste* was never lost sight of during the evening; and the *twankay* and bride's cake were handed round to the company in the most liberal style. Waltzing, quadrilles, reeling, hornpipes, and *chaunting*, beguiled away the *darkey*, till the OLD SCOUT

reminded them it was time to *toddle off* to "home, sweet home!"

THE "NONPAREIL" AND THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY.

On Tuesday morning, January 24, 1826, a fashionably-dressed man, apparently about the middle age, was brought up to Hatton Garden Police Office, from Eagle-street watch-house, where he had been passing the previous night, on the express introduction of Mr. *John Randall*, "mine host" of the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery-lane, and the unvanquished and unvanquishable hero of the P. R., from which he has derived the appropriate and not inelegant cognomen of the "Nonpareil;" *Anglice*, "The None-such." *Jack's* science, every one knows, does not consist in sophistry, though his arguments have often been considered forcible, nay, irresistible. In his own straightforward way, he told *Serjeant Sellon* "a round unvarnished tale," about this ere "bit of business," as he called it. On Monday night, about a quarter after eleven, the Hole-in-the-Wall was closed up, and *Jack* was settling the accounts of the day in the bar, as was his wonted custom, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of late visitors. "You can't come in," cried *Jack*, "I wishes to keep my house *reglar*, and no man comes in here to-night, for it's after hours, d'ye see." This, however, did not satisfy the thirsty party without, and a voice demanded instant admittance, in a rather judicial tone. "You

don't know who I am, *Randall*," quoth the speaker. "No, nor I does'nt care," responded the *Noupareil*. "Why, I am *Cooper*, the *Mayor of Canterbury*; don't you remember meeting with me at the races at *Doncaster*?" *Randall's* reminiscences are often pleasing—oftener painful; but, at all events, without designing to admit his old acquaintance, he resolved to have the "ocular proof," and he straightway opens the door, when in bolted the pretended *Mayor* and his satellites. "Do you know me now?" "No, I don't," said *Jack*, "not a bit of it, neither now nor then; so you'll please to bundle off, Mr. *Mayor*." This was not intended, and the latter replied, that as he was a "flash man," he had an undoubted right to accommodation in a "flash house," and stay there he would; and if *Jack* pleased, he would have a "turn-up" for it. *Jack* very good-humouredly hinted, that he would rather see a "turn-out;" whereupon the *Canterbury Mayor* struck him in the face. The hero of the fistic art, though accustomed to return compliments of this sort with cent. per cent. acknowledgments, very prudently held back, and calling in the watch to his aid, the *Mayor* was put *hors de combat*, and found himself eventually in the watch-house. The defendant pleaded hard that he never did assume the character which Mr. *Randall* described. His name was simply *John Samuel Powell*, a plain country gentleman, and he never had the honour of filling the civic chair of *Canterbury*, though he had certainly met Mr. *Randall*, in company with Mr. *Cooper*, who held that distinguished station, at the aforesaid races. With respect to the assault complained of, he would not deny the charge, though he had no recollection of it,

his senses being steeped in forgetfulness ; and having the highest respect for the *talents* of Mr. *Randall*, he was anxious to make the *amende honorable*, if it would be accepted. “There, now,” said *Jack*, extending his hand, “that’s enough, man ; but if I had treated you as you did me, you wouldn’t be before his Worship now.” The complaint was then dismissed at *Randall*’s request.

SKETCH.—THE PUGILIST.

IN THE OSSIANIC STYLE.

His eye is lightning, and seems to pierce the inmost recesses of the soul—his arm’s the thunderbolt—it sends to the earth all ’gainst which it comes in contact—and now he’s match’d to fight, his heart beats high, e’en as the soldier’s, ’fore he enters battle. He *trains*, that, like the tiger, he may be active as well as strong—the *Ring* is enter’d, and the *hat* thrown up ; foot meets foot, and eye meets eye—the arm is ready to defend its master, even as the battery defends the fortress—a *blow* is struck—’tis *parried*, ’tis *return’d*, and now ensues a *rally*, then a *close*—they’re down—and now they’re seated on their *seconds*’ knees, ready again for active contest—again they’re face to face—the left leg forward, and the body bent—a *blow* is stricken—the force came from the *shoulder*—’tis a decisive blow—he who receives it falls to the earth, like the gnarled oak beneath the stroke of the woodman’s axe—thus fight they for an hour, haply more, ’till, worn down with beating and fatigue, the weakest cannot come to time—the battle’s won—the pugilist is happy !

CHARLES SLOMAN, *Extemporaneous Poet*.

Poetical Effusions

AND

MILLING CHAUNTS

FOR THE

FANCY.

ALPHABET FOR THE FANCY.

- A** stands for *Aaron* who fought for the prize,
B for *Big Brown* who's afraid of his eyes;
C is for *Curtis*, the *Fancy's* own Pet,
D for *Dick Davis*, on whom many bet;
E is for *EGAN*, the pride of the Ring,
His Life in London's the out-and-out thing;
F is for *Fogo*, the Ring's natty poet,
G stands for *Gas*, who good fighting can show it;
H is for *Hudson*, the famed John Bull fighter,
I is for *Inglis*, no lad e'er was tighter;
J is for *Jones*, the Sailor Boy true,
K is for *Kirkman*, who's always true blue;
L is for *Lenney*, the Cow Boy of fame,
M was for *Martin*, who always was game;
N is for *Neate*, who once fought with Tom Spring,
O is for *Oliver*, once of the Ring;
P was for *Painter*, a fighter so bold,
Q is for *Queering*, when battles are sold;
R is for *Randall*, the famed Nonpareil,
S is for *Savage*, who makes his blows tell;
T was for *Turner*, whom Randall oft beat,
U is the *Umpire*, whom fighters all greet;
V is for *Venture*, the money that's bet,
W for *Ward*, who his man always met;
X stands for *Cross*, which the *Fancy* decry,
"No go!" was the *chaunt*—and now it's gone by.
Y is for *Yokels*, who're always done brown,
Z in the record I will not put down.

CHARLES SLOMAN, *Improvisatore*.

THE SWELL'S APOLOGY FOR JOINING THE FANCY.

~~~~~  
A Parody on "*Oh! blame not the Bard!*"  
~~~~~

Oh, blame not the *swell*, though he fly to the *Fancy*,
And with *mufflers* add *science* to *out-and-out game*;
'Tis Fate's *turn-up card*, and that *swell* plainly can see
That better things more had ennobled his name.
The *fives*, which now *alter* the *mug* of a Charley,
Might have urged in the battle the warrior's dart;
And the arm which but *stops* an antagonist's *mauley*,
Like a target had guarded the patriot's heart.

But, alas, for his fortune! those days are gone by,
And that character slander'd which never could fawn;
His friends o'er his ruin in secret must sigh,
While his name is a by-word of mock'ry and scorn.
Unprized are his *pals*, till they learn to betray him;
From society exiled, if true to their friend;
Though the sparks that in splendour and wealth must array
them,
May be struck from the torch which his young follies lend.

Then blame not his *pattering flash*, à la *Randall*,
While he strives to forget what he never can heal;
Ah! free but his name from the venom of scandal,
Let him stand forth unslander'd, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant the gloves should be laid on the shelf,
With his *poodle* and *bird's-eye*—e'en *EALES* he would shun;
And the knuckles, that *nonsuited* many an elf,
Should be wrapped up in kid, like a gentleman's son.

But, though friends are unjust, though to fame he can't climb,
His *giving* and *taking* shall live with his songs;
And, not one *swell cove*, when he's *knock'd out of time*,
Shall lose the remembrance of him and his wrongs
The *spooney* shall hear of his *science* and *game*,
Which the *Fancy* in *chaffing* tradition shall keep;
And *muffs* and *curs* blush who have injured his name,
While *out-and-out good ones* stand o'er him and weep.

St. James's, June 9th.

W. E.

MILLING ; A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

By the Author of "Randall's Diary."

Run, dandies, run, all London now are milling it ;
 All to the Fives' Court the match to view are gone ;
 All now are *bottle-holding* and *peeling* it ;
 All pull off the gloves to draw the *mittens* on.
 Fancy 'fore her throne ne'er saw such staunch adorers,
 Till Science lent her half her skill in *settlers* and in *floorsers*,
 Ruffianing was all *the go* at Moulsey-hurst so slippery,
 Till Science took the cause in hand, and taught the art of *tippery*
 Run, dandies, &c. &c.

Lawyers *engrossed* all by this odd sort of *fancery*,
 EGAN,* 'stead of Blackstone, in their blue bags bring ;
 Spurning their suits, place *heads* instead, in *chancery*,
 And *fib* and *spar* it only in a tough rope ring.
 Clerks to attorneys their writs disdain to handle,
 And only learn *ejectments* from *Harry Holt* or *Randall* :
 While *crown law* is ably taught, with ev'ry clause and mystery,
 By all who figure high and low in pugilistic history.
 Run, dandies, &c. &c.

Chymists, men of learning, all as gay as may be,
 Determined not to let the lucky minute pass,
 Have met and besought the great Sir Humphry Davy
 To show his love for Science, and back *the Gas*.
 The Fine Arts, awaken'd by such a proposition,
 In council resolv'd to put *Painter* in condition,
 That President Sir Thomas, at academic greeting,
 May offer heavy odds on him to *mill* the next spring meeting.
 Run, dandies, &c. &c

Poets, the taste expected to environ is,
 As *fancy* is congenial, why winds may bring
 Some slyly whisper'd hint, that famed Lord Byron is
 Employ'd on a *flash* chaunt in praise of *Spring*.
 Joy to thee, Fancy ! If he who doth surpass man
 Should *weave* an ode or canto on *Belcher* or the *Gas-Man*,
 Full loud would it be shouted by every vet'ran thumper,
 While *Randall* and his pupils drank his Lordship in a bumper.
 Run, dandies, &c. &c

* "The PLUTARCH of the Prize Ring."—*Randall's Diary*.

So rapidly pure taste for *milling* is advancing,
 Like other choice graces that are taught by rule,
 The *gloves*, with the light pumps which used are in dancing,
 Will be hung side-by-side up in every school.
 Doubtless, soon to youth, by way of *prime* diversity,
Milling will be taught well in every University;
 Where Fellows all of Magdalen, of Brazen-nose, and Trinity,
 May study heavy body-blows, and BODIES of divinity.
 Run, dandies, &c. &c.

THE MILL.

Pray where's the Fight?—at Moulsey Hurst;
 Tommy, my lad, we'll be there first.
 Sweet Hayes was named, but that's all changed:
 Now see the crowd, *sans* order ranged;
 And some they walk, while others ride,
 These casting courtly nods aside.
 Behold the swells from Rotten Row:
 There's Diamond Ned, Corinthian Joe;
 While Fortune, Rank, and Wealth assort,
 To patronise true British sport.
 Look! yonder the plebeians creep,
 Proud Dusty Bob, and Master "Weep!"
 They're all as anxious as the best
 To see true courage stand the test.
 Behold the Hurst, that glorious plain,
 Where trumps have fought, and will again,
 Crowded with thousands—anxious wights,
 To see three good "fair stand-up fights."
 Now is the hat hurl'd in the Ring—
 The "hint's" return'd, that's quite the thing;
 The colours blue, tied to the stake,
 And yellow, just for custom's sake.
 Here are the men, how trim and sleek,
 All muscular, firm, and nothing weak;
 Upright as darts, courageous stand,
 And shake each other by the hand:
 At it they go—pell-mell—ding dong—
 "I'll bet a hundred to a song."
 "Don't be so hasty!" B—— screams,
 "For, blow my dickey! *claret* streams."
 Now stops and counters—glorious fun!
 "Move round my lad; you're in the sun;"

While rapidly half-minutes go,
And "time" is called, but, from the throw,
Yellow has lost his good first wind,
And, piping, comes—he's all behind.
'Tis "Now then, Yellow,"—"Go it, Blue!"
"Good! Bravo!" yell the noisy crew.
At length, dame Nature claims her right,
And, spite of courage, ends the fight.
Yellow, outstretch'd on mother earth,
Though vanquish'd, still has proved his worth;
As game a man as ever fought,
And dearly Blue his conquest bought.
The two next mills claim great applause,—
But we'll get home, you see, because
Evening begins to lower down,
And we're a mile or two from town.
Away they scamper, high and low,
And hired prads, poor devils, blow.
The gay Corinthian's home to dine,
And bites his olives, sips his wine,
While Bob and Tom, and Bill and Jack,
Are toiling, tired, slowly back;
When every moment, from behind,
They're startled by "Ya, ha! up! mind!"
A hearty laugh from loaded carts,
Bursts heavy on their failing hearts;
"Good night, my lads, don't lose your way,
"And range the roads till break of day."
Torrents of rain in sheets descend,
Their miserable plight to mend;
But all's forgot, when, talking loud,
At Tommy Cribb's they blow a cloud;
And mind not all the troubles past,
'Cause they were on the ground the last.
They saw it all, and there's delight
In hearing wrong, and putting right.

Come here, ye foreigners, who blame
Our English fights, and cry out "Shame!"
See manly Blue, without delay,
Call upon Yellow, e'en next day—
"How are you, lad? the fate of war
Has given *me* the chance thus far;
But who knows, when we try again,
Whether my place I shall maintain;
And as the stakes were mine by right,
Accept five guineas, and to-night
We'll take a glass of generous wine."
"Thanks," Yellow says, "I don't repine,

You're brave as any that I know,
 And tied me up by that last blow."
 Friends they commence, and friends they end—
 A few hits can't their friendship rend.
 Or even should a *quarrel* cause
 The sight which gains so much applause,
 A round or two decides the suit,
 And there's an end of all dispute.
 Whether 'tis better, face to face
 To fight, and bear the *foul disgrace*,
 Or use cold steel, "Heaven bless the mark,"
 And stab antagonists in the dark,
 'Tis not for me to think or say;
 But let our neighbours have their way.
 Each to his taste, all will allow,
 As Pat said when he kiss'd the cow.

God bless the King! God bless our glorious nation,
 True courage has long been our preservation.

Somers' Town.

A. L. C.

MILLING HO!

Look through the world, observe mankind,
 No more each other killing,
 But, in a friendly way, you'll find,
 Each one his neighbour milling.

CHORUS—For high or low, 'tis all the go,
 All the world are milling, ho!
 Milling, ho! milling, ho!
 All the world are milling, ho!

View but the state, see little *Van*,
 With taxes mills us all, sir,
 View Chancery's Court, the *pun*-ing man,
 There mills us with the law, sir.

If to the church you bend your way,
 With steps slow and unwilling,
 To hear what clergy has to say,
 Your conscience, then, he's milling.

See mobs, on coronation nights,
 All gratis, seeing plays, sir,
 And, in return for such grand sights,
 They kindly mill the glaze, sir.

See tight-laced chaps, and tiptop coves.
 Tho' scarcely worth a shilling,
Fib creditors, though in their gloves,
 And get off by their milling.

The ladies, too, play the same parts,
 Whate'er their rank or station,
 When with their eyes they mill our hearts,
 We mill their reputation.

Each rank, each age, and each degree,
 Are milling—great and small, sir,
 And those that don't with this agree,
 The devil—double mill 'em all, sir.

Then fill your glasses—never fear,
 Drink off your bumpers, willing,
 And with your hands and hearts sincere,
 Come, drink success to milling.

Milling Corner.

CHOPSTICK.

PUGILISTIC PARADOXES,

By WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

~~~~~  
 Air—"Over the Water to Charley."  
 ~~~~~

From Belcher's to Moulsey, at mouthing, or mill,
 Than "the Fancy," I fancy naught's queerer;
 For in names, and in nature, or whate'er you will,
 There never was paradox clearer.
 There's *Harm-er*, for instance, quite *harm-less* he feels,
 Since his full share of honours he's swallow'd;
 And *Eales*, you'll admit, unlike all other eels,
 Will never submit to be *collar'd*.

CHORUS.

But paradox pauses whenever we sing
 Of the men who their mauleys *can* handle;
 Remember we boast Hudson, Belcher, and Spring,
Wim Reynolds, Pat Langan, and Randall.

Then *Brown* has been oftentimes beat *black* and *blue*,
 Even when 'twas his fortune to *lick*, man;
 And *Oliver* found out, he very well knew,
 A *Roland* when match'd against *Hickman*.
Bishop Sharp was a *flat*, when he challenged the *Pat*,*
 He discover'd it soon to his grief, sir;
Spring's blooming this *winter*, and, better than that,
 They at *Bristol* train *Cabbage* on *beef*, sir.

CHORUS—But, &c.

Belcher, we know, has been famed for his *wind*,
 Time and *Dutch Sam* have touch'd it, od rot 'em;
 And I think I may say, nor be forced to rescind,
 That *George Head* has most excellent *bottom*.†
Painter no longer will *colour* a *mug*,
 Tho' as *second* he'll come to a *minute*:‡
 And with *White-headed Bob*, in their late gallant tug,
Delay was in haste to begin it.

CHORUS—But, &c.

There's *Read* is eternally *writing* to *Holt*,
 (In their battle thus more ink than blood's won);
 And the lad of the *East*, tho' a *Ward* of the *Court*,
 Had no *guardian* to guard him from *Hudson*.
Neat's tongue (since his arm 's broke) is *Bristol's* stale dish,
 (For those who can't fight, always clack us;)
 And *Stock-man*, whom *Brown* once beat "like a *stock-fish*,"
 After *crossing*, can ne'er *face* his *back-ers*.

CHORUS—But, &c.

Then the man who in *Court* challenged *Snowball* and *Tom*,§
 Poor *Carter*, "can't make the *mare* go," sir;||
 Here my paradox ends, so to finish my song,
 Where natures agree I shall show, sir.
 That *Sut-ton* was *black*, proof sufficient I'd bring;
 A *lame fighter* in *Halt-on* we spy, sir;
Pope made a *bull* when he sought to fight *Spring*;
 And *Cy Davis*, *Ned Turner* made *sigh*, sir.

My paradox ended, I'll bid you good night,
 May *Fortune* crown all when we court her;
 May we never be *cross'd* in our love or a fight,
 And may courage ne'er want a supporter.¶

* *Tom Reynolds*.

† This has been proved in many casual *rencontres*; I believe he never fought in the *P. R.*

‡ *Ned* finds it more profitable to draw *beer* than *claret*.

§ *Richmond* and *Belcher*; the circumstance will be readily remembered.

|| He declared himself "clean'd out" lately at the *Fives' Court*.

¶ *Powell* used to say, that a supporter was a backer that would let a brave man *sup porter* whether he won or lost.

THE BRAVE UNFORTUNATE OLIVER.

Brave Oliver! though hard thy fate,
Be still the hero—still the great;
Let not the poignant wrongs you bear
Wring, from a man like thee, a tear;
Remember what thou once hast been,
And battle through the trying scene.

Yet, while I write, o'er all my soul
A pitying anguish holds controul;
I grieve to think, a heart as brave
As man e'er owned, or heaven gave,
Should feel misfortune's tyrant blow,
And find least friends when most in woe

'Twas not a dazzling fame for fight
That roused so oft thy daring might;
Thy wife, thy children, was the charm
That mail'd thy heart, and bared thy arm:
To earn for them a joyful crust,
Thou dar'dst do all that courage durst.

Think not the sympathising breast
Was unconcern'd, when, too oppress,
By strength ill-match'd, your valiant head
Was motionless—seem'd all but dead;
For, every wound that made you bleed,
To them was agony indeed!

They knew thou fought'st for home, dear home!
They wish'd thy triumph hour was comé;
Yes, Oliver! e'en foes were known
To hope each battle made thine own;
Not for the hero's pride, or stake,
But for the husband's better sake.

And now thy brighter days are past,
Thy courage only not o'er cast,
May those, who oft have seen thy pow'r
Tremendous, in the contest hour,
Remember what thou once hast been,
And bear thee through each trying scene.

E. B.

CALEB BALDWIN'S SENTIMENTAL SOLILOQUY,

IN TODDLING DOWN WHITCOMB-STREET :

(Accidentally overheard, and *Booked* on the spot.)

I know'd, by the smoke that so *greasily* curl'd
Above the *Black Horse*, that the *Fires' Court* was near ;
And I said, if there's *lark* to be had in the world,
The *Cove* that was *downy* might look for it here.
Every *Beak* was at rest, and I *nosed* not a sound,
But the "*Gas-light Man*" *chaffing* the *rum's* of a *sprec*.

And here, in this very *Black Horse*, I exclaim'd,
With a *pal* who could *gammon* a *trap* on the *sly*,
Who would *lush* when I *queer'd* him, and *tip* when I *drain'd*,
I'm *blest'd** if I'd ever *unmuzzle* my *clj*.
Every *Beak* was at rest, &c.

But the shade of *Joe Norton*, whose *ould mazzard* dips
In the *suds* of the *heavy*, how *flash* to *cut shine*,
And to think that I *steem'd* from *ould Joey's* lips,
That oft had been *sluiced* with *Tim Hodges's* prime.
Every *Beak* was at rest, &c.

W. H. A.

TOM SPRING'S CANZONET TO HIS SWELL PATRON.

~~~~~  
TUNE—"The Castilian Maid."  
~~~~~

O, remember the *time* in *Old Moulsey's* green shades !
When the *flush hits* so *chatt'ringly* flew ;
When you call'd me the *pink* of the *out-and-out blades*,
And I *lark'd* to be *chaff'd* so by you ;

* This highly ingenuous annunciation of Mr. Baldwin, to abnegate even *beatification itself*, sooner than exhaust his *own funds* in preference to his *pal's*, is a convincing proof, if indeed any were wanting, of the *firm* reliance he is enabled to place upon his *judicious* resolves, when *once* they are *constitutionally* taken.

When I taught you to *chaunt* the *gay rigs* of the mill,
 And to *swizzle* Tom Cribb's *heavy wet*;
 O never, *my trump!* let you *lush* where you will,
 The delight of those *boozings* forget!

They tell me, you *swell coxes*, from Erin's green Isle,
 Every hour want a *fresh 'un* to peel;
 And that soon, in the *slang* of some *kiddier file*,
 You'll forget the poor *blade* of *cast steel*;^{*}
 But they know not how *flash* in the *fancy* you are,
 Or they never could think you would *shy*;
 For, 'tis always the *prime don*, most *up* to a *spar*,
 That's most *down* and *awake* to a *tie*.

W. H. A.

PARODY ON PART OF GRAY'S "ELEGY IN A CHURCHYARD:"

*Occasioned by the Sight of a Pugilistic Encounter, in a Village,
 some Miles from the Metropolis.*

Perhaps in this sequester'd spot may dwell
 Some unknown Champion, of true game and breed,
 Well skill'd in hitting right and left to tell,
 And parrying desp'rate blows with caution'd heed;

Some village Randall, that, with dauntless breast,
 The light-weight millers of his fields subdued;
 Some Martin, yet by Turner uncaress'd;
 Some Cribb, that never tapp'd a Snow-ball's blood.

But knowledge to their eyes his muffled tools,
 Rich with the claret's tinge, did ne'er unfold:
 Poor Johnny Raws! nor Belcher's scienced rules,
 Nor Eales's gay sets-to, to them were told.

The applause of gay Corinthians to command,
 The chancery suit and fibbing to despise,
 At the Fives' Court in proud array to stand,
 The mark for kids' and swells' attentive eyes.

* An essential appendage to a knight of the "*marrow bone and cleaver*," as a *thimblefull* of *Jacky* is to *ould* Caleb Baldwin on first opening his *peepers*—in *both* instances they operate in the light of a *whet*.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their powers of milling—but their cash confined;
 Forbade to make the rich prize-purse their own,
 Or hedge the dubious bet with skill refined.

Far from the London Ring's exalted strife,
 In casual loose turns-up they pass'd the day;
 Nor EGAN's sporting page records their life,
 Nor Gregson chaunts for them his laureate lay.

Yet these green-horns, from insult to protect,
 Their brawny arms in act of letting fly,
 With ruffian ire, by art's nice rules uncheck'd,
 Attract the notice of the passer by.

Their peepers, damaged by the unscienced hand,
 The place of feint and skilful stop supply;
 While ranged around them stand the rustic band,
 And, gazing, learn their pluck in turn to try.

For, where's the dunghill cur so void of stuff,
 Who manhood's hardy trial e'er resign'd,
 Utter'd with faltering tongue the word—Enough,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Still on some fav'rite hit the arm relies,
 Some ruby drops the CLOSING eye requires;
 E'en 'mid these shades the champion's spirit flies,
 And rustics glow with pugilistic fires.

D.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP: A NEW SONG.

~~~~~  
 TUNE—"Boulangier."  
 ~~~~~

"Doubtful long it stood;
 "As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
 "And choke their art."
 SHAKESPEARE.

Sure such a day, so renowned, so victorious,
 Such a day at *Chichester* was never seen;
 All sorts of SWELLS, in the "FANCY" most notorious,
 Up and down, awake and fly, and some quite green;

Lords, Dukes, and *Commoners*, from England's great Metropolis,
 And *Grecians*, too, brought up in *this*, their own ACROPOLIS;
 Anxious to view this sort of second *Sampsonship*,
 To see the *mill*, and who'd deserve the honour of the CHAM-
 PIONSHIP.

Sure such a day, &c.

When *peeled*, both the combatants appear'd in perfect symmetry,
 The finest *stars* that ever graced the P. C. Ring;
 The umpires of this *mighty mill* could at *that* moment *not* agree
 Which look'd most like *young Hercules*, the *Irishman*, or *Spring*.
 Now they *set-to*, while every eye was straining, sir,
 To see the *slashing* blow from men so long in *training*, sir;
 At length the *Irishman* let fly, but tried in vain each skilful plan,
 For, *in the close*, most dext'rously the Champion fairly threw
 his man.

Sure such a day, &c.

Both to the *scratch* came like heroes quite undaunted, sir,
 And beautiful it was indeed to view *the play*;
 When *Spring*, quick as lightning, a *slashing* blow soon *planted*,
 sir,
 And, in his usual skilful style, got safe away.
 Now they wrestled, now they closed, *Pat* trying for his fav'rite
 fling;
 But *Tom* was *leary*, quite *awake*—the hero of the English Ring;
 He stood like a *Colossus*—*Canova* had adored him, sir;
Pat shewed great skill and giant strength, but in the end *Tom*
floor'd him, sir.

Sure such a day, &c.

Oh, what a treat for the lovers of *cran'ology*,
 Who like to study where to find out *lumps* and *bumps*;
 For *Spring* bothered now and then so sadly *Pat's* conchology,
 That all his backers 'gan to smoke they'd lost their *dumps*.
 Now they *fibb'd*, and now they *stopp'd*, still *counter-hits* ex-
 changing, sir,
 Body blows and *nozzlers*, each other's *mugs* deranging, sir;
 Brave *Paddy* seem'd a *dupe* to the genius of *seductiveness*,
 While *Spring* alone retain'd in force the organ of *destructiveness*.
 Sure such a day, &c.

Again to the *scratch* brave *Langan* came up *staggering*,
 Of victory secure, and not at all dismay'd;
 Indeed the *ould ones* said they'd seen more boast and swag-
 gering,
 But ne'er till then such *bottom* and such *game* display'd;
 Out-and-out *Pat* came again, defying t'other's *boring* him,
 The more *Tom* gave, the more he seem'd to glory in his *flooring*
 him,

Ere time was call'd, still thought it a long interlude,
Till "BELCHER, take your man away!" was echoed by the
multitude.

Sure such a day, &c.

Sol had now shed his rays with brilliancy most lustrous,
From *one* till *three*, when valiantly the fray began,
And seem'd to *think* he ought to shine on heroes so *illustrious*,
For ne'er were braver hearts opposed yet man to man.
Nature, at length, *reluctantly* declining,
While *senseless* on his mother earth brave *Langan* lay reclining;
At length, with laurels crown'd, like great *ACHILLES*, glorious,
Old England's Champion, *SPRING*, was again declared *vic-*
torious!

Sure such a day, &c.

J. G.

CAPERS AT CHICHESTER,

A PUGNACIOUS LYRIC.

~~~~~  
Air—"Sure such a day"—in TOM 'THUMB.  
~~~~~

Tuesday, the eighth, all London had gone out of town,
Cockneys bid Bow steeple and Ludgate-hill good-night,
Prads in condition, the learned chaff'd and *touted* down;
And all the mighty multitude were crowding to the fight.
Belcher quitted Holborn, Cribb had bolted from his crib,
Randall left the Hole-in-the-Wall in care of Fortune and his rib;
Hudson bade the East good-bye, Curtis talk'd his Poll over,
And posted off to Chichester, with Harmer, Holt, and Oliver.
Our friend the milling chaunter went toddling down,
And *Kent* went into *Sussex* to behold the *mill*.

The *game* soon began, and each sporting man took wing, you
know,
A *puck* surround the Dolphin, where Erin's hope had gone;
It is not very odd to see *Swans* in a *Spring*, you know,
But here, antithetically, *Spring* was in the *Swan*.
Mounted on the stage, the men began to *peel*, and then
Whenever floor'd upon the *board*, Pat Langan won the *deal*,
and then

Spring *lost his hand*, though applauded by his donors there,
 And if Pat lost *one by tricks*,* why he *fifty* got by *honours* there.
 Fill for the mill, let your glasses sparkle ruddily,
 Success to jolly Langan, and prosperity to Spring.

Blows on the nose set the claret flowing merrily,
 Ivories were planted too without expense;
 Round followed round, and Langan fought cheerily,
 Though hits and falls were numerous, and heat intense.
 Bored to the rail, Tom Spring he found a *bore* indeed;
 Ribs and shoulders aching, and features devilish sore indeed;
 Beat to a jelly, yet he did not care a button for him,
 Spring's hands were swell'd like *dumplings*, still Langan was
 the *glutton* for 'em.
 Reeling and feeling, for sight had fled the hero's eyes,
 Exhausted nature yielded, though he never cried
 "Enough."

Bled, put to bed, quite tender turn'd the toughest one
 That ever *peel'd* since Backhorse bade the world good-bye;
 Spring leaves the Ring, and now old Erin's roughest son
 Against the John Bull Fighter means to have a shy.
 Hudson, Sampson, Ward, and Shelton, now may bang the prize
 about,
 And for the name of Championship beat each other's heads and
 eyes about;
 As *Winter* the Coal Merchant now, Spring hopes the Fancy's
 trade to get,
 As 'twill be the first black business he ever was engaged in yet.
 Fill for the mill, let your glasses sparkle merrily:
 Success to jolly Langan, and prosperity to Spring.

THE PLOUGH AND MILLING HEROES.

BY W. LAWRENCE.

~~~~~  
 AIR—"The Coronation."  
 ~~~~~

"Well speed the plough!" thus prays the clown,
 And every honest farmer;
 Well speed the Plough! in London town,
 That's kept by Harry Harmer;

* It will be readily remembered, that Langan was hissed for *once*
 going down without a blow.

For many heroes there resort
In friendly alliance;
'Tis there you'll see most precious sport,
With pugilistic science.

CHORUS.

Nor could the fair with all their charms
Wish better men than those, sir,
Who, if their country calls to arms,
Can mill their saucy foes, sir.

There's Randall, Davis, Shelton, Green,
With Josh, and many more, sir,
Brave men as in the world are seen,
They far exceed a score, sir;
Bright sons of Fame, whose bloods ne'er chill,
When brought up to the scratch, sir,
But always ready for the mill,
When they are rightly match'd, sir.

The hardy sons of Greece and Rome,
In many a grand theatre,
Could ne'er excel our youths at home,
Who valiant are by nature:
There's Belcher, Bitton, Martin, Spring,
With Oliver, and Jackson,
To those opposed within the ring,
Will never turn their backs on.

There's Owen, Sampson, Turner, Neat,
With Lennox and Mendoza,
And valiant Cribb, who scorns defeat,
And gives his foes a closer;
There's brave Belasco, Latham, Holt,
With Eales, and some few more, sir,
Who from their foes will never bolt,
Till death has bound them o'er, sir.

There's Carter, Richmond, Scroggins, Burns,
With Curtis, Hudson, Brown, sir,
Purcell and Halton, who by turns
Well please the sporting town, sir;
May honour be their leading star,
Whene'er they're at the scratch, sir,
No country either near or far,
Can this host of heroes match, sir.

Long may we of such heroes boast,
They're Nature's choicest works, sir
And may they mill the dastard host,
As Grecians mill the Turks, sir;

And may they mill their country's foes,
Wherever they are found, sir;
And those that do our rights oppose,
We'll mill on British ground, sir.

Then to the Plough let's haste away,
Where many a jolly fellow,
Does oft resort by night and day,
With daffy to get mellow;
And if you like to learn to mill,
Or see a bit of fun done,
Of daffy you might have your fill,
Or of EGAN'S LIFE IN LONDON.
Nor could the fair, &c.

THE TWO BRUMS.

AIR—" *Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*"

SAMPSON hath an iron fist,
But though the *yokels* have abhorr'd it;
Its owner never can resist
A *milling cove* that's skill'd to WARD it.
Little ARTHUR's style for me,
The lad made up of pluck and science,
With these united, boldly he
Can set opponents at defiance.
Oh, my gallant ARTHUR, lad,
My game, my lively little ARTHUR,
Chaffing dwells in many swells,
But *stuff* is yours, my little ARTHUR.

SAMPSON has tremendous pins,
But yet the Long-town millers scoff 'em,
They swear the fight he surely wins,
Who knocks big *Brum* once fairly off 'em.
ARTHUR's are the time of day,
So cleanly built, so stiff and steady,
Like a deer's to get away,
And in the closing rough and ready.
Oh, my gallant ARTHUR, lad, &c.

SAMPSON like a bull can fight,
 While he's the *best*, but each beholder
 Perceives, if *luck* should not go right,
 That *small's* the *heart* beneath his shoulder:
 See my little ARTHUR's stuff,
 Distress or *fibbing* ne'er unnerves him,
 He cannot *speak* the word—ENOUGH!
 Or ever yield while nature serves him.
 Oh, my gallant ARTHUR, lad, &c.

W. H. D

THE TEARS OF THE EAST, FOR THE DEFEAT OF JOSH. HUDSON.

AIR—"There's not a joy that earth can give."

A voice of woe and deep lament is heard in Leadenhall,
 By Wapping's shore the cry extends, and even to Blackwall;
 The *Oriental* coves can scarce believe the sad defeat,
 Each kid lifts up his hands, and cries, 'And is *Josh. Hudson* beat?'

In *black* is the *Blue Anchor* drest, for ah! this sad reality,
 Has steep'd in grief, and not in lush, the far-famed PARTIALITY.
 The Boniface exclaims, "Ah me! that one in nature *tough*,
 As I myself can be in name, should ever say *enough*!"

But who can speak the boundless woes, the sorrows overflowing,
 Which the sad news from *Yately* caused affectionate TOM OWEN.
 With *ogles* dimm'd with brine, he cries, "Alas! my more than
 godson,
 How could a *Windsor costrel* tear the laurel from my HUDSON?"

"Had *Tom Spring* overcome my boy in combat in the field,
 To *Shelton*, *Langan*, or *Jem Ward*, had he been forced to yield,
 I might have borne it; but to let this *Bargeman* win the day,—
 My tender heart! it is too much!" he said, and swoom'd away.

And o'er the Butcher's Row all sad and mournful closed the night,
 For vanquish'd was their early *pal*, their pride and their delight;
 And by the river side hung down his head each gallant tar,
 To think that JOSH.'s honours thus were tarnish'd in the war.

And many a *wipe* of chocolate next morn was hung to dry,
 All drench'd in salt and bitter tears from grief's o'erflowing eye;
 And many an *Eastern fair one* sought with copious draughts
 of gin,

When JOSH's fate was known, to heal the deep-felt pang within.

Oh! thou, the *John Bull Fighter*, once through all the Ring
 confest,

The *bravest* of the LION hearts, the *glory* of the EAST;
 What in thy wanton thoughtlessness of mind hast thou been at?
 Thy laurels have been floor'd by *lush*, thy fame eclipsed by *fat*.

While yet 'tis time, be circumspect, again break forth and shine,
 And like a giant rouse thyself, refresh'd, *but NOT with wine*:

Let HUDSON be *himself* again, then, without slum or flattery,
 CANNON no more shall make him yield; nay, scarcely e'en a
battery!

W. H. D.

THE LAURELS OF SPRING.

TUNE—"St. Patrick's Day."

Ye lads of the Fancy, who take a delight in
 The sports of Old England, attend to my stave;
 Ye "Swells" who admire our method of fighting,
 And nobly encourage the manly and brave,
 Your attention I beg, as you sit round the table,
 (Though one of more talent my theme ought to sing),
 Take the will for the deed—'tis as well as I'm able,
 Or better I'd do, for brave *Langan* and *Spring*.

Though feeble, I own, is my utmost endeavour
 To shew with full force what I fain would indite,
 But exulting I shout "*Spring* and *Langan* for ever!"
 While reading *PIERCE EGAN's* account of the fight;
 For who that's possess'd of the heart of a Briton
 Can sit, without making the glasses to ring,
 When they think of the day when the amateurs hit on
 A match with brave *Langan* and gallant *Tom Spring*.

Let foreigners quarrel with sword and with pistol,
 Make orphans of children, and widows of wives,
 The heroes of London, of Dublin, of Bristol,
 Settle all their disputes with their "bunches of fives;

Yet possess'd of true courage—to fear too a stranger,
 Here man meets his man—face to face in the Ring,
 And knows of assassins he stands in no danger,
 But mills with his mauleys—like *Langan* and *Spring*.

What though it oft happens, each other we're "chaffing,"
 And frequently play till it ends in a fight;
 The battle (once over) we're joking and laughing,
 And good friends again o'er the bottle at night.
 Thus *Langan* said *Spring* was to him but a splinter,
 The Champion of England cried, "No such a thing,
 For my lad you must first of all beat a *Long Winter*,
 Before you can touch at the laurels of *Spring*."

Being conquer'd before, all the novices wonder'd
 That *Langan* again should agree to the match;
 But he, knowing his pluck, back'd himself for two hundred,
 And, bold as a lion, appear'd at the scratch.
 Both English and Irishmen swore, by the powers!
 A braver man never yet peel'd in the Ring,
 For he fought like a Briton for nearly two hours,
 Then yielded the palm with reluctance to *Spring*.

Though conquer'd again, cease all slander and scandal,
 And never refuse a brave fellow his due;
 For *Langan* and *Reynolds*, and honest *Jack Randall*,
 Were born and descended, Old Erin, from you.
 In our national sports may the Laws ne'er attack us,
 And may all who fight crosses be spurn'd from the Ring;
 But all honest Pugilists never want backers,
 And the best man of all wear the laurels of *Spring*!

J. A. BOWEN.

THE BATTLE OF BIRDHAM BRIDGE.

Old Homer may prattle
 Of many a battle
 Betwixt Agamemnon and Troy's mighty King—
 We'll sing of a fight
 By two moderns of might—
 The valorous *Langan* and Champion *Spring*.

Fair Chichester's name,
 In the annals of fame,
 Has figured in *Chancery* long, it is said;
 But the *mill* meant by us,
 Without nonsense or fuss,
 In *Chancery's* clutches puts nought but the head.

The day, bright and glowing,
 Set multitudes flowing,
 And left the old city deserted and still;
 While *yokels* and *swells*,
 With a sprinkle of *belles*,
 Turn'd their minds and their *mugs* to the * ene of the *mill*.

All the *Fancy* were found
 At their posts on the ground,
 Or pacing the stage with a vigilant eye;
 The veteran Cribb,
 Old Scroggy's queer jib,
 Dick Curtis, Josh, Hudson, Jack Randall, and Cy.

Tom Spring, England's boast,
 (In himself quite a host,)
 Ascended the stage with a confident smile;
 And quickly was met
 By *Hibernia's Pet*,
 The hard-headed Lad of the *Emerald Isle*.

What a glorious view
 When the Heroes set-to!
 How transcendently fine were the tactics of *Spring*:
 And the bottom of *Pat*,
 Who knew what he was at,
 Was as game and as good as the best in the Ring

Each tried all his powers
 For nearly two hours,
 And *Pat's* strength with *Spring's* very feebly could match;
 Till senseless from blows,
 And exhausted by throws,
 Poor *Pat* was unable to come to the *scratch*.

A cross London writer,
 On purpose to spite her,
 Calls Chichester "dull, unimproving, and flat;" *
 Saying, "Woe to all those
 Who wear buttons on clothes!"
 But her citizens care not a button for that.

* A Morning Paper, in describing the fight, gave some rather severe remarks on this ancient city, and its respectable inhabitants.

A NEW SONG ON SPRING AND LANGAN.

By W. L. L.

~~~~~  
TUNE—"Gee ho! Dobbin."  
~~~~~

Come, Britons rejoice, and make the air ring,
In praise of our Champion, the brave, gallant *Spring*;
And as poets have sung, that more nobler the foe,
'Tis nobler still to conquer, we know.

CHORUS.

Then Britons rejoice, and make the air ring,
In praise of our heroes, brave *Langan* and *Spring*.

The day being fix'd for our heroes to fight,
And thousands assembled to see the grand sight;
The brave ones being ready soon stripp'd in the Ring,
But our Champion was shielded by Victory's wing.
Then Britons, &c.

For two hours or near did our heroes contend,
With courage and science the contest to end;
And the bright orb of day shone intense on the Ring,
As Victory laurell'd the brow of brave *Spring*.
Then Britons, &c.

Loud acclaims rent the skies when the battle was o'er;
Such worthies the pride are of Albion's shore:
Though brave *Langan* was conquer'd, Britannia might smile
On this precious rich gem from the Emerald Isle.
Then Britons, &c.

Although *Langan* tried hard our brave *Winter* to mill,
In less than two hours he of *Spring* got his fill;
And Dame Holland must know, if she's not quite a dunce,
That our Duncan did beat a whole *Winter* at once!
Then Britons, &c.

While such heroes as those are Britannia's boast,
We might still bid defiance to each foreign host;
And should our proud foes dare assault Britain's shore,
They might get as good millings as they've had before.
Then Britons, &c.

ON THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN CANNON AND HUDSON,

By a YOKEL.

Ye lads who delight in a *milling* concern,
Attend and give ear to my song;
The result of the *fight* you shortly shall learn,
Not wishing to trouble you long.

CHORUS.

Sing, Britons, sing, success to the Ring,
Old England for ever, huzza!

On Warwick Race Course the battle ensued,
'Twixt two *slashing* heroes of fame;
The contest so brave by thousands was view'd,
Tom Cannon, Josh. Hudson, each name.

A stage was erected, on which they appear'd,
Each anxious to show his vast might;
Being greeted by friends, and heartily cheer'd,
They *peel'd* and prepared for the fight.

Like Colbrand and Guy, so noted of old,
Their ponderous strength did they try;
And like a *sledge-hammer* each *milling* blow told,
While *claret* each *smeller* did dye.

"Now, *Cannon!* Now, *Josh.!*" were the cries from around,
And freely did betting take place;
When Victory at length with laurels *TOM* crown'd,
Which may the brave hero long grace!

Sixteen gallant rounds were most nobly sustain'd,
With courage that nought could outdo;
By bottom and skill was this grand battle gain'd,
For each to his post did stand true.

Now to brave *Cannon's* health let bumpers abound,
And to all the *game lads* of the *Ring*;
To Warwick's famed town and the county around,
And also to **GEORGE, OUR GOOD KING.**

ENGLAND'S CHAMPION.

Come, fill us a bumper, my brave jolly soul,
And let us rejoice o'er a full flowing bowl;
We will drink off our glasses, and merrily sing,
And toast England's Champion, the brave gallant Spring.

CHORUS.

Spring for ever, ever, and ever,
The Champion of England for ever, huzza!

By his valiant arm, and science complete,
He crush'd the ambition of Langan and Neat;
Though they bravely endeavour'd his laurels to clip,
Yet he made them submit, like a child to the whip.

What multitudes flock'd this great combat to see,
From the duke to the peasant of humble degree;
And when it was decided in favour of Spring,
The shouts of the crowd made the element ring.

Spring's an honour to his country—who can it deny?
No one can oppose him; the world he'll defy:
He fought like a hero, his battles to win;
He's the Champion of England—is glorious Spring.

It has been reported that Spring had resign'd,
But the sight of a THOUSAND may alter his mind;
And if such a temptation to him they should bring,
The Champion once more will enter the Ring.

London.

A SPORTSMAN.

PULLING AND HAULING.

Come, milling heroes, staunch and bold,
Who glory in the fight,
Ye lads, whose skins are beaten gold,
Whose hearts are sovereign weight.

When man to man, and fist to fist,
Ye thump and pelt so gay,
Oh, never to the foul fiend list,
That pulls and hauls away.

Give me the fist that's firmly clinch'd,
The frame that's bolt upright,
The heart that from a blow ne'er flinch'd
In noble stand-up fight.

No wrestling, but the manly blow,
Or stop it if you may;
To hell, then, let the foul fiend go,
That pulls and hauls away.

Behold the shade of Broughton rise,
He frowns in anger, see—
Such tricks as those ne'er met his eyes—
A bolt uprighter he.

Come, Johnson, and thou brawny Ben,
Look down and see the fray;
Two green-sick girls attend like men
To pull and haul away.

O gallant Belcher, rear thy head,
And show thy smiling face;
If blind thou to the scratch wast led,
Thou shunn'st the foul embrace.

And thou, oh Pierce!* of matchless might,
That mill'd with heart so gay,
Wouldst turn disgusted at the sight,
Of pull and haul away.

And thou, my noble living heart,
That smiling meets the blow,
The rather would thy soul depart,
Than hug a tumbling foe.

Ye Britons, let us, one and all,
Proclaim aloud fair play;
Like Pierce, disdain the right to fall,
And nobly walk away.

Come, heroes of the milling field,
Wipe off this foul disgrace,
To one sweet hug we'll only yield,
That's woman's dear embrace.

* The Game Chicken.

ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN BOSCOW THE BUTCHER & PADDY M'GEE.

~~~~~  
AIR—"Sally M'Gee."  
~~~~~

Ye jolly Patlanders, the "*native*" while quaffing,
Drink luck to the boy who gave Boscow his *tay*,
Oh! Ralpho, my dear, drop your chaunting and chaffing,
The pluck of bold Paddy has carried the day;
Ye Liverpool coves, where 's the pride of your "*crack un*,"
Now *settled* 's the butcher, your "*top o' the tree?*"
His yellow stain'd wipe is now changed to a black un,
His laurels grew pale before Paddy M'Gee.

How twinkled with joy every bright Irish *ogle*,
When into the ring Pat with glee *shy'd his thatch*,
When tied to the stakes was his shamrock-green *fogle*,
And Pat, with a smile on his *mug*, went to *scratch*.
O! then came the *hits*, and the counters so sore, sir,
And *dominos* chatter'd, and *peepers* were *queer'd*;
Hard *nobbers*, and *jobbers*, and *claret* galore, sir,
Rain'd thick, while the *Fancy* the combatants cheer'd.

Like Blarney-lane bull-dogs they rush at each other,
Till Boscow met Pat with a *slash* on the *conk*,
Who *groggified* felt all his brains in a bother;
(Now chevied the Cheshires,) Pat's all in a funk.
His *daylights* so darken'd, Pat scarce could discover
His customer Boscow; the Butchers in glee
Cried, "*Go it*," stout Ralpho, "*with Paddy 'tis over!*"
"I doubt it," cried Reynolds, the *pal* of M'Gee.

"*By my soul, Tom's a witch*," a tight Em'ralder shouted,
When Pat on the *mark* placed a terrific blow,
And grass'd was his customer—"Naw wha'd 'a thought it,
"*A rum un this Pat*," *groan'd* the friends of Boscow.
Encore on the *tripe-shop*, Ralph napp'd, and grew *sea-sick*,
A few *Irish flings* soon disabled him quite—
Pat *hammer'd* the *mark*, till o'ercome with the phthisic,
Poor Boscow fell *groggy*, and Pat won the fight.

Then charge high your *methvis* to Paddy M'Gee, boys,
 That *out-and-out trump*—here's success to his fist,
 In valour and bottom, the "Fancy" agree, boys,
 He's surpass'd by no *coves* on the Prize-milling list;
 For where is de boy ever proved such a *glutton*,
 Or who at de *scratch* e'er appeared with more glee,
 When *sliced* and *cut up* by the *slayer* of *mutton*,
 Than did our game Em'r alder, Paddy M'Gee.

ON THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF MILLING.

Come, my lads of true courage, I beg you'll attend
 To a little advice, and it comes from a friend;
 You have it for nothing—it cannot be dear;
 So silence your *red rags*, or you will not hear.

Derry down.

But, perhaps, you may say, "Pray, what is it about?"
 Why it's **BOXING**, my lads, and now that it's out,
 To refrain any longer, I think 'twere a sin,
 And so, *Gents*, by your leave, now suppose I begin.

First—to frighten your man by *chaffing* ne'er try,
 Tho' a few *Greens* may laugh, it is still all my eye,
 It's *dichy*, it's *nonsense*, it's *gammon*, it's *bother*,
 And *bullying* one thing, and **BOXING** another.

Never fall (as some do) without having a blow;
 Or, like a great *log*, fall on your foe;
 But, long as you can, stand firm on your feet,
 Nor e'er *burst* the man that you never can beat.

With Messrs. *Pulling* and *Hauling* have nothing to do,
 Their firm is not safe, and it won't do for you.
Squeezem's plan is as bad, and past all repairs,
 So pray fight like men, and don't *hug* like two *bears*.

Be it one of your cares, too, my light little fellows,
 To avoid hitting foul as you would shun the gallows;
 But, upright and manly, do all that you can,
 By *courage* and *science* to conquer your man.

He that e'er sells a battle—the pernicious elf,
 Old Satan will toast him for lunch for himself,
 That the world may all know how such things are regarded,
 To make **HONESTY** prosper, and **COURAGE** rewarded.

But fighting once o'er, now each man of war
 Turns *Publican* quick, and then pleads at the *bar*,
 And tho', perhaps, neither wanting in *spirits* nor sense,
 May we ne'er see a **BOXER** get too near the **Bench**.

My song now is ended—your patience perhaps tired,
 But you *ax'd* me to sing, and I did as desired;
 And *bawling* so long has made me precious *dry*,
 So bring me some *lush*, boys, or else I shall die.
Derry down.

A. R. H.

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